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THE NEW YORK MONTHLY ▶ JUNE 1989

SPV

REAL-LIFE
FAUSTS—FROM
ED KOCH TO
JACKIE ONASSIS,
FROM FORMER
JOURNALISTS TO
MIKE MILKEN'S
CLIENTS

LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL



FRANCES
THE TALKING LEAR

THE TEN
MOST LITIGIOUS
NEW YORKERS

MY KID
COULD DO THAT
OUR SOHO ART
HOAX

YUMMY DOG FOOD
TASTE TEST

Elvis Costello as
That Evil Guy



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THE REIGNING VODKA.

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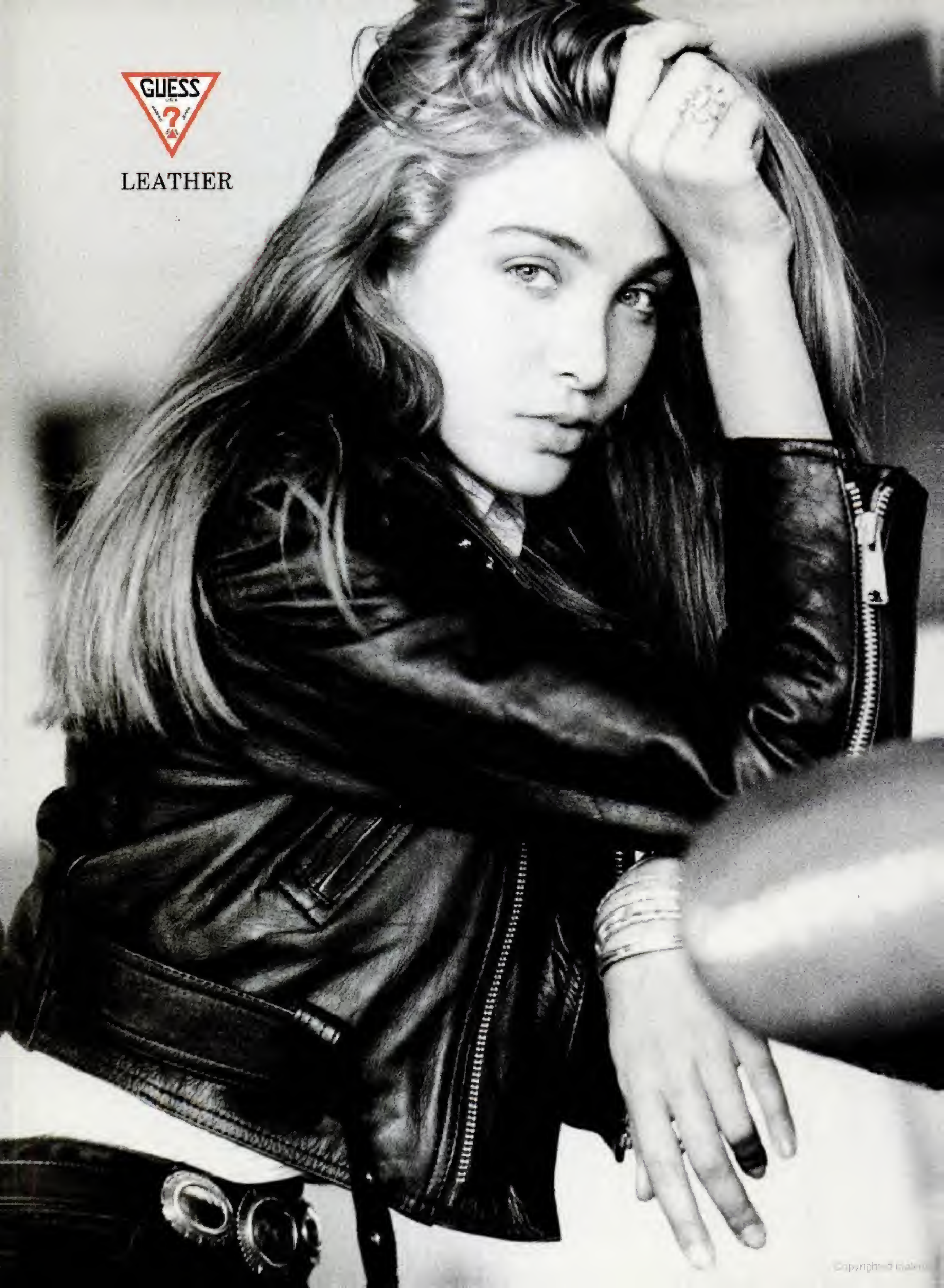
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LEATHER



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GEORGES MARCIANO



1989

DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 11

NAKED CITY

Muhammad finally comes clean on this whole Rushdie thing. You've got our wordSM; it's Time to Read[®] phrases that big corporations own. George Steinbrenner's friends speak out (all six of them!). And what do Bush and the Beaver have in common? 32

JUNE

THE SPY MAP

Who needs Athens? New York is full of wonderful ruins. By CYNTHIA COTTS and PETER HEFFERNAN. Illustrated by SHIRLEY KANEDA 90

PARTY POOP 124

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

BaseballoonTM fever—catch it. Illustrated by WILLIAM JOYCE ... 126

THE COVER

Elvis Costello photographed by Tom Zimmeroff. Clothing: The Smiths, SoHo, NYC. Mont Blanc pen: Minata Inc. Props: Kay Schuckhart and Thea Chalmers. Makeup and manicure: Stephan Dupuis and Carrie Anglund for Chris Walas, Inc. Stylist: Barbara Tfonk (represented by Olive Head).

FEATURES

THE DEVIL HELPED ME DO IT

Ed Koch did it. Time Inc. did it. Barbara Walters did it. Pretty much anyone who works for Donald Trump did it. NED ZEMAN analyzes the deals you won't be reading about in the business pages—today's Faustian bargains 64

BUCK PRIVATES, TURKISH-STYLE



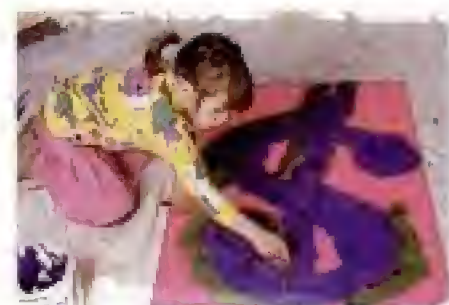
Hilarity abounds when a soigné Manhattan nightclubber enlists in the Turkish Army for two months! Nutzoid drill sergeants and slop-filled gasoline drums baking under the relentless Mediterranean sun add up to a boffo misadventure that'll leave you laughing. Unless you were there—as MELIK KAYLAN was 74

LOVE HIM, HATE HER: NORMAN AND FRANCES LEAR

Once, we watched embarrassing scenes from their marriage on Maude, Norman Lear's TV sitcom inspired by his headstrong wife, Frances. Now, with Frances's magazine, Lear's, we fidget through embarrassing scenes from their divorce. A portrait of two well-intentioned West Coast megalomaniacs turned East Coast moguls, by LEAH ROZEN 82

A COUNTRY NAMED SUE

It's the last resort of the honorable and the first refuge of the whiny. It's a fun way to spend time and money. And it's contagious. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS and EDDIE STERN look at litigation-mania, the life-style for the 1990s. Illustrated by DREW FRIEDMAN 92



MY KID COULD DO THAT

They called themselves the New Neo-Neos, and for one glorious afternoon the whole Manhattan art world was their playground. Photographer SARA BARRETT documents a bunch of little kids perpetrating the perfect SoHoboax . . 102




COLUMNS

*HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND calls technical fouls on the globe-trotters in **Review of Reviewers**; JO STOCKTON snaps photographers to **The Trade**; ANN HODGMAN survives **Eating Gaines-burgers**—and worse; CELIA BRADY on talent raids in **The Industry**; JAMES GRANT explains the art of the art deal in **The Street**; and ELLIS WEINER tries to figure out **How to Be a really smart Grown-up*** 112

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR. ... 122



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CONTENTS



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Truth is

the first

casualty

of warm

weather

TRUTH IS THE FIRST CASUALTY OF WARM WEATHER, A WISE MAN ONCE WROTE. *HOW TRUE*, we say, nodding, upon extremely cursory reflection. *How very, very true.*

Yet, for a brief time, as spring blossomed, a spirit of candor seemed to prevail. Bellevue Hospital, for instance, up and announced that it had lost track of a few syringes . . . okay,

lots of syringes—124,451 syringes, in fact, a shortfall the

hospital president said was "entirely unacceptable." Then, at Oliver North's trial, more candor. A defense witness from the CIA testified

that Ollie behaved more like a Latin American novelist than like a Marine lieutenant colonel. Recalled his CIA pal Vincent Cannistraro, "You never could be certain if what he was

telling you was true, fantasy or was told you deliberately to mislead. You take everything he said with about four grains of salt." Oliver North: our García Márquez, our Borges. But like

all seasonal fads, the spring candor craze quickly got out of hand. Dale W. Lick, the president of the University of Maine, said that when it comes to basketball, black people have—

you guessed it—natural rhythm. "A black athlete," Dale W. Lick said, "can actually outjump a white athlete on the average, so they're better at that game. . . . Now, this isn't *me* talking," Dale W. Lick was careful to add, "*this is what the*

research shows." Even Teddy Kennedy Jr.

turned candid, proving that in this one area, anyway, he is no chip off the old block. At a

Washington nightclub party to celebrate his little brother Patrick's election to the Rhode Island legislature—wait, the un-Kennedy-like

part comes later—the \$15-a-ticket rabble became upset that they were cordoned off from

actual Kennedys. Finally Ted Jr. stepped in to deal with the malcontents. "Look," he told them, "we're Kennedys." This isn't *me* talking, he might have added, *this is what the research shows.*

But it was probably too late. After a couple of honesty outbursts like that, the herd usually gets spooked, and the overriding instinct for discretion, disingenuousness and dissembling kicks in.

First, discretion. A vice chairman of Shear-



son Lehman Hutton insists that the go-go years may not really be over, that the sudden disappearance of big Wall Street deals (a \$100 billion, 58 percent drop in the last year) is not disastrous, really, no, please God. "I don't see anyone in extreme pain," he said. "But a lot of people are in an uncomfortable position."

Uncomfortable like . . . oh, say, Mike Milken? Drexel Burnham's Fred Joseph, the man who sacrificed Milken to save himself and the company, delivered what the *Times* described as an "emotional" eulogy for Milken. This is how investment banker emotionalism sounds: "From a personal point of view, we will certainly miss his immense brainpower." You can practically feel the warmth.

Milken's public-relations effort marks the *disingenuousness* phase of the current postcandor period. "It's been a McCarthy-like witch-hunt," the newspaper publisher Ralph Ingersoll dared to say of Milken's treatment in the press. "Mike cares about people," said the newspaper advertisements purchased by Ingersoll and various corporate beneficiaries of Milken's evil junk-bond genius. But nobody does it better than the indicted himself. "After almost

two and a half years of leaks and distortions," Milken said this spring, "I am now eager to [go to trial to] present all the facts in an open and unbiased forum." A nice coincidence: two and a half years of leaks and distortions about Milken, two and a half years of SPY. Now, this isn't us talking—this is what the research shows.

Of course, most warm-weather talk is neither true nor false—just overripe. Thus, Cardinal O'Connor takes such umbrage at Pia Lindstrom's mention of a dumb joke on a TV station that he denounces the entire medium as "a radioactive desert of filth and materialism." Thus the news that the New York Police Department has in 1989, a decade late, formed a special, 17-officer Disco Task Force. Thus, Democratic congressman Tom Foley delivers a weird, *Babar Goes C-Span* disquisition on his Republican colleagues. "There is the good elephant," Foley said, "who wraps his trunk around you and walks with you through the forest to the high savannas of bipartisan achievement. But behind is the rumble of the rogue elephant herd . . . whose principal purpose is to find Democrats and stomp them to death."

Finally, the overripest talk of all, an ad

hoc symposium on truth and falsity recorded at a deposition-taking for Jackie Mason's \$40 million libel suit against wacky parking-lot zillionaire Al Hirschfeld. "This is important to say," Mason suddenly blurted out, "what I think of this man. *He is a sick liar.*"

Hirschfeld: "After all I've done for you."

Mason: "You've done *nothing* for me, you phony bastard. What the fuck have you done for me? You are a sick liar."

Hirschfeld: "I *made* you. You were nothing before you met me. . . ."

Mason: "I was nothing till I met the janitor in my building, you fucking pig. What did you do to make me? What did you do to make me? Tell me what you did to make me. . . . You fucking pig. You are a common deranged maniac. . . . You should drop dead by Thursday."

An ugly scene, we know. "The last thing [we] wanted to do," as no less than Dale W. Lick himself put it, "was offend people." Just remember, none of this—not the Ollie North fabulism, not the sports racism, not the anti-Kennedyism, not the Wall Street cronyism, not even the Disco Task Force—none of this is *us* talking. This is what the research shows. **D**

June Auction Calendar

- 1 American Paintings, Drawings, Watercolors & Sculpture
- 6 Fine Oriental Rugs & Carpets
- 7 Oriental Furniture & Works of Art
- 8 Antique & Fine Jewelry
- 13 Furniture, Decorations, Paperweights, Old Master Paintings, Works of Art & Oriental Rugs
- 14 Art Nouveau & Art Deco
- 20 American Furniture, Decorations & Paintings
- 21 Collectibles
- 27 Furniture, Decorations, Oriental Works of Art & Animation Art
- 28 English, Continental & American Silver

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June 10, The Anatomy of a Cel: a Microscopic Look at Animation Art, by Joshua Arfer

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SIP & SPILL

DOM RUINART ROSÉ CHAMPAGNE DABBLES IN ITALIAN DESIGN

It wasn't your average Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party, but then again, no Dom Ruinart party ever is. The latest bash was an eclectic mix of Italian design, French entertainment and downtown New York fashion. Invited guests included the usual suspects: artists, writers, designers and assorted partyers who live on the fringe and love every minute of it. The crowd poured into Jessica Rosenblum's new club, Bolido, and were wowed by the James Bond ambiance of the bi-level space.

As the Dom Ruinart poured, the crowd was swept away in the fluid motion of floor-to-ceiling canvases that are examples of the hot Italian design movement, Bolidismo (Bo-lee-deez-mo). The movement combines 1930's futurism with the curves and velocity of the 50's, but to the lay artist, it's really a mix of George Jetson's living room and LAX airport.

Midway through their second glass of Dom Ruinart, guests were treated to a little French Twist, a part-male, part-female, all-girl singing group. Have you got that? "Dom Ruinart is the perfect champagne for us," exclaimed the lead singer from behind his Ray-Bans® and halter dress. "We're a bubbly group, and we're all French. Of course, no one's really French." No kidding.

Precariously holding their flutes of the rosé-colored tête de cuvée, guests danced to French Twist tunes like "Lolita," "Sputnik" and "French Onion." But almost everyone twisted their way over to black-garbed waitresses parading around with bottles of bubbly.

"Dom Ruinart is smooth and rich. I love the color too," said hat designer Lisa Schaub. "It's a nineties beverage," added writer George Wayne, "and I'm ready for it."

When the last drops of champagne were imbibed, rumors began circulating indicating that the next Dom Ruinart party would involve an American movement: Swing dancing! So rent a few Fred Astaire movies, put some taps on your toes, and get ready to grab Dom Ruinart and dance off into the Manhattan moonlight.

Photography by George Carroll Whipple, III



(Top to Bottom)

Monique of French Twist
at Bolido; George Wayne and

Lisa Schaub sip bubbly at the Dom Ruinart
Rosé Champagne party; Brendan Deasy takes it easy with
Dorit Duke; The bottle at Bolido; April Palmieri-Nieves tries to get
the attention of the Italian film director shooting her latest picture.

Westwood Marquis

HOTEL AND GARDENS

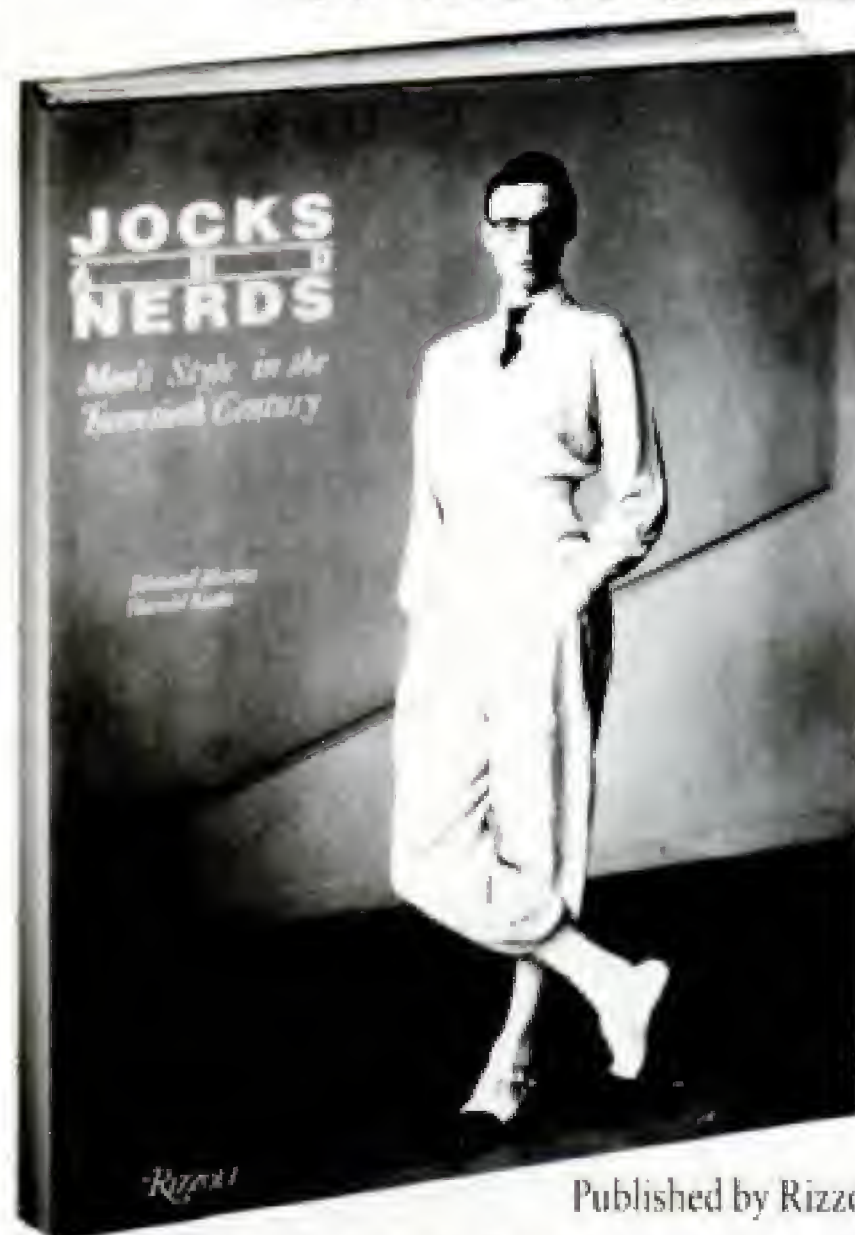


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with mediocrity when the excellent
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— Anonymous

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| — Rebel | — Businessman |
| — Cowboy | — Man about Town |
| — Military Man | — Dandy |

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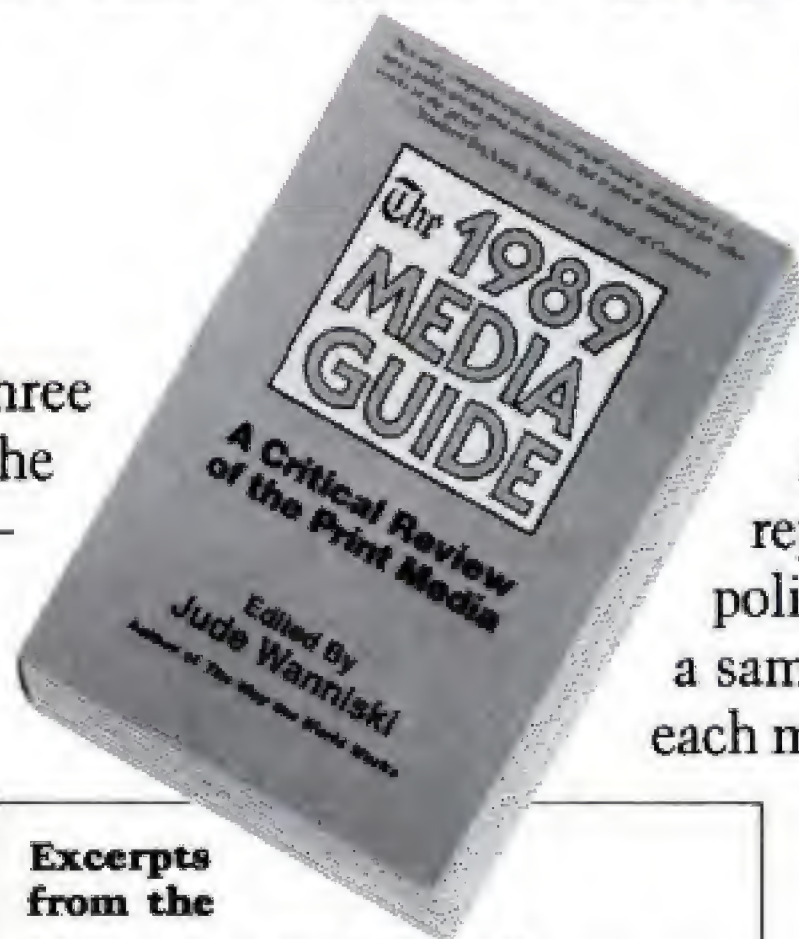
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INTERNS



What the experts say about Forbes, Business Week and Fortune.

For an independent view of the three major business magazines, turn to the 1989 edition of the Media Guide—Jude Wanniski's annual critical review of print media in America. To both readers and advertisers,



the Media Guide is the *Guide Michelin* of the major periodicals reporting on the world of business, politics and the economy. Here is just a sample of the telling commentary on each magazine.

Excerpts from the **Forbes** review:

"We hesitate to describe Forbes as contrarian, the term inadequate as an explanation for the dynamic at work for the magazine, yet it seems that philosophy is appreciated nowhere else as well. At the very least, it means no margin for 'knee-jerk journalism' at the business bi-weekly and when combined with the expertise and audacity of Forbes reporters, it's what helps give Forbes a vigor and vitality not so evident among its competition."

Excerpts from the **BusinessWeek** review:

"...the best parts of Business Week essentially summarize the week's news and, for the size of the magazine, we too seldom find information in it that we haven't already seen earlier, and in better detail."

"The big, broadbrush economic stories are at the heart of the magazine's problems, invariable sloppy work that massages numbers to fit into some editor's preconception of what's going on..."

"About the only numbers that can be trusted in Business Week's economic articles are the weekly stock market reports."

Excerpts from the **FORTUNE** review:

"...Fortune is still drowsier than we expect it to be."

"...the hopeful signals were not in the pretentious cover stories or overblown 'big picture' pieces..."

"In its coverage of political and economic issues, Fortune is so well matched with conventional wisdom as to be oddly and inadvertently useful, in the way that Pravda is studied by Kremlinologists."

Although these observations are totally objective, for the second year in a row Forbes came away with the highest marks. Including four reporters rated three stars (considered excellent or better), while Business Week and Fortune had only one apiece.

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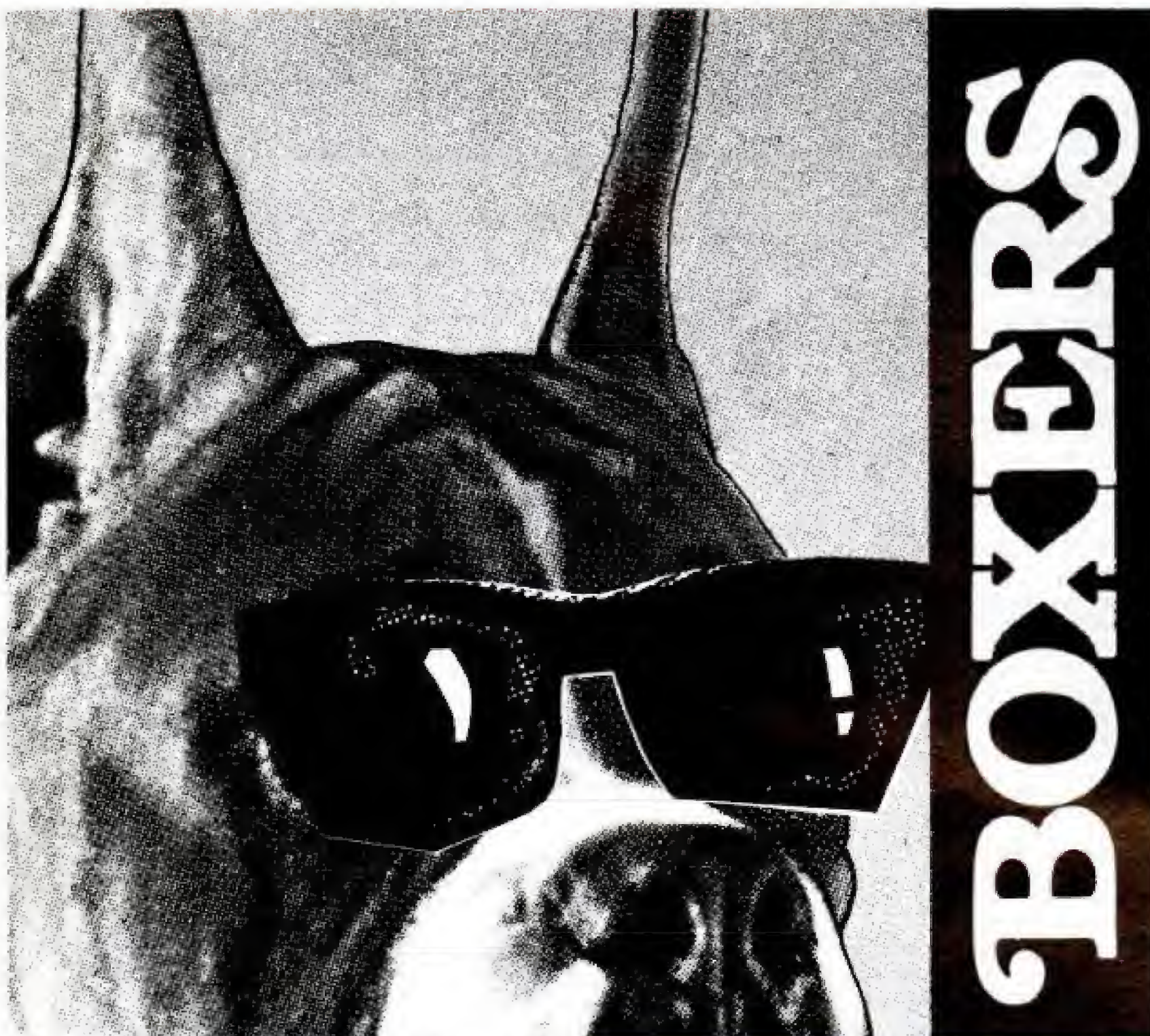


To freshen your mouth, simply say "La Vie" (short for La Vosgiennne) — and get tantalizingly tasty french hard candies in charming pocket-size tins. Say La Vie strawberry. Say La Vie cherry. Say La Vie spearmint. Say La Vie cafe espresso. Say La Vie raspberry. Or say La Vie orange. Say La Vie licorice. See them all at tasteful stores all around town. Any way you say La Vie, you'll get refreshing taste. C'est La Vie!



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From the SPY mailroom: Let's continue, shamelessly, to feed the flames of the who-really-invented-New-York-magazine-and-the-I♥NY-campaign controversy ("Will the Real Man Behind I♥NY Please Stand Up," by Ned Zeman,

October 1988), starting with New York:



Peter Palazzo of Manhattan recently told us that he was hired in 1963 to redesign the New York Herald Tribune; that the Trib's new Sunday magazine (which evolved into New York) was publisher John Hay Whitney's idea; that the magazine's format was ironed out by Trib managing editor Jim Bellows, Sunday magazine editor Shelley Zelasnik and Palazzo; and that they decided on the name New York at the last minute, and also on the logo that is still being used. We thought it might be interesting to hear how some of the other players reacted to Palazzo's version of the genesis of New York magazine.

"It's essentially correct," says Manhattan, inc. editor Clay Felker, who is generally regarded as the creator of New York. "But if you want to split hairs, the original typeface was Swash and now it's a variation on Swash."

"Palazzo's version may well be the case," says Jim Bellows, most recently a consultant to USA Today on TV. "I have no quibble with the naming of the magazine. The concept for the magazine came from Whitney — most anybody will tell you that, but George [Lois] has a different view from the rest of us. I don't want to get into it."

"Palazzo?" says George Lois, creative director of the ad agency Lois/GGK. "I got him his job. He's one of the stupidest sons of bitches I've ever seen. I'll tell you, that article you ran was fucked up. The magazine was not Whitney's idea. Palazzo, he's a real nut case. Only me and God know the truth. Let me say right now, with my hand on the Bible, I, George Lois, created New York magazine. I wanted to call it New York, New York and make it a combination of The New Yorker and Cue. I went to Jim Bellows with the idea. (There's another cocksucker for you. I wish they had a lie detector hooked up to him and when it goes off, you die.) We took the

idea to Whitney. Two weeks later Bellows came back and said he liked it but wanted to call it *New York*. But they didn't want to hire an art director. I said, *You got to*. I knew Palazzo and convinced Bellows to hire him. I got Palazzo the fucking job after we had the name decided. Twenty years later, what does he tell everybody? 'I designed *New York* magazine.' The problem started after a seminar about eight years ago. [Former *New York* art director] Milton Glaser was speaking, and he credited Felker with starting the magazine. Dougherty [Phil, the late *New York Times* ad columnist] reported it and it started a big hoo-ha. Then Bellows started taking credit for it. They [Palazzo and Bellows] will burn in hell for this. They made their careers on this. Mistake I made is, I gave Bellows the comp. Who *knows* where it is. He probably burned it. Now here I am telling the truth and I feel like a man who has to defend himself, saying that he doesn't fučk pigs."

Glad that's finally straightened out. As for the I♥NY ad campaign, we have in our possession a letter from Larry Brown. Larry Brown the producer. "I believe your question in October's SPY was will the real man behind I♥NY please stand up. My answer is, I am that man." Brown then offers "irrefutable evidence" in the form of an article he wrote in 1975 for *Ad Age*, in which he suggested that New York City needed an "image job"—a notion, says Brown, that "predates by years all other proposals." Brown also points out that at the time, he was working for Wells, Rich, Greene, the ad agency that eventually did the I♥NY campaign.

When we called PR shaman Bobby Zarem to offer him a chance to answer Brown's assertion, he was out. Within the hour, however, we were provided with a live phone link to Zarem, who talked to us while astride the Lifecycle in his office. His response: "(A) I never heard of [Brown], and (B) he's a lying piece of shit. I had spoken to key producers such as Harold Prince and David Merrick by late 1974, and I had sent a number of 15-page letters to key people within the first six weeks of 1975. So my efforts predate this guy. Also, if I never heard of Larry Brown, whoever this asshole is, how could I steal his idea?" ▶

DEAR EDITORS **P**lease reassure me that you didn't miss Geraldo Rivera's self-touting, pulpitarian Op-Ed essay in *The New York Times* [December 16, 1988].

Rivera actually pronounced the video leaf of his comic jousting with the right-wing Astor Place Hair rejects "perhaps the most analyzed footage since the Zapruder film." I thought that analogy was reserved for Gerald Ford's helicopter exits.

*Ed Talisse
Brooklyn, New York*

DEAR EDITORS **S**nide, snotty, coy, arch—always treading dangerously close to the abyss of the sophomoric yet managing never to fall into it—SPY merits my praise for its brassiness, sassiness, ballsiness and chutzpah.

*Sheldon S. Sachs
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **N**ow that you've broken the ice with homophobic letters to the editor in the December issue, I guess you'll soon be printing sexist and racist ones. In the meantime, in order to encourage further reader participation, literary gay-bashing awards should be made.

"Queer-Aid Chocolate" [an actual brand of Japanese candy] is Caroline Hall Otis's reference and is the clear winner in the so-hysterical-I-forgot-to-laugh category. In the cute-but-ever-so-subtly-bigoted department, Mark Miller coasts to victory.

LETTERS TO SPY

with his insistence that "having a father who starred in all-male adult movies would be less of a stigma than a father who hosted *A Current Affair*." SPY cops the biggie well-we're-liberal-but-not-*that*-liberal category for its tacit support of hatemongering.

*Alan Neff
Seattle, Washington*

DEAR EDITORS **T**he cover of the January/February SPY will come back to haunt you Left-Wing-Liberal New Yorkers. The egregious attack on Vice President Quayle is Gotham hubris.

*Jack Harris Norton
Dallas, Texas*

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your evaluation of dumb lawmakers ["Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington," by Michael Hirschorn, January/February], you missed U.S. Representative Peter Kostmayer (D-Pa.), who in July 1988 told a reporter, "We're not going to blow it this time. Just shut up, gays, women, environmentalists. Just shut up. You'll get everything you want after the election. But just for the meantime, shut up so we can win."

Kostmayer appealed for votes on Philadelphia television at election time, citing his efforts to secure a transplantable organ for a constituent. He was reelected.

*Michael G. Smith
Greenville, Delaware*

DEAR EDITORS **Y**ou ask, "Which door would the *other* guard tell me leads to freedom?" [Letters to SPY, January/February]. Then you go through the opposite door to that recommended. Did you choke on all the dust you stirred up when you got this one out of the trunk?

*Eli Messinger
San Jose, California*

DEAR EDITORS **E**asy: you simply ask either guard, "Which door will the other guard say leads to hellfire?" That's the door to freedom. The reason this works is that you've managed to create a question that will inevitably be answered by a lie, permitting you to rely upon the Presumption of Bad Faith and do the opposite. The PBF, of course, is the

governing rule for life in places like locked rooms with doors leading to hellfire, and New York, where it's universally applied: Bernhard Goetz to kids on the subway, Rudy Giuliani to investment bankers, *The New York Times* to Reagan, anybody who's paying attention to Ed Koch.

*Bruce Margolin
Park City, Utah*

DEAR EDITORS **I**balk at starting another turgid controversy, but I must point out that Madge Lockwood is mistaken: Alfred Russel Wallace was *not* the man who came up with the theory of evolution. At least, not the first. It was Charles Darwin [Letters to SPY, January/

Not all of the mail concerned unseemly ancient squabbles involving grown men with healthy egos.

Here are two California readers' reactions to *Chronicle of Our Death Foretold*, the monthly countdown to SPY's expiration as predicted by Donald Trump and "reported" by Liz Smith. First, Amy E. Duddleston of North Hollywood: "I want to renew, but I'm hesitant. . . . What if [Trump] is right? If I renew, will I get my money back . . . or will you guys simply disappear and just use the money to buy beer?" Second, L.R. Nogg of West Hollywood: "Recently my subscription to your magazine came due, and with great remorse I decided not to renew. . . . However, after reading of Donald Trump's prediction of your demise . . . I have renewed my subscription in order to keep SPY afloat." If only there were fewer Duddlestons in the world, and more Noggs.

George A. Huhn of Devon, Pennsylvania, a man who likes his mastheads *with addresses and before the Letters sections of magazines*, and isn't shy about writing to magazines with free-ranging, address-free mastheads to tell them so, would like a copy of David Owen's "Spookathon: Inside George Bush's CIA" from the January 1979 SPY (see "Ten Years Ago in SPY," January/February 1989). Sorry, but that issue, which is also the one in which we predicted that Pete Rose would someday tarnish his career with a gambling scandal, is all sold out.

Geoffrey H. Walker of Phoenix, Arizona, has returned his SPY T-shirt. "I did not know there was any writing on the reverse side, and, frankly, I wish there weren't. . . . I do like the shirt, and hope that you have one with a blank back lying around." We sent Mr. Walker his money back. Our advice to other T-shirt purchasers is to stick with the time-tested writing-on-the-back version—those early blank-backed shirts were experimental models and may be dangerous.

Urgent: Leona Helmsley, if you read this, please get in touch with Thom Sandberg of Minneapolis—his last two letters to you have gone unanswered, and he's concerned. Sandberg originally wrote to Helmsley last November regarding similar-looking print ads for

The New York Helmsley Hotel. "You are far too lovely a woman to have to reuse the same photo by flopping it and changing the color of your jacket," he told Mrs. Helmsley. In December Mrs. Helmsley replied, "Actually, you should be congratulated! You are one of the first astute readers to have noticed that we flipped the photographed picture in the advertisement. The purpose of featuring the photograph in a reversed position was to ascertain the depth of interest our readers take in our current advertising campaign. Apparently, you have a keen interest as you were able to recognize the intentional flaw." *The purpose of featuring the photograph in a reversed position was to ascertain the depth of interest our readers take in our current advertising campaign?* Unsurprisingly, this alarmed Sandberg, who wrote back wondering how far Mrs. Helmsley would go to test her guests. "What is going to happen," he asked, "the next time I have cocktails or dinner at The Helmsley Palace and there is a mistake in addition on the bill? Will the waiter give me a knowing wink and congratulate me on my keen eye, assuring me it was only a test?" So, Mrs. Helmsley: a frequent Palace guest awaits your reassurances. Won't you hear his cries?

You can't keep a Stupid Senator down. Readers will be happy to learn that Chic Hecht (honored as a Stupid Senator in our January/February issue), having been turned out of office by Nevada's voters in last November's election, has found a new job. "I knew about the post and I did ask for it," he told *The New York Times*. "It's been offered and I accepted it." Hecht is the new ambassador to the Bahamas. (For those who are following the careers of our Stupid Senators, please note also that Gordon J. Humphrey of New Hampshire announced in March that he would not seek reelection. Any diplomatic posts opening up in, oh, Nevis?)

Joan Pomaranc of Chicago has sent us a clipping that is essentially a follow-up to two SPY articles, "You Wouldn't Want to Be Bob Greene" (by Magda Krance, December 1988) and "If I Only Had a Brain: Nouveau Intellectuals and the Fad for Looking Serious" (by Terri Minsky, January/February 1989): a newspaper

February]. Darwin had sketched out his theory by 1842 and continued to work toward fully substantiating it until 1858, when he received a letter and manuscript from Wallace, who had apparently experienced some kind of revelation during a malaria attack while working in the Malay Archipelago. This is not to diminish the quality of Wallace's insight; the similarity between the two theories is striking. But Darwin had, as Wallace himself later admitted, previously and much more thoroughly worked out the mechanism of evolution. Besides all that, it's Darwin who looks like Gary Larson, not Wallace.

Zimri Smith Jr.

Brown University

Providence, Rhode Island

DEAR EDITORS **I**s it just me, or did the room you showed in the Puck Building Ballroom ad on page 19 of the January/February issue look like the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository, only with drapes?

Just wondering.

Michael K. Mettler

Union City, New Jersey

Maybe that explains why presidential motorcades never seem to come up Lafayette Street.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hew! For a month I was worried. In the December issue there was no "Michael Levine's World and Welcome to It" [by Bruce Handy].

You can imagine my relief when I opened the next issue and saw it had reappeared.

I'm so pleased there is consistency somewhere.

Dale C. Olson

Beverly Hills, California

DEAR EDITORS **O**ne can hardly begrudge Bradley Bloch a little Papa-bashing ["Papa's Got a Brand-New Mag," January/February]: such is the wont of F. Scott wanna-bes. Like Fitzgerald, the wolfen-eyed, bow-tied Bloch is a Princeton defector whose astute take on the follies of his peers rests on personal experience. Bloch's a former *GQ* fact checker and, as such, saw our Papalust up close. By exposing it—in effect,



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Tweed aside, we think Emerson had it right when he said, "*Caricatures are often the truest history of the times.*"

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ad for a promotional appearance by recidivist author Greene in which he is pictured wearing eyeglasses.

Regarding the "Nouveau Intellectuals" piece, there are indications already that the bespectacled activist celebrity has become the celebrity of choice. Here is *The Washington Post* on the retrofitted *Mother Jones's* first cover subject, Susan Sarandon: "She's a model celebrity in her devotion to liberal causes." Sorry, but *our* idea of a model celebrity is still one who signs autographs with one hand while smashing camera lenses to bits with the other.

A few issues back we made certain vows regarding future discussion of the Pervasive SPY Influence. But will anyone really object if we fall off the wagon now and then? It's just that the *Chicago Tribune*—Bob Greene's paper, by the way—ran a tally of celebrities mentioned in each of three local columns. They called it a Tote Board, too. We don't mind, but we're afraid Liz Smith may not feel so special anymore.

"Two concerned parents"—Robert and Louise Egan of Manhattan—have sent us photographic proof that their daughter, Emily, has developed a fascination with the *Separated at Birth?* paperback. Emily is shown, at 14 months, flipping through the book and pointing at pictures while standing up, a feat of motor control that several editors of SPY couldn't perform successfully, for any price, on many mornings. In any case, we wouldn't worry about Emily (who, incidentally, may be ready for her own subscription to SPY JUNIOR). But if she laughs too often and too easily at the photo of Gavin MacLeod, take the book away.

Finally, to all of you whose letters we have read but whose questions we have been unable to answer in this limited space, all we can say is, *the purpose of featuring the photograph in a reversed position was to ascertain the depth of interest our readers take in our current advertising campaign.* ☺

C O R R E C T I O N

In our May 1987, January/February 1989 and April 1989 issues, references to the actor Gardner McKay should have been to the late actor Scott McKay. We regret the error.

biting the hand that once fed him—he has brilliantly reprised the Lost Generation's contempt for precedent. What, after all, is Papa-bashing if not the bookish man's patricide?

But the Bloch/F. Scott connection goes deeper. Last summer at a *GQ* (dare I say it) bash, young Bloch wound around the dance floor, bow tie improbably, eerily askew, like a bon vivant gone *mauvais*. Congenial nonetheless, he spotted and approached a gathering of bonhomous editors leaning against pillars decorated in the festive manner of maypoles. Bloch leaned as well—albeit against a freestanding potted tree. Down came the tree, as did Bloch—splayed and spent, like Scott years before, toppled by the sheer weight of genius.

It was a farewell to arms, legs and highball glass that the entire staff won't soon forget.

Brett, Jake and the rest
of the gang at *GQ*
New York

DEAR EDITORS **H**ave Bradley Bloch count the number of times *faux* (alone or hyphenated) was used by your writers in the January/February issue.

Is this the nouveau-chic word for the day or, perhaps, is it *faux-chic*?

Duane Hess
Portland, Oregon

DEAR EDITORS **T**he obscene saga of John and Patricia Kluge [*"The Secret of Albemarle Farms,"* by Avery Chenoweth, January/February] ought to be looked upon as a perfect metaphor for the entire era of Reagan-Bush-Quayle capitalist excess through which the United States has been living since January 1981. It is an era in which upscale trash like the Kluges have wallowed in huge piles of cash, with the blessings of the administration in Washington, D.C., even if they have not been able to win an aura of decency and respectability for themselves.

Reagan's much-touted supply-side "miracle" amounted to little more than helping multibillionaire scoundrels like John Kluge become even wealthier.

Frank W. Goheen
Camas, Washington



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DEAR EDITORS **W**hatever may have been the Kluges' apparent left-handedness in handling things here, their offenses have been more matters of degree than of originality displayed.

As an Englishman and a relatively recent immigrant I can tell you that Albemarle County is hardly the highly Europeanized Arcadia it has recently been pictured as in your magazine (and elsewhere over the years).

From at least the middle of the last century, and perhaps the one before that, English remittance men, Yankee immigrants intent upon legitimizing themselves and their money with magnolias and mint juleps, have been conspicuous hereabouts. Admittedly its complexion is growing worse of late, but this was to be expected. While Fitzgerald might easily enough have placed his Gatsby novel here, today it would take a Harold Robbins or a Taki to cope with what's here.

*Peter Finney, Esq., M.A.
Charlottesville, Virginia*

DEAR EDITORS **T**erri Minsky's piece on nouveau intellectuals ["If I Only Had a Brain," January/February] was so, you know . . . like, scathingly accurate. I was one of the legions attending the Democratic National Convention who kept stumbling upon Lowe, Sheedy, Bateman, Nelson et al.; I was under the boneheaded impression that they were there to promote lifetime memberships in some chain of politically correct tanning salons. Now I get it . . . they were there to, uh, increase political awareness. Cool!

But I've always been slow. Having attended college with Judd "Conscience of His Generation" Nelson, I should have learned sooner that if you want to be taken seriously in politics, you should drop out and make B-movies rather than labor in obscurity as a Washington lawyer.

*Francis A. De Mita Jr.
Arlington, Virginia*

DEAR EDITORS **L**et me be the 23rd to tell Terri Minsky that Woody Allen called the brain his "second-favorite organ," not "the most overrated organ."

*Seth Roberts
Berkeley, California
Actually, you're the first, possibly because in*

Manhattan, *Ike (Allen) tells Mary (Diane Keaton), "You rely too much on your brain. . . . The brain is the most overrated organ, I think." It's in the Hayden Planetarium scene.*

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your article on pseudointelligentsia you state that the Scarecrow in Oz was "instantly able to recite the Pythagorean theorem upon being handed a bogus university degree." What he stated was not the Pythagorean theorem. In fact, the "theorem" he stated concerning isosceles triangles was totally false. I enjoyed the article, because I too hate it when people in public forums allude to things that they don't know anything about.

*Douglas Shaw
Syracuse, New York
We have a feeling we're not infallible anymore.*

DEAR EDITORS **K**nowing that the task usually takes only one corner man, I sometimes wondered how many lawyers it would take to throw in the towel. In "Defending Drexel" [The Firms, January/February], Thomas Mara answered the question: evidently the number, at least for Drexel Burnham, is 115.

*W. K. Saunders
Rockport, Massachusetts*

DEAR EDITORS **G**il Evans was not a trumpeter [The Fine Print, by Jamie Malanowski, January/February]. More egregious was the inclusion of Miles Davis among last summer's Coasters ["Those Who Can, Do; Those Who Did, Coast," by George Kalogerakis, June 1988]. Since *Kind of Blue* (1958), Davis has cut some two score albums, directing Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams, Dave Holland, John McLaughlin, Jack DeJohnette, Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea, among other hardworking musicians, through changes of style that are now imitated worldwide. Whom do you listen to, Wynton Marsalis?

*Howard Mandel
New York
Right you are about the late Gil Evans. He was an arranger/pianist/composer, notably with Miles Davis. Regarding the Coasters question, we listen to Miles Davis—circa Kind of Blue.*

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DEAR EDITORS It is with overwhelming excitement that I write this note, as you have given a small and often overlooked segment of your (avid) readership a chance to speak out and be heard. I am referring, of course, to the scientific community, and in particular that subset known as physics nerds. The formula that appeared in "It's Raining Cats and Michael Landon" [by Jeff Wise, January/February] is incorrect. Physically (dare I say intuitively?), the impact energy should not depend on how long it takes our celebrity to make full contact with the ground. Whether it takes 0.1 second or one hour, the sidewalk will still buckle the same amount in the end. The correct formula is just $E = mgh$, where E is in joules, m in kilograms, $g = 9.81$ (M over 3 squared to put in) and h is in meters. This formula ignores terminal velocities, but after a fall of only 85 meters (or 280 feet) our celebrity will still be accelerating!

With this equation, Raymond Burr now gives off 133,000 joules of energy, which will light our 60-watt bulb for 2,200 seconds, or 36 minutes. Our celebrities are now 4,680 percent more useful!

Marc Alley

Madison, Wisconsin

DEAR EDITORS The formula for figuring terminal-impact energy is $E = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$, where m is the mass of the falling object and v is the velocity. Raymond Burr would have an impact energy of almost 100,000 foot-pounds, enough to light a 60-watt bulb for 37.3 minutes.

The time contact is irrelevant to terminal-impact energy. It doesn't matter whether Burr splatters hard onto concrete or is gently arrested by a giant whoopee cushion; the total energy is still the same. What *does* vary according to the time of contact is the power—the rate of energy expenditure—generated by the impact. Assuming that Burr lands in a horizontal position, the time of contact would be about 10 million foot-pounds per second. That's the equivalent of 18,000 horsepower, or about 14 megawatts. Thus a platoon of 65 plummeting Raymond Burrs could, for the brief moment of impact, equal the power output of Indian Point 2 nuclear power plant.

Dave Noland

Mountainville, New York

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the bulb for 36 minutes, and Noland, you say the bulb stays lit for 37.3 minutes. So which is it? We suggest you meet halfway between Madison and Mountainville to work this thing out. And keep the answer to yourselves.

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your March Datebook you have Eisenhower signing Hawaii into the Union on March 18, 1959. Wrong. Ike did it on August 21, 1959. Nice fuck-up for a magazine that lists a chief of research on its masthead.

What *did* take place in March 1959, on the twelfth, was the U.S. House of Representatives' vote, 323-89, in favor of statehood.

Regarding Don Ho's popularity: he was a hit back when one could still breathe the air in that dungheap of a city you chronicle.

Research this: *Aloha, pupule okole lolo malihini.*

Ron Jacobs
Honolulu, Hawaii

Mr. Jacobs is, of course, wrong. We said that on March 18, 1959, Eisenhower signed Hawaii's statehood legislation—and that's exactly what Eisenhower did on March 18, 1959. The votes by the Senate and House of Representatives came earlier, and official admission into the union came later.

Our researchers didn't have time to look into Mr. Jacobs's closing remarks—they were too busy handling crank letters about imagined errors—so we took a crack at it ourselves. Now, our Hawaiian is a little rusty, but we think Mr. Jacobs is saying, "Greetings, you'd think I'd know better than to put myself in a position where I can be embarrassed publicly for my arrogance—but I don't!" Then again, we could be wrong.

DEAR EDITORS **I**n their article on "Camp Lite" ["The Irony Epidemic," March], Paul Rudnick and Kurt Andersen make the following distinctions: "True camp . . . lampoons and adores, while Camp Lite reflexively eulogizes and coddles" and "Camp Lite doesn't celebrate or savage; it does not get its hands dirty." I guess that means that SPY, with its unquestionably savage irony, doesn't qualify as Camp Lite reading material. But then why is it every time I go to a "potluck," SPY turns up on the boomerang-shaped table, right next to the

Etch a Sketch?

Susanna Levin
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS **C.** Boyden Gray; E. Graydon Carter.

More than coincidence?

Jay Freiburger
Sunnyside, New York
No—less than meets the eye.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hy do I, living 90 miles away, get my SPY after my son, residing 3,000 miles away in San Francisco, receives his? Extrapolating from this, I'm considering moving to Hawaii. That way, could I get my SPY directly from galley proofs?

Alan Feinstein
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
No, but you could borrow Ron Jacobs's copy when he's done not quite understanding it.

DEAR EDITORS **I**'d been flirting with SPY at the newsstand for almost a year when the February cover story in the *Washington Monthly* helped make up my mind. The story's author, Jason DeParle, posited that SPY "promotes wasteful fretting" and went on to say that your readers' attentions are overly occupied by "thoughts on style," leaving them little time to ponder "things that matter."

By uncanny coincidence, wasteful fretting and thoughts on style are the things I'd promised to do more of in my 1989 New Year's resolutions. Accordingly, I am forwarding a check to SPY's subscription department and offering heartfelt public thanks to Mr. DeParle for his helpful summation of SPY's true intent and purpose.

SPY is without a doubt the magazine for the 1990s, when, I predict, its entire content will be devoted to deriding other periodicals' lengthy biographical pieces on its editors and staff. Like the rest of Mr. DeParle's readers, I want to be there.

Steven S. King
Washington, D.C.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Mirabella

ISAAC MIZRAHI

Ms. Mirabella, 8 July 1988

Though we are just getting to know one another please accept this note as it is meant - sincerely.

You have always been an inspiration to the fashion community and whatever your next step, I hope it helps to evolve fashion past what it has, to this point, become in your hands.

Much admiration, Isaac

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THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

MONEY TO BURN: HOW MEMBERS OF CONGRESS SPEND THEIR CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

Every two years, thousands of concerned citizens, corporations, unions and political-action committees reach into their pockets and donate money to the candidates they would most like to see elected to Congress. Most of the recipients, strangely enough, are already-well-funded incumbents. Most donors probably assume that the funds will pay for bumper stickers, campaign brochures, TV commercials and the services of world-weary consultants and Svengali-like pollsters. Indeed, most of the money is used for just those purposes, but, as recent Federal Election Commission records reveal, some is used for more interesting purposes. Such expenditures fall into a few broad categories:

Animals. Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona spent \$570 on a sheep. Representative Bruce Morrison of Connecticut spent \$540 to run a pony ride at a convention. Former senator Chic Hecht of Nevada (one of SPY's Ten Dumbest Congressmen) spent \$550 to sponsor a horse race. Senator Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii spent \$500 for a kalua pig and then anted up another \$559.23 toward kalua pig preparation. Representative Vin Weber of Minnesota donated a hog valued at \$215 for an

AS A WRITER OF CHEESY song lyrics once put it, "Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel . . ."

First came **JOE MCGINNISS**'s best-selling book *Fatal Vision*, a dark psychological portrait of pathological murderer **CAPTAIN JEFFREY MACDONALD**. *Uh-oh*. Then came **JANET MALCOLM**'s quirkily compelling, oddly self-righteous article in *The New Yorker*, which was both an exploration of journalistic ethics and a dark psychological portrait of pathological deceiver Joe McGinniss, who was sued by MacDonald for betraying him in the course of reporting and writing *Fatal Vision*. *Uh-oh*. Then came **JOHN TAYLOR**'s oddly self-righteous article in *New York* magazine about journalistic ethics and also about how Janet Malcolm herself was the defendant in a similar lawsuit in California brought by pathologically self-aggrandizing **DR. JEFFREY MASSON**, who sued Malcolm for inaccuracy, based on what she had written about him in her book *In The Freud Archives*. *Uh-oh*. And now it turns out that Taylor has had his own problems with journalistic ethics.

Uh-oh.

In 1983, while working at *Newsweek*, Taylor worked on a piece in which he filleted a Vermont prep school called The Stowe School. The story reported, among other nasty tidbits, that Stowe had a "zonked-out reputation," that "drugs are as pervasive as the rock music that blares from the rooms" and that "sexual relations between students and faculty used to be overlooked" until very recently. But at no point in the story did Taylor mention that he had been expelled several years before from Stowe. This transgression apparently played a role in his departure from *Newsweek* shortly thereafter.

What made the recent article in *New York* so amazing is that Taylor, a talented writer with a reputation among his former colleagues for somewhat questionable professional tactics, and one who has specialized in stories that reveal the moral seaminess of business success, apparently committed the exact crime for which he condemned Malcolm and for which Malcolm condemned McGinniss: cozying up to a primary source, only to betray him in print.

DAVID GIBSON, still Stowe's headmaster, remembers Taylor's original phone call to him, in which he talked over a story idea about "why so many alternative prep schools had been forced to close down. He seemed to have the whole slant down beforehand."

Gibson says that Taylor gave him his word that Stowe would be treated in a larger context. "Knowing John's history at the school," the headmaster says, "I would never have agreed to talk to him if I had known Stowe would be the entire article. I was stunned when I saw the piece. It was an obvious grudge thing that ended up really hurting the school."

Both Malcolm's and McGinniss's subjects decided to sue—a point Taylor makes great hay of in his *New York* article—but in Taylor's case, the headmaster declined any sort of legal action. "Despite the damage done to the school, I thought there might be a good lesson in this incident for the students in how the press can work," Gibson says charitably.

Altogether, MacDonald and Masson spent untold hours being interviewed by McGinniss and Malcolm. McGinniss spent five hours with Malcolm. Malcolm refused to speak with Taylor. Taylor's only comment to me on the Stowe incident was a huffy "I cleared the story with my superiors."

—Neal Karlen*

||

THE BRITTLE, VIRTUALLY BRAINLESS anchorgal **CONNIE CHUNG** did not finally defect from NBC News to ABC News because **ROONE ARLEDGE**, her new boss, had given her a \$25,000-a-week salary. No: it was because Chung's erstwhile colleagues at NBC had not fully appreciated her Murrowesque stature. *I'm a serious journalist*, she complained often to anyone who would listen. Among the really-important-

"In Taylor's favor, his *New York* article acknowledged—"in the interest of full disclosure"—his relationships with **ROBERT GOTTLEB** and *The New Yorker*. In an equal spirit, I should point out that though I used to work at *Newsweek* and have written several Fast Tracks and one unpublished feature for *New York*, I have never before met or spoken with John Taylor. Like Janet Malcolm, I have been sued for libel once, though my plaintiff (**SCOTT THORSON**, **LIBERACE**'s onetime lover) no longer seems interested in pursuing his suit—unlike Jeffrey Masson. Also, I don't think I've ever betrayed a source, but after this story runs, who knows what will turn up?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

contributions to support the campaigns of Democrats who were less well funded and therefore had fewer dollars to spend frivolously. One person Coelho helped was Ohio representative Mary Rose Oakar, an outspoken feminist. Coelho gave Oakar \$481.70 worth of aprons.

Automotive Expenses.

Although he's no relation to the Fords, Representative William D. Ford of Michigan is a Model T owner; he used \$2,151.25 in campaign funds to buy a new Model T engine and make other repairs. Another legislator with automotive problems was Senator Louell Weicker of Connecticut. He spent \$171.75 for van repairs, \$50 for van repairs, \$72.83 and \$183.39 for van repairs, \$350 for van expenses, \$194.87 for van maintenance, \$100 for "petty cash — van," \$45 for a van antenna, \$141.54 for van expenses, \$317.13 for van repairs, \$100 for campaign-van supplies, \$2,117 for van repairs, \$103.11 for van repairs, \$65.60 for van repairs, \$350 for van repairs and \$42,734.25 for "balance due on van." Despite these expenditures, Weicker's van strategy failed, and he was defeated last fall. (Experts are still undecided about the effectiveness of another, Knickknack-and-Tchotchke aspect of Weicker's campaign — his decision to spend \$5,608.98 on jar grippers.)

Miscellaneous.

Representative Mickey Leland of Texas spent \$143.50 on coloring books. Representative Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois spent \$450 for a float in the Polish parade and \$500 to hire a polka band from Little Richard Polka Shows (the Architect of Rock and Roll? Polka?) to ride on the float. Speaker Jim Wright of Texas spent \$88.50 for an ad in the Miss Fort Worth Pageant program and donated even more — \$100! — to the Miss Texas Pageant scholarship fund. Senator Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey spent \$541.25 for hot air, ostensibly to float a balloon but perhaps for speechifying as well ▶

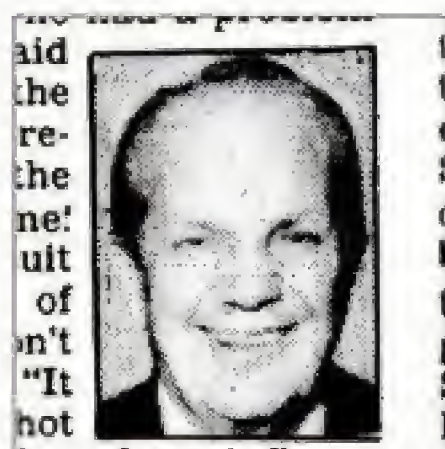
THE CURSE OF JOEY ADAMS'S TOMB

A Field Guide to Columnists and Their Newspaper Portraits

Bygone civilizations paid homage to the wise and the dead by immortalizing them as vigorous youths in peak physical condition. Pericles was aged when the sculptors of ancient Greece depicted him as a tower of youthful virility, and Augustus's boyish countenance was being applied to Roman friezes even as the emperor lay dead. Today the job of erasing fleshy folds, liver spots, receding hairlines and other vestiges of time from those august men

and women who form public opinion falls to a different class of artisan — the publicity photographer and the retoucher.

So, in the interest of historical scholarship, we open SPY's book of the living dead, peeling back the inky gauze from these latter-day Tuts and Nefertitis to view them as they truly are, as they walk among the world of men. Behold, if you dare, the reality that lurks beneath the newspaper photo. —John Brodie



Joey Adams
Strictly for Laughs columnist, *New York Post*



Aileen "Suzy" Mehle
gossip columnist, *New York Post*



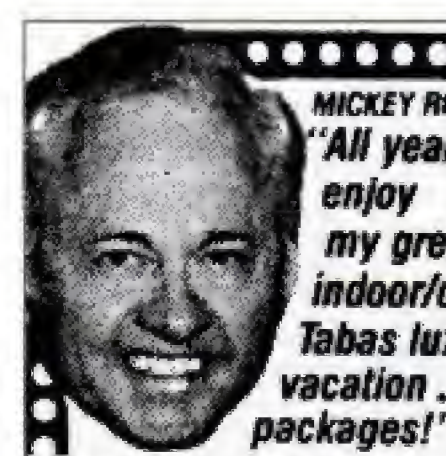
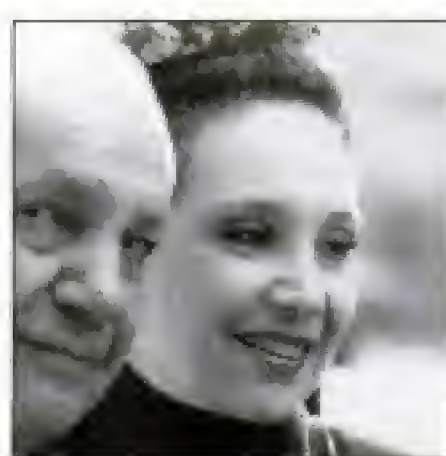
Jeannie Williams
gossip columnist, *USA Today*



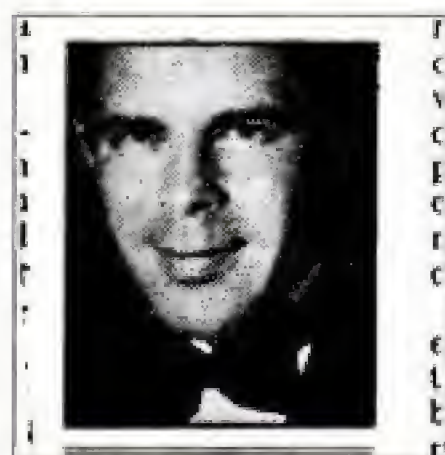
Liz Smith
gossip columnist, *New York Daily News*



Cindy Adams
gossip columnist, *New York Post*



Mickey Rooney
Tabas Hotel spokesman, *The New York Times*

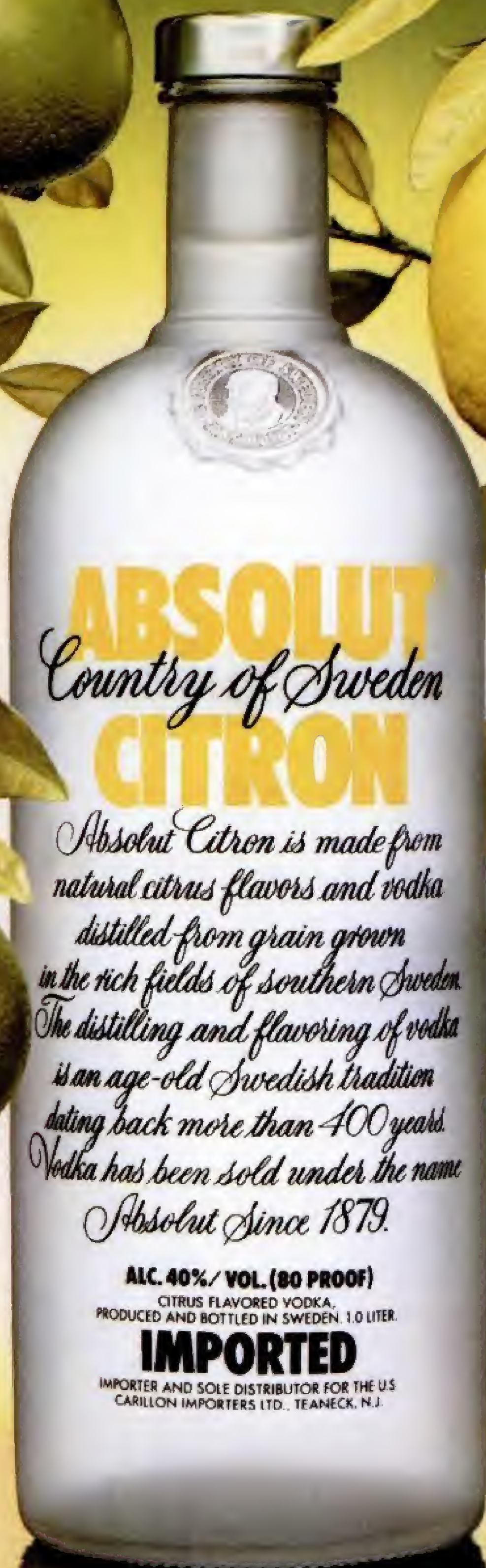


The miracle of cropping: William Norwich
gossip columnist, *New York Daily News*



The curse in reverse!: Jeane Kirkpatrick
Worldview columnist, *New York Post* D





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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Aggressive Self-Interest.

New York City congressmen were the most prominent in this category. Representative Major Owens of Brooklyn spent \$265 in campaign contributions to settle accounts with the Parking Violations Bureau.

Representative Ted Weiss of Manhattan, a dedicated civil libertarian, spent \$1,650 for the services of a private investigator. And former representative Mario Biaggi, then a Bronx Democrat, now a disenfranchised felon, spent \$386,263.75 of his campaign contributions for the services of prominent criminal attorneys, including Barry Slotnick, the lawyer for Aniello Dellacrocce, and James LaRossa, lawyer for the late mobster Paul Castellano. Nevertheless, Biaggi failed to convince the jury. Perhaps he should have bought them tie tacks.

WELL, PARDON ME: THE FRIENDS OF GEORGE STEINBRENNER

In the twilight of the Reagan administration, the news was full of stories about pardons: Would the retiring Gipper absolve the alleged gunrunner Oliver North? Would he expunge the records of election-law violator Armand Hammer and bank robber Patricia Hearst? But Reagan passed on these three and instead pardoned George Steinbrenner, the bullying, meddling boat builder who owns the New York Yankees. As *The Wall Street Journal* reported, Reagan, before the pardon, dispensed with the customary consultation with prosecutors of the criminal in question. Steinbrenner was assisted in his bid by having his application fronted by two well-connected Republican lawyers: William Saxbe, the former senator and Nixonian attorney general, and T. Timothy Ryan Jr., a Labor Department solicitor under Reagan. Steinbrenner was also supported with letters of recommendation from six friends, here excerpted.

Albert Bernstein, old buddy from Cleveland:

"George is extremely generous and thoughtful. . . . George is also the type of man who inspires trust. George is ▶

FOR WESTERN EYES ONLY

A Simulated Interview With the Prophet Muhammad



The Salman Rushdie affair has brought inscrutable Islam to the center of our awareness as never before. Westerners are bewildered by the Ayatollah Khomeini's decision to sentence Rushdie to death.

To promote better understanding between our two worlds at this especially troubled time in our long history of literary coexistence, SPY took its questions to Muhammad, whose pronouncements on Islamic fundamentalism are contained in the Koran.

SPY: Has the Ayatollah acted properly in this case? Isn't Allah supposed to be merciful?

M: For those who disbelieve in Allah and His apostle We have prepared a blazing Fire. . . . He pardons whom He will and punishes whom He pleases [48:14].

SPY: With all due respect, sir, Allah sounds like, uh, a rather capricious person.

M: Allah hears all and knows all [2:256].

SPY: An awful lot of people support Rushdie and Viking Penguin: other publishers, booksellers, influential writers, even many powerful Western governments.

M: Have you not seen the hypocrites? They say to their fellow-unbelievers among the People of the

Book: "If they drive you out, we will go with you. We will never obey any one who seeks to harm you. If you are attacked we will certainly help you."

Allah bears witness that they are lying. If they are driven out they will not go with them, nor, if they are attacked, will they help them. Indeed, if they go to their help they will turn their backs in flight and leave them in the lurch [59:11-12].

SPY: You seem to be convinced of Mr. Rushdie's guilt. Is there any way he and his publishers might repent?

M: If they repent, it will indeed be better for them; but if they give no heed, Allah will sternly punish them both in this world and in the world to come. They have none to protect or help them [9:74].

SPY: You're being cryptic. What precisely is your policy toward individuals such as Mr. Rushdie?

M: Hell shall be their couch, and sheets of fire shall cover them. Thus shall the wicked be rewarded [7:41]. . . . Believers, make war on the infidels who dwell around you [9:123].

SPY: But what if the infidels are, you know, like us?

M: Deal courteously with them [9:123].

—James H. Fischer

DAVID DUKE, REPUBLICAN SUPERSTAR

Our Nonsimulated Chat With the GOP's Most Exciting Young Leader



One of the brightest, boldest up-and-comers in the Republican Party is David Duke, the handsome young state representative from Metairie, Louisiana. No stranger to politics, Representative Duke was for years an extremely effective wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, and, indeed, even after his election to the Louisiana State Legislature in February he remained head of the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

Last winter's was a tough campaign, with President Bush, Republican Party chairman Lee Atwater and former president Reagan letting Duke prove himself without their help—a go-it-alone tempering that made Duke all the more credible as a GOP star of tomorrow. How did he do it? What does he think the Republican Party's goals and strategies should be? In coming months we'll tackle these and other critical issues as this most attractive of Republican newcomers talks politics with us.

SPY: Representative Duke, what drew you to the Republican Party?

Duke: I just feel more comfortable [there]. As you know, the Democratic Party is full of minority elements. I obviously feel more comfortable in the Republican Party. . . . It's . . . more of a home to me.

SPY: Are you in any way representative of the shift in the South from the Democrats to the Republicans?


Duke: I think so. We need to make some big changes in the way we run government in this country. You're going to find candidates all over this country begin to echo the policies that David Duke first preached. You should pick up a column that Pat Buchanan wrote about me. He said that David Duke is talking about a lot of the issues that the Republican Party should be talking about, that this was a real potential for the Republican Party.

SPY: Do you support the Republican platform?

Duke: Yes, the basic platform I certainly support, I just think we need some additional elements. You know, there is a tremendous push right now in the Republican Party to solicit, to enlist, you know, black voters. I think it's really kind of ridiculous. I mean, you're gonna get a percentage of blacks, certainly, but there is nothing that the Republican Party is going to do that is really going to bring the Coretta Scott Kings or the Jesse Jacksons over.

Next installment: a rapprochement between Duke and blues stylist Lee Atwater?

—Guy Martin



Come to Marlboro Country.

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Lights Kings & 100's Soft: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings &
100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report
Feb. '85—Menthol Lights Kings Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine
Menthol Lights 100's Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Lights 100's Box: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol Kings:
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

sincere. People have no qualms about trusting George. . . .

Although I am aware of George's felony conviction in the mid 1970's, I really do not know many of the details. . . .

I do know, however, that George has not had any trouble with any public or private authority since then. . . . He fully deserves the pardon he seeks."

Edwin Broderick, Catholic bishop and fan:

"George is very charitable. . . . I can always count on him to buy a ticket or seat for a benefit. George is also very good at having kids admitted to ball games. . . . I fully believe, however, that . . . George has . . . atoned for his actions. . . . I know George person to person. George is a good person. He is an honest guy. He is worthy of the pardon which he seeks."

Eddie Robinson, college football coach:

"Right from the start, I was impressed with the genuineness of George Steinbrenner. When we first met, I said 'Nice to meet you, Mr. Steinbrenner,' to which he instantly replied, 'My friends call me George.' . . . I really do not know much about George's prior felony conviction; but, I do know George. I have feasted with him, drank with him, argued with him and have had long soul-searching discussions with him. I know the man, and in my book, the man is the best there is. The man is solid American. The man is an inspiration. The man loves people. The man is a fine man."

Tom McEwen, friend, sports editor of *The Tampa Tribune* and husband of a former business partner of Steinbrenner's:

"George's blood is truly red, white and blue. He is a total patriot. All anyone has to do to know George's convictions is to hear him speak. He dwells on America the beautiful and the land of opportunity, on the affects [*sic*] of drugs, on poverty and the way to help eliminate it. He dwells on achievement and Yankee pride. . . . George Steinbrenner is a fine man, fine

PLASTICS: A SUPER CAREER FOR ANY CONFUSED YOUNG MAN

Exploring a Road Not Taken in Movie History



In the 1967 film *The Graduate*, when Mr. McGuire corners Benjamin Braddock at his parents' house to offer him advice for the future, he ends up summarizing the banality of the upcoming 1970s with a single word: "Plastics." Not that it wasn't good advice: The Dow Chemical Company, with \$1.4 billion in sales in 1967, had more than \$17-billion last year. Of course, Mr. McGuire could have said, "I just want to say *two words* to you, just two words. . . . Are you listening? . . . *Junk bonds*," and really given Ben a leg up. But Ben probably wouldn't have understood him, and probably wouldn't have listened anyway.

But what if Ben actually *had* gone into the business that yearly pumps out 50 billion to 55 billion pounds of the stuff Barbie dolls, diapers and artificial kidneys are made of? He might have turned out not unlike Michael Caperon, now a marketing communications consultant for the Dow Plastics Group. Like Ben, Caperon has done some scuba diving (though not in swimming pools) and was a Simon and Garfunkel fan (though he never had an affair with any of his parents' friends). He began his career at Dow as an advertising and sales promotion manager for the Packaging Department. This involved identifying new markets for the uses of polyethylene film, the material used to make garbage bags and disposable diapers, among other things. The possibilities for a substance as versatile as polyethylene were and are virtually endless, and just thinking about the material still excites Caperon. "Just to give you an idea," he says, "if you can see through it and it's plastic, it's probably polyethylene film." Clearly, someone as aimless as Ben would have benefited from an early commitment to a product as world-transforming as this.

After a few years, Ben, like Mike Caperon, might have worked his way up in the company, moving from adman to manager of marketing communications for the Olefin Plastics Group to independent marketing communications consultant, working on new products such as the polymer-plastic inner lining for extra-absorbent disposable diapers; a new, extra-strong meat-cutting wrap; and microwave oven packaging that incorporates the latest in "table-ready concepts." Or Ben could have involved himself in rigid insulation, polyethylene stretch films or Zip-Loc bags—all of them potential plastic milestones in Benjamin Braddock's non-career. *Bad move, Ben.*

Of course, a professional involvement with plastics wasn't always glamorous. Often there was a price to be paid. "There was a point," recalls

Caperon sadly, "when if people said it was 'a plastic world,' or that someone had 'a plastic mentality,' that meant it wasn't good. That changed in the seventies, and plastics really came into their own."

But after all the excitement the plastics industry could have offered Ben Braddock—after the polystyrene cottage-cheese containers and the Ethafoam cushion-packaging line and the epoxy resins—perhaps what would have appealed most to that son of the sixties was the opportunity to do some plastics-related good for his fellowman. Ben, like Mike Caperon, might have gotten the chance to work with disposable surgical tools, or perhaps the reusable plastic kidney—"a disposable unit," says Caperon proudly, lavishing a career plastics man's highest praise on the \$65 product. "The neat thing about plastic implants is that the body doesn't reject silicone [a type of plastic] or Teflon," he explains. "[The body] *can* reject metal, and who wants to walk around with a glass pacemaker?"

Just how did Ben turn out after rejecting a career in plastics? If we may take his creator's fate as Ben's own, not so well. Charles Webb, the author of the book *The Graduate*, gave away his two houses in an effort to "get free of things." He was last seen roaming around Williamstown, Massachusetts, his chief distinction now being that he is one of the town's few homeless people.

—Rachel Urquhart

WHAT IF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE HAD HAD A LITTLE IMAGINARY FRIEND NAMED SNEAKERS?

1956 Sartre scours Paris for a tiny beret.

1957 Sartre abandons Sneakers in a cardboard box on the *métro*.

—Henry Alford

GENERAL CONTEST





Secret Love



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For every man there is a secret love. For that man there is Guinness. The only drink deep enough, dark enough to hold all your secrets. Guinness... full, rich mysterious flavor enjoyed by men in over 120 countries.

GUINNESS

Deep.
Dark.
Secret.



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THE NEW INTIMACY IN SALES AND MARKETING

How Trends Emerge, Despite Our Best Efforts

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

father, fine citizen. In my judgment a pardon . . . is deserved."

Phil Caruso, president, Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of New York:

"I have been a cop for a long time. I have been trained to 'size people up.' . . . I think that I am a pretty good judge of character. After 27 years, I know when someone is 'full of it' and when someone is true. With George I have no doubts. . . . George is a straight-shooter. He is honest and candid. His integrity is unimpeachable. **I really do not have any personal knowledge of George's prior felony conviction.** I do, however, know that there is no element of criminality to George's character."

John W. Galbreath, dead guy, owner of racehorses and a baseball team in his time:

"Since I have known him, George has been tops in every way. . . . I have never had occasion to question his integrity. . . . In all his dealing [*sic*] with me, and as far as I know with other team owners, George has been upright and straightforward. George is not the type of man who beats around the bush or minces words. . . . In thoroughbred racing circles, I have never heard noncomplimentary remarks about George. . . . George has been a gentleman in every way and . . . deserves the pardon which he seeks."

For those friends of the Yankee owner whose memories of his criminal past need refreshing, Steinbrenner was charged with 14 felonies: 5 counts of violating campaign laws, 2 counts of lying to the FBI, 4 counts of obstruction of justice, 2 counts of obstructing an investigation and 1 count of conspiracy. The obstruction charges resulted from Steinbrenner's pressuring five employees of American Ship Building Company — hard to imagine Steinbrenner pressuring employees, but there you have it — to give false testimony to federal investigators. He pleaded guilty to conspiracy and one count of obstructing an

Actual message left on my answering machine in Los Angeles in July 1987:

"Andy—it's Mark, duuude. Call me back, 976-5633, duuude."

Had I called this stranger back, I discovered, I would have been connected to a "rap line" and charged \$2 on my next phone bill.

Personal note clipped to an advertisement for a get-rich-quick book, sent to me by mail in February 1989:

"Andy—This worked for me; you ought to call. — Bob D."

I phoned "Bob D." soon thereafter. "I got a note from Bob D.," I said, "and I was trying to remember if he's a friend of mine."

"Oh, that was just a marketing strategy," replied a spokesperson for Bob D.

Actual message left on my answering machine in New York on February 16, 1989:

"Hello, Andy. This is Ted. I'm calling for Don. Don would like to speak with you, so at your convenience would you please give him a call tomorrow any time after eleven. Now, Don can be reached at area code (212) 210-6460. Please give him a call. Thank you very much and, of course, have a pleasant evening. Bye-bye."

I returned the phone call on February 21, 1989, at 4:50 p.m.

Don: "Don Eshleman speaking."

Me: "Hello, is this Don?"

Don: "Yeah."

Me: "This is Andy Aaron. I got a call from Ted."

Don: "Yeah, he was calling you from Prudential about our new tax-deferred savings and protection plan. . . ."

Me: "Yeah, now the thing is—do I *know* Ted?"

Don: "No, you don't."

Me: "He used first names, so I was wondering if there was a reason."

Don: "Uh, no."

Me: "Okay, that's all I needed to know. Thank you."

Don: "Okay, bye-bye."

Actual message left on my answering machine February 27, 1989:

"Andy, this is Claire. Please call Don tomorrow after 11:00 a.m. at (212) 210-6460."

I returned the phone call on March 1, 1989, at 10:45 a.m.

Don: "Don Eshleman speaking."

Me: "Don, this is Andy Aaron. I got a call from 'Claire,' who said to call you."

Don: "Oh, yes, let me tell you what that was in reference to. Claire was calling you from Prudential about our new tax-deferred savings and protection plan. I want to tell you a little more about it, if you have a moment."

Me: "Okay—well, wait. Do I know Claire?"

Don: "Uh, I don't believe you do, no."

Me: "Do I know you?"

Don: "Uh, we've not had the pleasure of being introduced. I'm really calling you because I have a list of professionals who might be interested in such a plan, and that's where I got your name."

Me: "I see, because she used my nickname, my first name, and I was confused, so I thought maybe I knew you. She referred to you as 'Don' on the message that I just got."

Don: "Uh-huh."

Me: "Okay, but we have a personal relationship?"

Don: "No, we do not."

Me: "Thank you."

Don: "Okay."

— Andy Aaron

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Benazir Bhutto . . .



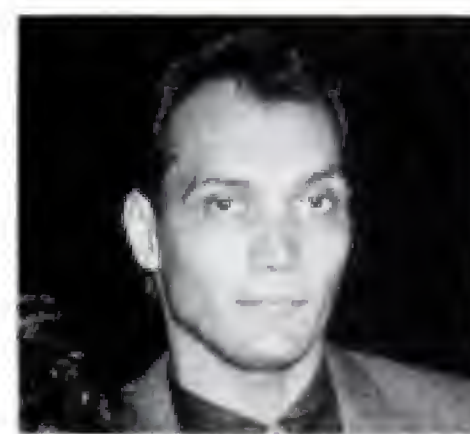
and SCTV's Edith Prickley?



Henry Kravis . . .



and R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe?



Jimmy Smits . . .



and Ed Ames as Mingo?

The rippled
bodyskin smoother...
that no body
should be without.

SCULPTURALE
FLUIDE
AMINCISSANT



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

investigation (the unpardoned Armand Hammer, by contrast, pleaded guilty only to misdemeanors), admitting, through his lawyer, that when the investigation began, "he did talk to his employees and he did recount to them his recollection of the facts, and that recollection was not a full and adequate disclosure, and not in conformity with objective reality." Now, through the presidential pardon that expunged Steinbrenner's conviction from the books *as though his crimes never occurred*, objective reality has been brought into conformity at last.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 0712522 in the Superior Court of California *Mulholland Productions Inc., Punch Productions Inc., Elaine May Inc., W. Beatty, D. L. Hoffman and E. May v. Columbia Pictures Industries Inc. and Does 1 through 10*

Ishtar will not die. One would think that all concerned with this fiasco would have skulked off and waited for public memory of the experience finally to dim. And perhaps they would have, had money not become an issue. The three chief perpetrators of Ishtar — writer-director May (and her personal corporation, Elaine May Inc.), producer-actor Warren Beatty (and his personal corporation, Mulholland Productions) and actor Dustin Hoffman (and his personal corporation, Punch Productions Inc.) — have sued Columbia Pictures and practically everyone who ran the studio in 1984, alleging that they have been gypped out of large sums. The three filmmakers contend that in addition to the fees they were paid up front for their services — estimated to be \$1.5-million for May, \$6 million for Beatty and \$5.5 million for Hoffman — Columbia had agreed to compensate them by sharing profits once gross receipts reached a certain level. Indeed, the trio contend that Columbia agreed to a whole schedule of payments, with the May-Beatty-Hoffman share increasing as receipts rose. A remarkable tribute to the folly of counting prebatched chickens, here is the schedule the optimistic

YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



WORK IT! WORK IT! And burn the buns! Burn the buns! Former Charlie's Angels Cheryl Ladd and Farrah Fawcett strapped on their favorite spandex for some fancy footwork — make that thighwork — to benefit out-of-shape, beans-and-rice-loving immigrants from Central America. Led by aerobics buff Hulk Hogan, the gals contributed their time and estimable exercising talents to a star-studded workout video (distributed at Salvadoran refugee centers), the sales of which will underwrite more celebrity videos for the underprivileged. But who's that overhead? It's star turned director Paul Michael "Starsky" Glaser, who, as usual, had to "do his own thing." While the gals were happily doing the hydrant, Glaser indulged in a little free-form Jazzercise! PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY



BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend

DEAD POETS SOCIETY, starring Robin Williams (Touchstone)

Eric Kaplan says, "Read Oscar's lips: 'Bring me Robin Williams. . . . Now!'"

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE, starring Dennis Quaid, Winona Ryder (Orion)

Eric Kaplan says, "Goodness, gracious, great balls of Dennis Quaid!"

FAR FROM HOME, starring Drew Barrymore, Matt Frewer (Vestron)

Eric Kaplan says, "Drew Barrymore triumphs! She's a survivor — a half-pint Liza!"

STAR TREK V, starring William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy (Paramount)

Eric Kaplan says, "Shatner's brilliant direction goes where no *Star Trek* has gone before! He's a sci-fi Sydney Pollack!"

I've been called a lot
of things in my life.
My favorite is Dad.



Cognac
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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Ishtar filmmakers had negotiated:

Gross Receipts (in millions)	M-B-H Share (percentage)
\$33-\$47.5	31.5
\$47.5-\$55	34.0
\$55-\$65	35.0
\$65-\$70	36.0
\$70-\$75	37.5
\$75-\$100	38.5
\$100-\$115	40.0
\$115-\$130	43.0
\$130-\$140	46.0
Above \$140 million (It's going to be big, Elaine—I say ask for the moon!)	47.0

When receipts hit \$47.5 million, the plaintiffs further allege, Columbia was to pay them a cash bonus—virtually walking-around money, really—in the amount of \$62,500.

The plaintiffs contend that according to Columbia, by the middle of last summer (more than a year after Ishtar's release), the picture, although still a huge failure, had grossed \$38,924,980, qualifying them for a payment of \$1,451,865. They further contend that home-video receipts had reached \$7,453,645, entitling the trio to another \$352,184.75. They say Columbia hasn't paid them anything.

And there's more. Hoffman says Columbia owes him \$111,641.37 in expenses and that he even provided the studio with a detailed invoice for \$94,727.57 of that amount (the rest being, presumably, about \$17,000 in tips and gratuities). He alleges that the \$500,000 cash bonus Columbia had owed both him and Beatty (but not May) was paid a year late, for which the two actors believe they are owed \$50,000 apiece in interest. Hoffman also says that Columbia owes him another \$60,000 for legal fees for pictures he put into development with the studio during 1986 and 1987.

Finally, the three stars contend that Columbia breached an agreement to spend specified amounts at specified times and in specified ways on advertising for the picture. They say, with very straight faces, that Columbia's failure to advertise their flop properly cost the director and stars at least \$5-million. **D**

JUNE DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

- 1 Deadline for the Bronx County Historical Society's essay contest. Each entry must be "a scholarly research paper on any phase of Bronx history." That's a full 350-year history, we know, but somehow we can't decide whether to submit "Stanley Friedman in Perspective" or "Pinstripe Glory: The Roger Repoz Years."
- 3 Something called the "Caress Symphony of Sports" will be telecast as a *Wide World of Sports* special on ABC. Figure skaters and gymnasts will be delicately choreographed together in a "whole new athletic art form" (gymnasts, mind the blades!). What hath synchronized swimming wrought?
- 3 Confederate Memorial Day in Kentucky. Not generally observed in New York.
- 3-11 "HorseFair '89" at

Belmont Park, featuring the daredevil Flying Cossack trick riders.

There must be a way to work up a little number involving trick riders, gymnasts and figure skaters.

4 We have the Midwood Mardi Gras—one of those rare June, Brooklyn Mardi Gras—penciled in. "It's not a Mardi Gras, really," admitted a spokesperson. "No one knows why it's called a Mardi Gras. It's just a street fair."

6 The Met is mounting an exhibition of some 60 aprons, from the seventeenth century to the present, beginning today. If the museum has the sense to include the one that says WORLD'S GREATEST CHEF, plus at least one display case devoted entirely to the evolution of the oven mitt, this *could* be the definitive apron show.

11 Vincent Gardenia is this year's king at the "Welcome Back to



Brooklyn" festival.

14 Flag Day. Culture and Class: birthdays for the Boy (George, 28) and the Donald (Trump, 43).

15 Mario Cuomo turns 57 in Albany, instead of, say, in Washington, D.C.

18 Father's Day.

21 Summer solstice. Discover that all the tonic water in the house is flat.

21 Representative Jim Bunning (R-Ky.) pitches a perfect game against the Mets—or did in 1964, when he was younger and a Phillie, and the Mets were younger and inept.

28 Mel Brooks turns 61, moves another year away from his last funny movie.

29 "Recent Photographs from California" opens at MoMA. *Oh, look—here's one of Celia Brady at Mortons. How much?* **D**

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Milken, one of the young tyros who have joined the low-rent investment bank Drexel Burnham Lambert, bought Carole Lombard's old guest house last year for \$750,000. The neighborhood gossip has it that his priciest renovation so far has been to build a state-of-the-art, room-size vault-cum-strongbox. 'You could fit a couple of billion dollars in there,' jokes one source, who claims to have been in the house."

—from "Remodeling, California-Style,"
by David Owen, SPY, June 1979



Who the
Dickens
Does
John
Irving
Think
He Is?

GARPMANIA!

THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

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Barbara Walters5
Barbara Bush4
Lena Horne4
Brooke Astor3
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Walter Cronkite3
Bette Davis3
Nora Ephron3
Malcolm Forbes3
Bob Hope3
Henry Kravis3
Jimmy Nederlander3
Elizabeth Taylor3
Mort Zuckerman3
Carol Channing2
Mortimer's2
Mikhail Gorbachev1
SPY1

CHRONICLE OF
OUR DEATH
FORETOLD
A SPY Public-
Service Countdown



"My pal Donald Trump . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'"

—Liz Smith in the
Daily News,
September 29, 1988



A face is like a work of art.
It deserves a great frame.

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Face: Kipper Kids. Frames: Tojo by l.a. Eyeworks. Grooming: David Anderson. Photographer: Greg Gorman. © 1989, l.a. Eyeworks.

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No killer bees. No monkeys who can drive. No treasure maps found in varicose veins. None of that stuff. Between the covers of US magazine, you'll discover the best entertainment news and information on the planet; more focused than People; more colorful than People.

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A better class of people.™



POPPY MEETS THE BEAVER

"Gee whiz, Barb, what if those Russkies get better grades 'n me?"



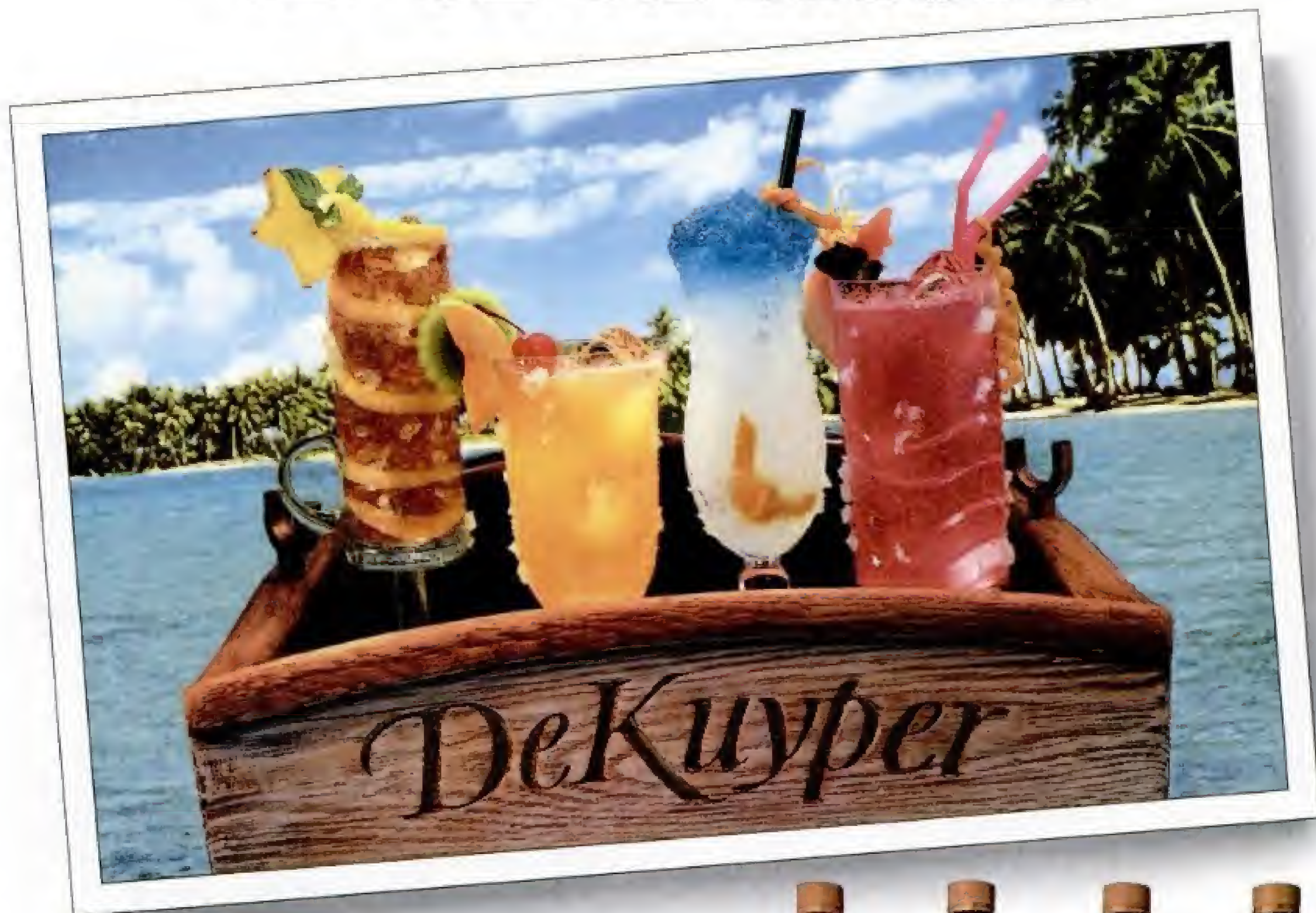
On February 9, 1989, President George Bush addressed Congress and a live television audience of 45,500,000 and laid out his plans for the nation. In this column are key sections of his landmark speech.

A generation before, from 1957 to 1963, the precociously neo-conservative Theodore Cleaver shared his insights on life in our nation with a television audience of 8 million to 9 million homes on *Leave It to Beaver*. In this column are Beaver's key positions from his landmark series.

Poppy	The Beaver
Tonight I feel as if I am returning home to friends.	Gee, some of them just look at you, and you know they like you.
No problem of human making is too great to be overcome by human ingenuity. . . . I believe this. I would not have asked to be your president if I didn't.	[I] didn't cheat a whole lot, just enough to win.
I don't propose to reverse direction. We're headed the right way.	It's not where I'm supposed to be goin', but at least it's someplace I've been.
There are voices who say that America's best days have passed. That we're bound by constraints, threatened by problems, surrounded by troubles which limit our ability to hope.	I'm glad I don't know as much about life as you do; otherwise I'd be the biggest chicken in the whole world.
I'm proposing . . . to give this generation of students a special incentive to excel in science and mathematics.	In business, how often do you have to invert fractions?
We need a new attitude about the environment.	Funny stuff, all right, but I guess dirt is what holds the world together.
We must clean up the old mess that's been left behind.	Sometimes things get so messed up, there's nothing else you can do.
We must protect the air we breathe. . . . We must not neglect our parks. . . . We must protect our oceans.	Gee, there's something wrong with just about everything, isn't there?
I will not sacrifice American preparedness, and I will not compromise American strength.	I'd rather have the guys beat me up eight or nine times a day than call me a baby.
To the brave men and women who wear the uniform of the United States of America—thank you.	There's something neat about a sweater with a hole. It makes you look like a tough guy.
[NATO] is an alliance forged by the power of our ideals, not the pettiness of our differences.	I don't like you, but I'd feel kind of bad if you died.
So let's lift our sights—to rise above fighting about beef hormones.	I didn't <i>write</i> it dumb—it came <i>out</i> dumb.
I have asked the secretary of State to visit Europe next week and to consult with our allies.	<i>I'm</i> not goin'. I don't care what you do to me; I'm not goin'. I don't care if you kill me or give me away to some poor people; I'm not goin'.
I have . . . personally assured General Secretary Gorbachev that . . . we will be ready to move forward.	You know when I should have known things were going haywire? When Eddie Haskell was on <i>my</i> side.
The definition of a successful life must include serving others.	Boy, as a guy gets older, having fun sure gets complicated.
Tomorrow debate on the plan I have put forward begins. . . . To my friends in this chamber, I ask your cooperation.	I wouldn't mind facin' the truth if so much hollerin' didn't go with it.
I ask the Congress to come forward with your own proposals.	You know—I don't think <i>I'm</i> smart enough to do all that.
To the families of America, watching tonight . . . hold fast to your dreams.	Nobody can hurt you when you're sleepin' in bed.
God bless you, and God bless America.	I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt God. He's got enough trouble with the Russians.

—Hy Bender

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drenched with an unbeatable fresh taste. You'll find there's no better way to sail through summer, so get on board now.

Mint-Tea-Go-Bay: 1½ oz. DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps; fill with fresh brewed tea; blend with ice; add a sprig of mint.

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BluesBerry Blue Lagoon: 1½ oz. DeKuyper BluesBerry™ Schnapps; 4 oz. lemonade; 1 oz. Blue Curaçao; serve over ice.

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THE SPY TRIP TIP

The Gerald R. Ford Museum, Where the Seventies Live Again



In Grand Rapids, Michigan, just down the street from the majestic Amway Grand Plaza Hotel and across from a magnificent Days Inn, sits the Gerald R. Ford Museum. It costs only \$1.50 to enter the squat gray building that serves as a fitting tribute to the 30-month presidency of a man who was plucked by fate, and political expediency, from his dream job as minority leader of the House of Representatives.

All the highlights are here. WIN (Whip Inflation Now) playing cards are on display. Henry Kissinger is portrayed as Superman on the cover of *Newsweek*. There's even a "Pardon Corner" and a video of Ford's most important foreign-policy pronouncement—his debate assertion that Eastern Europe was not under

Soviet domination.

The *Mayaguez* incident gets its own cubicle. A time line on the wall provides a minute-by-minute dissection of the president's schedule during those three days in May 1975 when 91 American men were killed, lost or wounded in order to save 39 who had been captured at sea by the Cambodians. Overnight, according to the display, "United States credibility . . . was restored." And we learn that at 11:30 p.m. on May 15, just as the crisis was drawing to a close, "Ford put on a business suit, forgetting to change his patent leather evening pumps."

"An awful lot can happen to a nation in two and a half years," insists the museum's director, Frank H. Mackaman. "President Ford's presidency was not a

whole lot shorter than JFK's."

But, alas, it wasn't quite as interesting. The Ford Museum and its sister institution, the Gerald R. Ford Library in Ann Arbor, don't conduct any regular seminars on the Ford presidency; nor are they home to any President Ford scholars (the museum did, however, hold a conference on humor and the presidency in 1986). Indeed, it seems difficult for the custodians of the Ford legacy to make use of even one of the museum's two floors. A lot of space is taken up by filler: a rotating display of Betty Ford's dresses; a wall with 21 pictures of Representative Ford meeting on the Capitol steps with student groups from his home district; generic displays, such as a replica of the Oval Of-

fice and an entire bicentennial wing with American flags made out of dollar bills and egg cartons. On the other hand, the ersatz Oval Office and folk-art flags are among the most popular with the museum's stampede of 37 visitors an hour.

And yet the lasting impression one takes from the museum is that perhaps the Ford era wasn't so bad after all. Ronald Reagan, as portrayed in a wall display devoted to his failed 1976 presidential candidacy, was in those days not much more than a bothersome, Richard Schweiker-nominating crank. An exhibit on the Ford Cabinet shows then-harmless moderate George Bush chewing mildly on his glasses. In those days, the first lady actively supported the

Equal Rights Amendment, and candidate Ford was man enough to pick Bob Dole as his running mate.

Of course, no museum, particularly one honoring a man who in retirement has taken the selling of the ex-presidency to unprecedented lengths, would be complete without a gift shop. Ford store highlights: FORD/DOLE stickers (only a nickel apiece), "original" White House matchbooks (\$1) and sets of Gerald R. Ford-autographed, presidential-seal-bearing golf balls (three for \$12.95).

—Jake Schlesinger

The Gerald R. Ford Museum, 303 Pearl Street NW, Grand Rapids, Michigan; (616) 456-2675. To get there: Fly to Grand Rapids and then ask for directions from one of the friendly, open-faced natives.

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Burroughs's visionary power, his comic genius, and his unerring ability to crack the codes that make up the life of this century are undiminished."

—J. G. Ballard on William Burroughs's *The Western Lands*

"Head and shoulders above his fellow writers." —Burroughs on Ballard's *Crash*

"Her work demands our attention."

—David Leavitt on Mary Robison's *An Amateur's Guide to the Night*

"Intoxicating, sublime."

—Robison on Leavitt's *Equal Affections*

"A work of truth and beauty—beautifully imagined, beautifully written, beautiful to read."

—George Garrett on Mary Lee Settle's *Prisons*

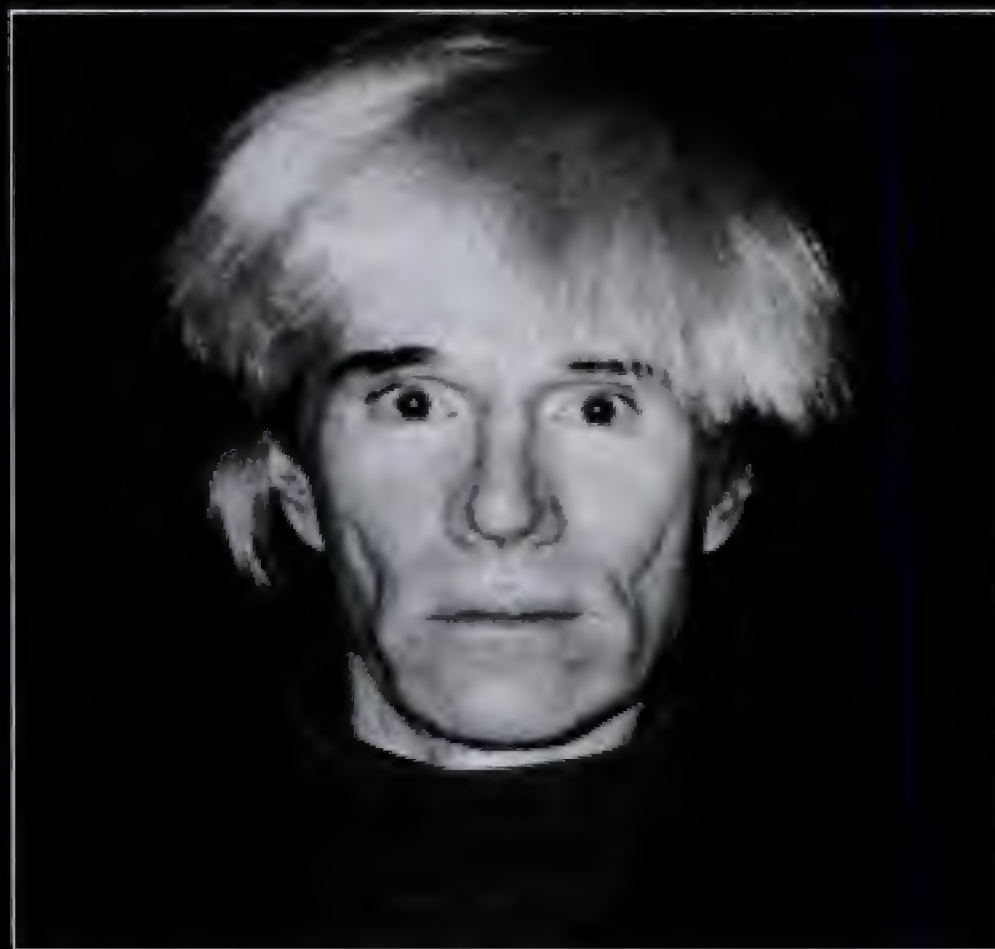
"Congratulations are too mild for this triumphant procession of a book."

—Settle on Garrett's *The Succession*

—Howard Kaplan



**THINK OF ALL THE THINGS HE SAW.
NOW IMAGINE HE KEPT A DIARY.**



WELL, HE DID.

Photo © Patrick Montellan

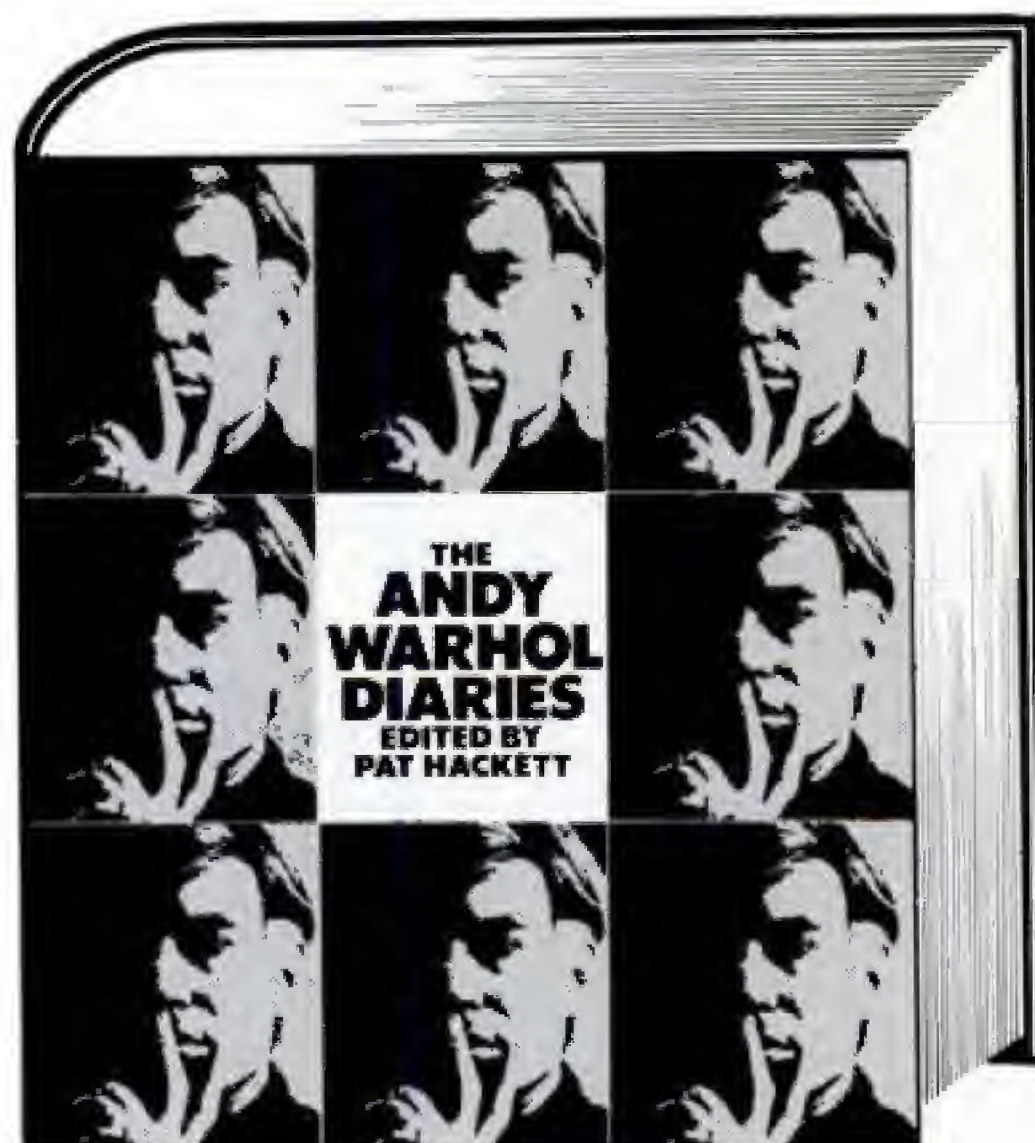
Andy Warhol saw New York's night life at its most outrageous. He saw royalty and celebrities at *their* most outrageous.

Then each morning he would call his diarist, Pat Hackett, to tell her exactly what he saw and heard. The result is **THE ANDY WARHOL DIARIES**—the most compelling narrative ever created of America's most decadent era.

It's an inside look at the stars, the artists, the glitterati, and the world they lived in. And a look inside the mind of the most popular and controversial American artist of the 20th century.

As it turns out, Andy Warhol will be remembered as more than a great artist. He was also a remarkable chronicler of our times.

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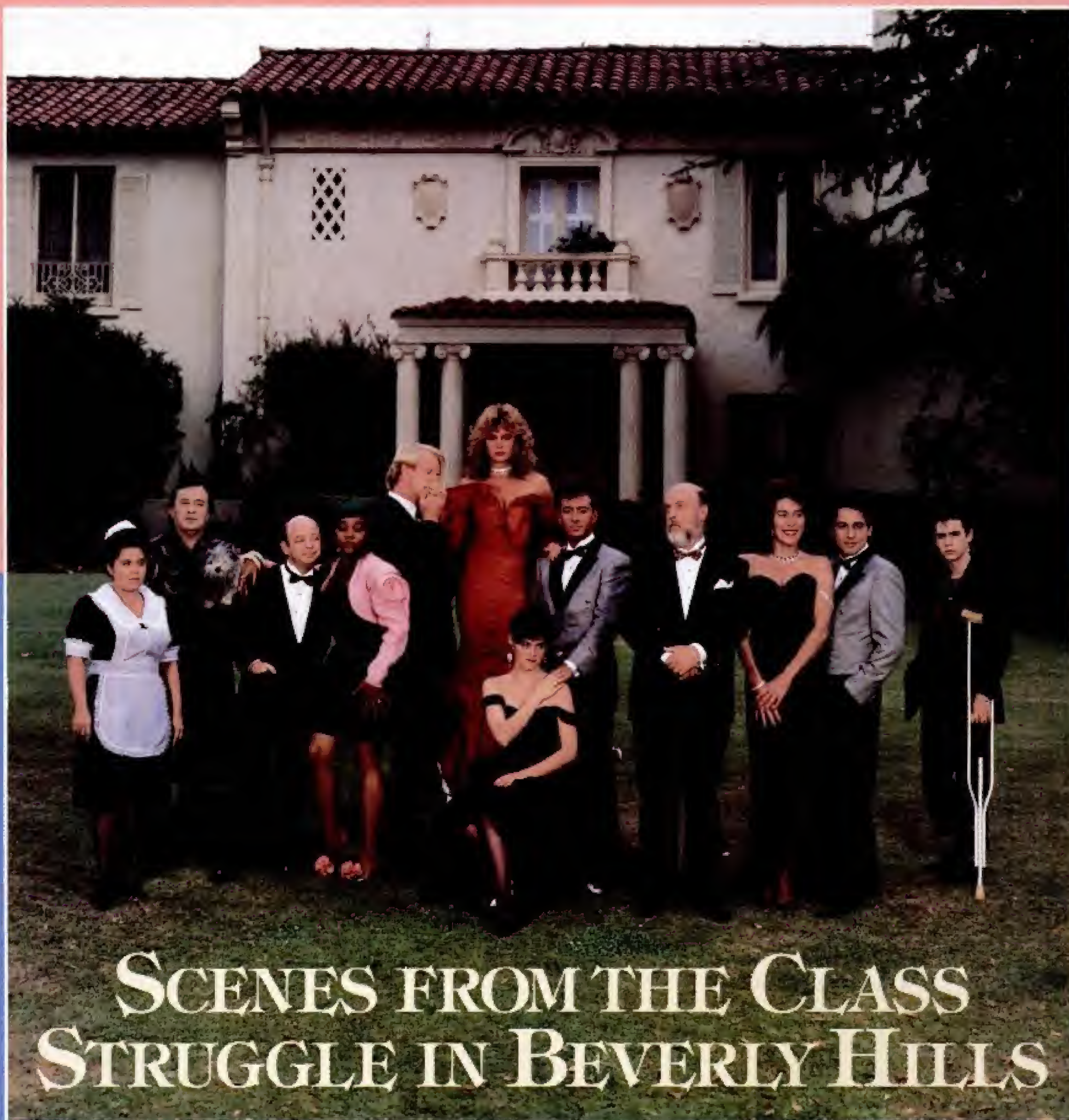


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CINECOM ENTERTAINMENT GROUP presents a NORTH STREET FILMS PRODUCTION a film by PAUL BARTEL

"SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN BEVERLY HILLS"

JACQUELINE BISSET RAY SHARKEY MARY WORONOV ROBERT BELTRAN ED BEGLEY, JR. WALLACE SHAWN ARNETIA WALKER PAUL BARTEL and PAUL MAZURSKY as Sidney

Costume Designer DONA GRANATA Production Designer ALEX TAVOULARIS Music by STANLEY MYERS Director of Photography STEVEN FIERBERG Editor ALAN TOOMAYAN

Associate Producer BRUCE WAGNER Story by PAUL BARTEL and BRUCE WAGNER Screenplay by BRUCE WAGNER

Produced by JAMES C. KATZ Directed by PAUL BARTEL

RECORDED IN
ULTRA-STEREO

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Los Angeles
Opens May 31st

New York
Opens June 2nd

Opens Nationally
June 16th

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SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN BEVERLY HILLS is an irreverent and, some would say, offensive black comedy about the sexual aspirations of the upwardly and downwardly mobile in Beverly Hills. From Paul Bartel, director of **EATING RAOUL**, comes this inside-out, upside-down glimpse of life's never-ending class struggle.

IN HONOR OF THE RELEASE OF **SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN BEVERLY HILLS**:

A CLASSLESS QUIZ

- In the film **REDS**, what happened just before John Reed (Warren Beatty) died?
 - He grew disillusioned with the workers' struggle and started raising objections
 - Diane Keaton grew disillusioned with Warren Beatty and went back to dating Woody Allen
 - Members of the audience grew disillusioned with the movie and started putting on their coats
 - The old witnesses in the film grew disillusioned with John Reed and started playing canasta



- In the film **9 TO 5**, the secretaries (Jane Fonda, Dolly Parton, Lily Tomlin) took revenge against their boss (Dabney Coleman) for past abuses. What did they do?
 - They kidnapped him and tied him up
 - They kidnapped him and forced him to buy them jewelry at retail prices
 - They bound him and forced him to watch every episode of **DIFF'RENT STROKES** in succession
 - They made him drink his own coffee

- In **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, Baron Von Trapp abandoned his haughty, aristocratic fiancée for
 - a former nun-in-training
 - his children's nanny
 - a woman who looked like a young boy
 - a woman who later appeared topless in a Blake Edwards film
 - all of the above



- DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, the epic love story, took place during
 - the dramatic events of the Russian Revolution
 - the bloody events of the French Revolution
 - the lusty events of the sexual revolution
 - the recording session when the Beatles taped "Revolution"
- In the film **NORMA RAE**, Sally Field played a worker asserting her rights. She was employed as
 - a textile worker who wanted to unionize her factory
 - a fast-food worker who didn't want to wear a paper hat
 - a professional football player who wanted free agency
 - an award-winning actress who wanted salary plus points in the film and a percentage of the proceeds from video sales



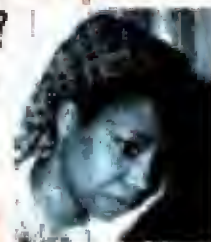
- In the film **BANANAS**, Fielding Mellish (Woody Allen) was transformed
 - from an unemployed, lvelorn New Yorker into a South American dictator
 - from a boorish, wealthy Queens real estate operator into a boorish, thick-fingered, publicity-hungry, vulgar casino operator
 - from a nervous, neurotic, really funny Greenwich Village comedian into a nervous, neurotic, dully serious Fifth Avenue film director
 - from a not-very-good movie actor into the amiable but dumb president of the United States

- The lesson we should all learn from **WORKING GIRL** is
 - Diligence and drive can propel even the least likely into the world of corporate success
 - The Cross-Bronx Expressway is a good place to film a music video
 - Harrison Ford shouldn't take roles where he has to wear a tie
 - Everyone in New York has loose morals and funny haircuts



- GANDHI**, starring Ben Kingsley, dealt with the caste struggle in India. The film ignored which peculiar aspect of the great man's life?
 - His obsession with enemas as a way to promote total cleanliness
 - The failure of his business venture, Gandhi Candy, to catch on in India
 - How he got hunched shoulders from anabolic-steroid use
 - His views on Nehru getting into fashion

- What was the famous line uttered by the slave Prissy (Butterfly McQueen) in **GONE WITH THE WIND**?
 - "Lawsy, we got to have a doctor! I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies!"
 - "Lawsy, I'll do it, you see in that wimpy Ashley Wilkes"
 - "Lawsy, under the terms of the Emancipation Proclamation, signed by President Lincoln on January 1, 1863, I am not a slave but a free woman, not obliged to obey orders issued by a pampered representative of a doomed racist oligarchy"
 - "Frankly, Miz Scarlett, I don't give a damn!"



- Match these famous television housekeepers with their households:

a. Rosie	i. The Douglases
b. Hazel	ii. The Corbets
c. Alice	iii. The Jetsons
d. Mrs. Livingston	iv. The Jeffersons
e. Florence	v. The Bradys
f. Mr. French	vi. The Davises
g. Uncle Charley	vii. The Baxters



AND FOR THE WINNERS...

1 GRAND PRIZE: A weekend for two in beautiful Beverly Hills, California (airfare, hotel and meals included)

5 SECOND PRIZES: SPY T-shirts

10 THIRD PRIZES: SPYglasses

AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE PROMPT: posters of **SCENES FROM THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN BEVERLY HILLS** will be mailed to the first 250 entrants

OFFICIAL RULES

To enter, answer the 10 questions on the coupon provided. Then cut it out and send it back to us at "Scenes," c/o SPY, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be written on a separate card or mailed in a separate envelope. Facsimile entries are acceptable. All entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1989. All entries will be evaluated by a qualified panel of judges whose decisions are final. Grand Prize and Second Prize winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release. (Entries become the property of the promoters.) Prizes are nontransferable; only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of completed entries received. All prizes (valued at \$3,500) will be awarded by July 15, 1989. Grand Prize must be redeemed by September 1, 1989. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. Contest open to residents of U.S. Employees of Cinecom, SPY Publishing or their public-relations and advertising agencies, as well as their families, and theater owners are not eligible. This offer is subject to all applicable laws and regulations and is void wherever prohibited by law.

ULTRACLASSY ANSWER COUPON:

Stick that used gum under the table, pull out a No. 2 pencil (or whatever) and send us your answers. YOU JUST MIGHT WIN!!!

1. ____ 4. ____ 7. ____ 10. a. ____ d. ____ g. ____
 2. ____ 5. ____ 8. ____ b. ____ e. ____
 3. ____ 6. ____ 9. ____ c. ____ f. ____

NAME _____

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Return to: "Scenes" c/o SPY, 295 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IM



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU

Or at Least You Might Have to Pay a Licensing Fee

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One Man in a Million® Countess Mara Inc.

A Way of Life® Harry Rothman Inc.

The difference between dressed, and well dressed® Bally® of Switzerland

Between heaven and earth there's little we can't doSM American Satellite Company

With Warmth and Friendship® Caliente Chili Inc.

You're Going To Like You® Green Mountain at Fox Run

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Take Me to Bed™ The Itty Bitty® book light

18 Hour® International Playtex Corporation

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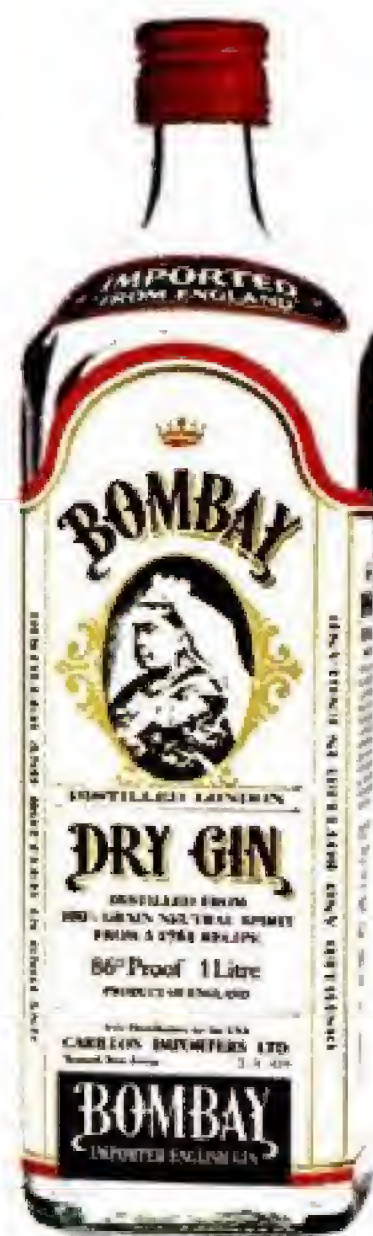
Be My Guest® American Express

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PORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.

ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA
Bombay® Gin, 43% alc/vol (86 proof), 100% grain neutral spirits. © 1988 Carlton Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

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Find Something New in The state of Maine
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Lee Strasberg® The Lee Strasberg® Theatre
Institute

Billy Joel® Billy Joel (the musician)

Chicago® Chicago (the band)

Kansas® Kansas (the band)

Knickers® J. Crew

EXAMPLE 1

Prohibited usage: "Why don't we visit Rhode Island? I'd like to Find Something New In New England™."

Lawful alternative: "Let's visit Rhode Island — we'll Find Something Small in New England."

EXAMPLE 2

Prohibited usage: "I'd like to propose a toast: To Your Success™."

Lawful alternative: "I'd like to propose a toast: *L'chayim*."

EXAMPLE 3

Prohibited usage: "Troubled times had come to my hometown™, my hometown™, my hometown™."

Lawful alternative: "Troubled times had come to the town I grew up in, the town I grew up in, the town I grew up in."

EXAMPLE 4

Prohibited usage: "Take Me to Bed™, darling."

Lawful alternative: "I want it bad and I want it now, darling."

EXAMPLE 5

Prohibited usage: "The ceiling is safe. You've got our word™."

Lawful alternative: "The ceiling is perfectly safe. Honest."

EXAMPLE 6

Prohibited usage: "At a record store on The Bowery® I bought albums by Billy Joel®, Chicago® and Kansas®."

Lawful alternative: "At a record store near the men's shelter I bought albums from the seventies."
— Steve Radlauer

At right, for educational purposes only, are six examples of prohibited usages, followed by suggested lawful alternatives.

"I'M LEAVIN' ON A JET PLANE . . . DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE BACK AGAIN"

The SPY Frequent-Flier Guide to Harrowing Travel

It wasn't long ago that we shot across the skies in jet aircraft, a drink in our hands, our eyes on a flick, our heads resting comfortably on pillows, worrying only about whether our baggage would arrive at the same place we did. But suddenly a confluence of developments—terrorists, cost-cutting, deferred maintenance, the hiring of neophytes to staff control towers and cockpits, those wacky new flip-top fuselages—has caused us once again to consider flying an adventure. How come? Simple—it's . . .

BAD AIRLINES . . .

In the past it was generally assumed that the major carriers were pretty much the same when it came to safety. No longer. These days it behooves a passenger to scrutinize the statistics.

To test security procedures, the FAA employs undercover agents who attempt to smuggle weapons aboard airliners. **Pan Am**, the carrier that lost planes to terrorists in Karachi in 1986 and over Lockerbie in 1988, failed to detect the FAA's weapons-smuggling attempts 19 times during the first eleven months of 1988. (United fared most poorly at this game, with 33 misses; on the other hand, PSA Airlines in California missed an FAA official only once, though they also failed to catch a real gun-packing nut, who shot the pilot to death, thus causing a crash that killed 43.) Between 1982 and 1987* **Pan Am** accrued \$112,700 in fines for disregarding FAA safety regulations that require pilots to have adequate rest and for failing to meet requirements regarding seat belts, flotation gear and emergency oxygen equipment. Also, one recent survey showed that **Pan Am** has the fifth-oldest fleet among major carriers; its average plane is 14.63 years old, compared with the industry average of 12.67.

Pan Am pays the highest insurance rates of any carrier, almost double the industry average. While some argue that **Pan Am's** high costs are the result of flying abroad in war-torn regions, **TWA**, which also flies overseas yet missed FAA smugglers only nine times and accumulated only \$24,100 in fines for other failures, pays less-than-average insurance.

Eastern has a good record when it comes to airport security, but in other respects it operates some of the scariest planes in the skies. **Eastern** has amassed more than \$9.6 million in fines for violating FAA regulations, nearly four times higher than the next-worst offender

(**American**) and representing 67 percent of the total fines assessed by the agency. Last winter, after a 22-year-old **Eastern** 727 was forced to land in Charleston, West Virginia, when a hole opened up in its fuselage, the airline was prompted to check out other planes in its psychedelic-era fleet (average age: 15 years). The airline found two more planes (out of 42 examined) that had "surface irregularities," a term used by **Eastern** officials when they are reluctant to say "holes."

Following close on the heels of **Pan Am** and **Eastern**, **Northwest** has run up the second-highest total of security violations and is flying the oldest fleet in the skies. Two years ago, after a crash in Detroit that claimed 156 lives, a burst of more intense safety consciousness swept the company; three weeks later the airline had to ground 17 planes because it wasn't sure—*We think we did, but the secretary's out today, and we can't find the checklists*—whether it had inspected the bulkheads for cracks.

—Doug Garr

. . . OUT-TO-LUNCH PILOTS . . .

Pilots should be the envy of the professional world. When people in other fields screw up, headlines result. But no matter how many times a pilot fouls up, the image of the mature professional with a Chuck Yeager-like voice simply will not tarnish. Boeing conducted a study that found that between 1959 and 1986, 65 percent of fatal airline accidents were caused not by ducks being sucked into the engines or wind shear but by pilot error. The FAA says it could be as high as 80 percent if you include private and business jets. Here are a few things pilots did wrong in just the last couple of years.

June 30, 1987: Intending to shut off an electronic control, a **Delta** Airlines pilot

instead turns off the engines on his 767 just after takeoff from Los Angeles International. The plane plunges to within 600 feet of the Pacific Ocean before the engines are restarted.

July 8, 1987: After a **Delta** L-1011 strays 60 miles off-course and just misses colliding with a **Continental** Boeing 747 over the Atlantic Ocean at midday in clear weather, the **Delta** pilot begs the other pilots not to report the incident (75 percent of pilots polled recently said they failed to report their near misses).

July 15, 1987: A spokesman for the Air Line Pilots Association calls **Delta's** string of five near-fatal incidents of pilot error an "incredible streak of bad luck" that cannot be blamed on the pilots.

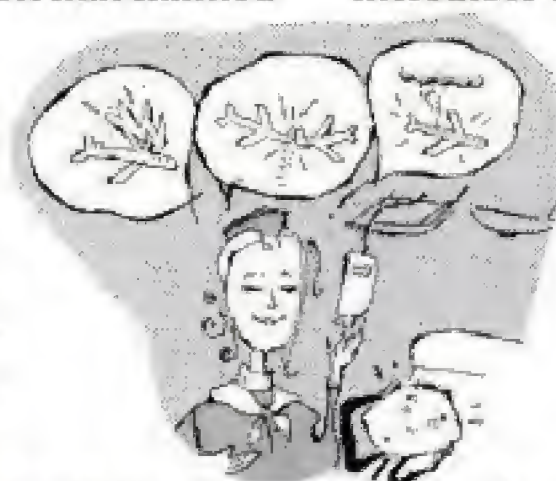
August 16, 1987: In Detroit, **Northwest** Airlines pilots forget to set the wing slats and flaps, an oversight another pilot compares to driving down the highway with the car doors open.

The resulting crash kills 156 people.

November 15, 1987: A pair of **Continental** Airlines pilots kibitz with stewardesses instead of checking for ice on the wings of their DC-9 while waiting to take off from Denver's Stapleton Airport in a snowstorm. The plane flips over and crashes on takeoff, killing 28 people—including both pilots, who investigators later say were too inexperienced to be paired together in a cockpit. The 26-year-old copilot had less than a week's worth of flying time in a DC-9.

January 19, 1988: Shortly after a Transportation Department request that pilots undergo drug tests is denounced by the pilots' union, a commuter plane crashes near Durango, Colorado, killing nine. Tests show the pilot recently used cocaine.

February 1988: The FAA identifies 139 "areas of concern" after conducting an inspection of **Northwest** Airlines. In-



* All fines noted were accrued between 1982 and 1987.

Adapted From The Tony Award-Winning Broadway Play

All Arnold Wants Out Of Life Is
An Apartment He Can Afford, A Job He Actually Likes
And A Relationship That Works.
Of Course, A Little Luck Couldn't Hurt, Either.



ANNE
BANCROFT

MATTHEW
BRODERICK

HARVEY
FIERSTEIN

BRIAN
KERWIN

TORCH SONG TRILOGY

NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS A HOWARD GOTTFRIED/RONALD K. FIERSTEIN PRODUCTION A PAUL BOGART FILM "TORCH SONG TRILOGY"
STARRING ANNE BANCROFT, MATTHEW BRODERICK, HARVEY FIERSTEIN AND BRIAN KERWIN ALSO STARRING KAREN YOUNG, KEN PAGE
AND CHARLES PIERCE CHOREOGRAPHY BY SCOTT SALMON MUSIC BY PETER MATZ ASSOCIATE PRODUCER MARIE CANTIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER RONALD K. FIERSTEIN
EDITED BY NICHOLAS C. SMITH PRODUCTION DESIGNER RICHARD HOOVER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIKAEL SALOMON SCREENPLAY BY HARVEY FIERSTEIN BASED ON HIS PLAY

R RESTRICTED

PRODUCED BY HOWARD GOTTFRIED

DIRECTED BY PAUL BOGART

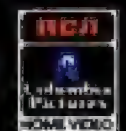
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cluded are incidents of pilots failing to find out why gauges weren't working before takeoff or flying more hours than legally permitted, and one pilot who was approved to fly Boeing 757s even though he'd failed to meet 757 proficiency requirements.

July 1988: Pilot Michel Asseline claims his **Air France** Airbus A-320 was flying at the legal limit of 100 feet over the airport runway when engine failure caused the plane to crash into trees on the outskirts of the airport, killing three passengers. Data recovered after the crash revealed that the engines were fine but that Asseline was flying only 30 feet off the ground.

August 31, 1988: Three **Delta** Airlines pilots commit the same grievous error of failing to set the wing slats and flaps that caused the Northwest Airlines crash. Investigators found that the pilots carried on what has been described as a "wide-ranging and lengthy" conversation with two flight attendants while taxiing to the runway. The plane crashes on takeoff. Fourteen people die.

January 11, 1989: An engine of a **British Midland** 737 catches fire over Nottingham and the pilot responds by shutting off fuel to the remaining, operative engine. Forty-four perish. —Neil Steinberg

... AND HELLISH AIRPORTS

The relative planeworthiness of our airports is information not routinely shared with the public; the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations keeps its list of low scorers a closely guarded secret. Our hypothetical SPY junket—service to Hong Kong with intermediate stops in Washington, Chicago, San Diego, L.A. and San Francisco—is a milk run through some of the world's most alarming airports. Not that they're unsafe or anything: *If they were*, pilots say, *we wouldn't fly there*. Rather, various "idiosyncrasies" make them "challenging and interesting," to quote a

typically judicious United pilot. Of course, the IFALPA *did* find conditions at one of our stops, LAX, sufficiently challenging to award it their sinister, secret Black Star rating, which is reserved for airports found to have "critical deficiencies." So be sure your affairs are in order and your seats are in the upright position as we wing-and-prayer it down to . . .

Washington (D.C.) National. It's hard to forget the disturbing (and relentlessly broadcast) image of the Air Florida 737 that sank in the icy Potomac near the 14th Street Bridge in 1982, killing 78, following takeoff during a snowstorm. The National Transportation Safety Board noted at the time that National Airport's inability to "handle large numbers of aircraft without difficulty even in good conditions is a recognized limitation." So are its *Casablanca*-era midget runways and airspace restrictions that require approaching planes to follow the twists and turns of the Potomac. "The approach is like flying down a canyon," says John Galipault, president of the Aviation Safety Institute. "The pilot has to make a significant turn at low altitude just as he comes down to Runway 18—he'd better know what he's doing. The runways are too short. . . . It's a mess. It's amazing we don't have more accidents."

Chicago Midway. Midway was virtually abandoned during the 1960s and '70s but is staging a comeback, thanks mainly to Midway Airlines and the overflow from crowded O'Hare. Alas, the Bull's-eye, as it's unaffectionately known among pilots for its location in the middle of a residential neighborhood on the South Side, is cursed with short runways and a concrete sound barrier at the approach end of one of them. "We're not supposed to have those," says Richard Russell, a regional safety coordinator for the ALPA. "In case we hit them, we want something that will break."

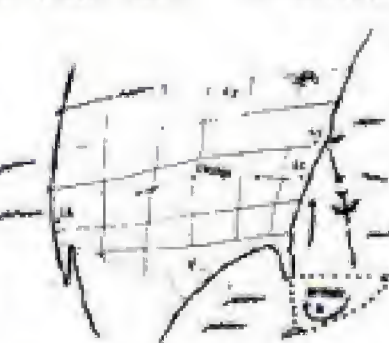
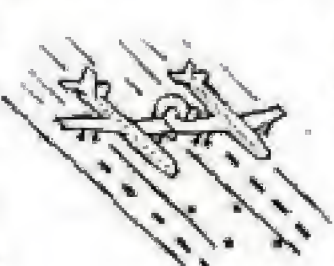
San Diego International. This vest-pocket airport is only a mile and a half from downtown. And because of hilly terrain to the east, planes coming in on

the main runway can use only 7,590 of its 9,400 feet on which to land—an adequate but by no means generous recovery area for a 747. Then there's the parking garage looming near the end of Runway 27. According to Richard Russell, an approaching 747 clears the garage by only 170 to 175 feet. "If you had wind shear or downdrafts at an inopportune moment," he says, "170 feet could disappear rather quickly."

Los Angeles International. LAX earned its black-sheep status for a noise-abatement ruling requiring planes landing between midnight and 7:00 a.m. to approach over the Pacific. The lights on that end of the runway are inadequate, says the ALPA, and the approach causes touchdowns with as much as a 15-knot tail wind, which can diminish maneuverability and gobble up runway at a prodigious rate. "Orville and Wilbur watched the birds," muses the ALPA's Russell, "and noticed that even *they* land into the wind."

San Francisco International. On parallel runways only 750 feet apart, the airport encourages pilots to make "parallel approaches"—landing wing tip to wing tip—to help relieve traffic congestion. If an FAA proposal that would relax the current rules governing these approaches goes through, SFI could earn a Black Star.

Hong Kong. How does a 747 with state-of-the-art navigational devices find its way down to notorious Kai Tak Airport? First it makes an instrument approach directly toward the side of a mountain. When the pilot spots—*Yep, there it is*—a giant checkerboard, he whips his craft into a 47-degree turn, passes over a cemetery and lines up with the airport's sole runway, a two-mile-long strip built out into Kowloon Bay. "And you'd better be on the ball," says Richard Russell, "because you go down over buildings very, very low." The fun continues on the ground, with a taxiway situated uncomfortably close to both the water and the very busy runway. Not surprisingly, Hong Kong is under Black Star consideration. "What they need," says Terry Middleton, the IFALPA's executive administrator, "is to build a new airport." —Michael Walker





THE SOMMELIER STOOD BEHIND HIS RECOMMENDATION.



SEEN IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.



THE U.S. CONSTITUTION'S BILL OF RIGHTS VS. CHRYSLER MOTORS' CAR BUYER'S BILL OF RIGHTS: WHICH IS BETTER?



	The U.S. Bill of Rights	Chrysler's Bill of Rights	Comments
Date ratified	December 15, 1791	September 2, 1988	
Where written	Philadelphia	New York City	
Number of articles	10	6	
Authors	The First Congress	Bozell, Jacobs, Kenyon and Eckhardt	The First Congress included four future presidents; jobs in advertising seldom lead to U.S. presidency, Ronald Reagan's tenure as a General Electric mouthpiece notwithstanding
Salesmen	Madison, Hamilton and Jay, in <i>The Federalist Papers</i>	Lee Iacocca, in a national media buy	The three forefathers might have had an easier time if they had used a slogan as sharp as "The pride is back"
First amendment/First right	Freedoms of religion, speech and the press, and the right to petition the government	Right to a quality K-Car	Fundamental freedoms staunchly upheld by numerous precedents; right to a quality car not yet put before Supreme Court
Second amendment/Second right	Right of the people to keep and bear arms	Right to long-term protection	The people's right to bear arms can be revoked only by a lengthy amendment process and applies to a variety of weaponry; Chrysler's 7/70 Protection Program can be revoked at any time and only covers the power train
Third amendment/Third right	Forbids the quartering of troops in homes during peacetime	Right to friendly treatment, honest service and competent repairs	Government obeys this stricture by spending billions to quarter military personnel at 871 installations in the 50 states; Chrysler backs up its promise with 542,184 hours of training for dealer technicians, costing well into the millions
Fourth amendment/Fourth right	Prohibits unreasonable search and seizure	Right to a safe vehicle	Recent court decisions have weakened the individual's protection against searches; right to a safe vehicle strengthened by Chrysler's plans to install driver's-side air bags in every vehicle beginning next year
Fifth amendment/Fifth right	Right to due process; protection against self-incrimination	Right to address grievances	Supreme Court recently chipped away at protection against self-incrimination; right to address grievances—a provision intriguingly similar to U.S. Constitution's First Amendment right to petition the government—is bolstered by an independent Customer Arbitration Board
Sixth amendment/Sixth right	Right to a speedy trial	Right to satisfaction	Speedy-trial guarantee is, at least in New York City, a joke; Chrysler customer satisfaction is highest of any American car company

While it may seem that the Chrysler Bill of Rights is stronger than the U.S. Constitution's, the Constitution actually comes out ahead. It features another four amendments, including a guarantee to a trial by a jury of one's peers (most of Chrysler's adjudication is handled by the dealer) and protection against cruel and unusual punishment (a provision that in Chrysler's case could have prevented the 1987 odometer scandals and the Plymouth Sundance). More important, Chrysler's Bill of Rights applies only to Chrysler owners, while the Constitution's applies to owners of all makes and models, even to owners of Hyundais and Yugos.

—Tom McNichol



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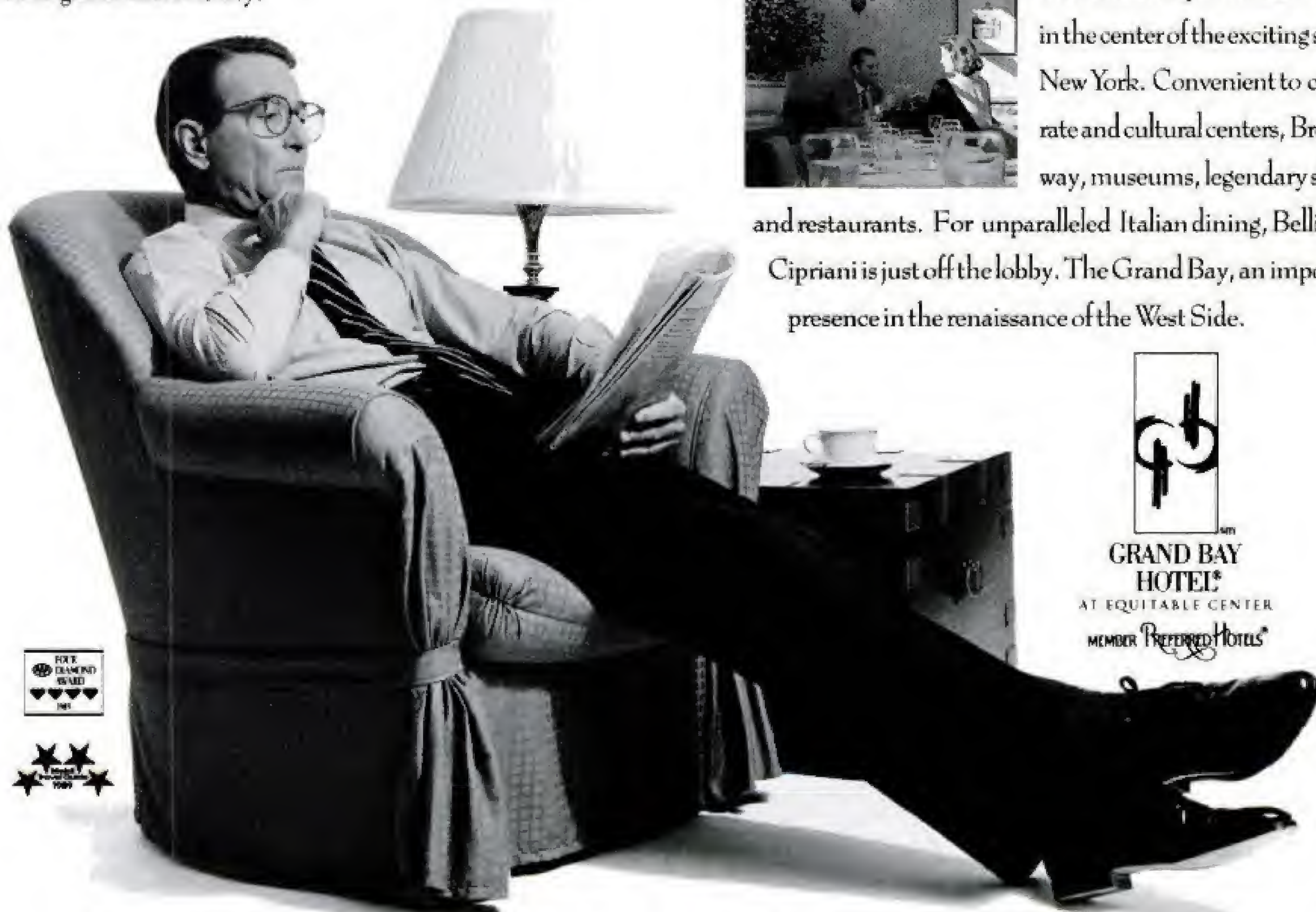
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Naked City

THE TIMES



Punch



Arthur



Max

The *Times*, poor thing, just can't make up its mind. It forbids its team of theater critics, Frank Rich and Mel Gussow, to vote in the prestigious New York Drama Critics' Circle Awards, arguing that participation in an awards ceremony in some way constitutes an endorsement of the winners by the *Times*. And yet only a few months earlier, on another coast, the paper finds nothing untoward about sponsoring, in a single week, a birthday party for the Museum of Contemporary Art's Temporary Contemporary building and a fundraising benefit for California's Newport Harbor Art Museum. And now it turns out that Carrie Donovan, the paper's remarkably well dressed fashion editor, was, according to *Vanity Fair*, consulted by her friend, Perry Ellis fashion house division president Robert MacDonald, about whether Marc Jacobs should be hired as the company's head designer.

No, you can't serve on award committees. Yes, we can serve on fundraising committees. Yes, you can serve as an ad hoc consultant to businesses in the field you cover. And no, you can't write for anyone but us. The paper's attitude toward its reporters' doing freelance work has, as you know, resulted in an exodus of some of its most talented people. Most recently, Steven Roberts, the former White House correspondent, left for *U.S. News & World Report*, in part because the *Times* wouldn't let him appear on that despised medium, television. Then, a couple of weeks after his departure, the following appeared in William Safire's Op-Ed column: "The best newspapers do not discourage employees from making money outside doing work quite separate from their newspaper jobs, but forbid income from news sources."

The *Times*'s withdrawal this spring from the Critics' Circle, is, of course, intended solely to diminish the luster of the awards, thereby granting the paper's own theater critics even greater influence than they already have. Of all the areas of New York life over which the *Times* has control, the Broadway community feels its presence most acutely. There is simply no competition for its reviewers. Thus, by virtue of his position at the paper, Frank Rich is the most powerful theater critic in the country, if not one of the most powerful figures in theater. Plays he pans receive little in the way of follow-up feature coverage in the paper, all but killing a production's chances of surviving on its own merits. When Rich, or his Off-Broadway partner, Gussow, warms to some bit of theater, the paper's massive arts-coverage machinery is put into action, grinding out gratuitous follow-up stories on the production, the cast and/or the playwright for the daily culture pages, the Arts & Leisure section and the *Times Magazine*.

Additionally, the *Times*, which is forever bemoaning the demise of Broadway and the rise in ticket prices, is in fact partly responsible for the excessive costs involved in staging a play these days. Broadway producers are charged among the highest advertising rates of all—a steep \$324.50 per column inch. So producer Rocco Landesman's full-page ad for *Into the Woods* in the *Times* costs \$40,887; Donald Trump's for his Trump Parc condominium costs just \$34,020.

And although the *Times* does not charge television networks or stations for running their listings in the third-section TV log, theatrical producers pay the *Times* monopoly dearly to place their notices in the daily alphabetical theater listings. For a small Off-Broadway show, the cost of running

one of those inch-high, 7-point type ads in the daily ABC's can amount to 10 percent of the production's weekly budget.

When it comes to spending the money raised from those advertising revenues, the *Times* is similarly many-headed. When the paper's restaurant reviewer, Bryan Miller, whose clout is nearly as awesome as Rich's, approached salary dispersal editor Warren Hoge for a \$10,000 raise, he was at once rebuffed. Hoge reportedly huddled with his superiors, then returned with an offer of somewhat less than Miller had asked for. Miller held fast to his figure. Hoge left to consult the higher-ups again and returned finally with news that Miller would receive the amount requested.

Were Miller a Sulzberger, or even a middle manager on the business side, such money quibbles would never arise. While traveling reporters are asked to billet at the homes of bureau chiefs, or piggyback reporting trips with their personally paid for honeymoons, Times Company sales executives and printing managers live like roving grandees when they get an urge to travel. At a paper where even renowned, supremely powerful critics earn five-figure salaries, Sulzberger kin fare quite nicely: Sulzberger nephew Stephen Golden, director of the Forest Products group, earned \$105,000 last year; Sulzberger nephew Michael Golden, general manager of *Child* magazine, \$114,763; and Sulzberger nephew Daniel Cohen, a group manager in the *Times*'s advertising department, got \$93,279 in salary and bonus. Punch Sulzberger's little boy, Pinch, the soft, anxious heir to the throne, took home \$222,042 in salary and bonus—almost as much as the \$286,000 in salary and bonus that managing editor Arthur "O'Neill" Gelb has reported as his own well-earned compensation.

—J. J. Hunsecker



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DOING DEALS *with the* DEVIL

A
SPY AUDIT OF
FAUSTIAN BARGAINS,
MEPHISTOPHELIAN
TRANSACTIONS AND THE
CURRENT BULL MARKET
FOR SELLING ONE'S
SOUL

heir lives were fine
until they met Satan.

You thought you knew

BY NED ZEMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY LOU BEACH

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GENERIC FAUSTIAN ARENAS

Politics
Livermore Labs
Investment banks



The Trump Princess
Law school
PACs
DuPont
Casting couches
West Los Angeles
Midtown Manhattan

PEOPLE
WHO MAY OR
MAY NOT HAVE
SEDUCED OTHERS
INTO FAUSTIAN
BARGAINS BUT SEEM
PRETTY LUCIFERIAN
ANYWAY

Helmut Jahn
Jerzy Kosinski



Bob Guccione
Bob Colacello
Claus von Bülow



Peggy Siegal

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD
HAVE MADE A DEAL
WITH THE DEVIL

David Puttnam



Michael Dukakis
The Equal Rights
Amendment
Jimmy Carter
Elaine May
Air traffic controllers
Bruce Babbitt

PEOPLE WHO CAME
PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO
MAKING A DEAL
WITH THE DEVIL BUT
WERE SAVED IN THE
NICK OF TIME

SPY,
in which Ivan Boesky
almost invested three
months before
being indicted for
insider trading

F. Ross Johnson lost

his soul and RJR Nabisco.



serious journalist, she said, if you give me heaps of money, a tighter, shinier face, celebrity friends and regular mentions in society gossip columns.

Sound familiar? That's because you've been reading about deals like these all over the place lately, though not in the business pages. Successful true-crime author Joe McGinniss effected just such a bargain when he signed a contract with the murderer Jeffrey MacDonald. The agreement stated that in return for almost unlimited access to MacDonald and his legal-defense team, McGinniss would give MacDonald 33 percent of the royalties from the book he would write, even though *Fatal Vision*, the best-selling result of his efforts, describes in horrific detail how MacDonald frantically stabbed and bludgeoned his wife and two young children to death. Or take the Iran-contra scandal, a perfect example of a deal made in hell: the U.S. government agrees to give weapons to the Ayatollah Khomeini—talk about *devilish*—in exchange for the release of American hostages.

But before we wade in too deep, ground rules should be set. Though it is a peculiarly 1980s phenomenon, Faustian bargaining follows the same basic rules as an old-fashioned swap meet: you give something, you get something. When you sell your soul, you trade away a sizable measure of human dignity; what you get in return is something a little more glamorous, a little more tangible: an invitation to Swifty's Oscar party, younger and better-looking dates, your own TV show, regular coverage in *The New York Times* and, that most popular of Faustian payoffs, a truly interesting amount of money.

It goes without saying that Fausts have to have something worth selling—if not a pure soul, then a generous helping of talent or at least a whiff of credibility. So: Frank Sinatra is a Faust; Sylvester Stallone is not. Sinatra was naturally blessed with blue eyes and a magnificent voice, and after overcoming a certain career lull in the 1940s, he attained fame of the most durable sort. Now so successful that he was virtually hounded out of retirement, Sinatra is consigned to spending the rest of his life in the company of largish men who wear pinkie rings. Stallone, on the other hand, has always been an insufferable, smug little boor with no appreciable talent. His success is due not to a wheeling, dealing devil but to a credulous moviegoing public.

Fausts also are not has-beens, those poor old souls hanging on for dear life, willing to grab anything to keep out of *Us* magazine's Where Are They Now? section. Let's not forget that the Devil is a well-connected guy, and you can be sure a deal with him usually yields greater profits than cameo appearances on, say, *Murder, She Wrote*. Thus, George McGovern is not a Faust for making Pritikin Diet Center commercials. Nor is former *Partridge Family* star and current part-time disc jockey Danny

these people. They worked with you. They lived on your block. They lent you sugar. They moved your sprinklers when you were out of town. They seemed perfectly decent and moderately talented—*soulful*, you might say—not famous or powerful or horribly rich but quite sturdy, credible. You admired them. You trusted them.

And then one dark day He came calling. It probably wasn't drizzling, and lightning probably didn't crackle in the distance when that hideous manifestation of unalloyed evil showed up and tempted these innocents to throw their credibility to the wind, to cash in their decency chips, to say to themselves, *To hell with soulful: gimme that Schlitz commercial*. Or that National Rifle Association endorsement. Or that Fourth of July junket on the *Trump Princess*.

They made a deal with the Devil. And whatever the price they paid, whatever the prize they gained, these blighted men and women deserve to be called Fausts (which is a good deal nicer than what other people have called them). They are the figurative descendants of Doctor Faustus, that fallen Everyman whose woeful tale has been told time and again—by Christopher Marlowe, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, by Oliver Stone, among others. But for today's Fausts, the story isn't necessarily a tragedy: doing the deal has been destigmatized. Indeed, it has become glamorous—at least in this earthly sphere. We can't say where exactly today's ultimate deal makers will end up, or how, but we do know they won't be needing their parkas.

You know the story: Faust is a highly respected wise man, a man of many talents (honorable and less so)—scholar, magician, necromancer. Yet despite his talents he wants more—more intelligence, more magic, more of everything. And so he is visited by a fallen angel with a bad complexion named Mephistopheles, the supernatural version of the encyclopedia salesman whose boss promised him a job at the home office if he sells 200 sets. Only this time he's *buying*, not selling, and the commodity is souls, not books. And the boss, of course, is Satan. A bargain is struck. Faust is given his fondest wish—25 or so years of power, omniscience, riches—after which the Devil owns his soul for all eternity.

Need a more current definition? Barbara Walters, who won the 1977 Edward R. Murrow Award for her unprecedented joint interview of Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, decided she would rather make \$2 million per year and ask cynical celebrities fawning, intelligence-insulting questions (to Johnny Cash: "You are a sensitive man, aren't you?") and force humiliating declarations from decent public officials (she once made Rosalyn Carter say whether she and Jimmy slept in the same bed) and defend Nancy Reagan's "borrowing" of designer clothes. Barbara Walters did the deal: *I'll give up my reputation as a*



Barbara Walters: I'll take

the Trump Princess over serious journalism any day.

Bonaduce when he takes a role in a movie such as *H.O.T.S.*

Though has-beens generally don't have enough going for them to become Fausts, some Fausts *do* become has-beens; when the deal goes sour, they lose everything. Gloria Steinem made a bad Faustian bargain about five years ago: saying, in effect, *Okay, Devil, bring on the Chanel suits and the dinners in the Temple of Dendur and the billionaire boyfriends!* By effectively giving up her stake in being taken seriously as a feminist and writer, she precipitated her own irrelevance: Steinem risked—and lost—her reputation for the dashed chance of becoming Mrs. Mortimer Zuckerman. Ditto for former civil-rights attorney and current Al Sharpton cohort Alton Maddox, who in 1987 apparently decided that the laurels he had won for helping to bring about social change in the 1960s ultimately were not as valuable as the ferocious 1980s-style publicity to be achieved by accusing innocent public servants of racially motivated gang rapes and calling the NAACP the National Association for the Advancement of Coon People. He did a deal; he got burned; he's finished.

After engineering the merger of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco and Nabisco Brands in 1985, RJR Nabisco CEO F. Ross Johnson tried to take the conglomerate private, last winter proposing to buy out stockholders for a lowball bid of \$17 billion. Johnson argued that his proposal was a response to the stock's lackluster market performance. But when RJR Nabisco's board of directors learned that the buyout would enrich Johnson and a small group of senior executives by as much as \$1 billion, they balked. In the ensuing bidding war Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts bought the company for \$24.8 billion, even though Johnson had offered an equivalent bid. After putting everything on the line—his job as CEO, his stake in the company, the respect of his peers and colleagues—Johnson got his comeuppance. Pure and simple, greed turned him into a Faust. And as Flip Wilson's old character Geraldine would have said, *the Devil made him do it.*

By definition, Faust cannot be the Devil himself, effectively eliminating several people who might otherwise seem to be prime prospective Fausts. A Faust, remember, loses his innocence when he's tempted by one of the Devil's flunkies, as John Cassavetes was by Ruth Gordon in *Rosemary's Baby*. A devil was *born* that way. Put another way, we challenge you to pinpoint a time when George Steinbrenner was, like the rest of us, just another harmless boob trying to make ends meet. And, of course, Donald Trump is a lot of things—a short-fingered vulgarian, a Queens-born casino profiteer—but a Faust isn't one of them. On the other hand, previously respectable people who have signed

employment agreements with Trump *are* Fausts, categorically.

Lest we seem too preachy, let's point out right now that nearly every one of us is a Faust to some degree. Ours is a whole generation of Fausts, after all: the transformation from impoverished antiwar bohemian to \$3,000-a-week corporate flack has the distinct odor of brimstone. Eating a Hostess Sno Ball is a Faustian deal writ very small: the price you pay for all that pink, marshmallowy deliciousness is the future need for heart surgery, or antifatigue treatments, or liposuction. Sex, we've been reminded and re-reminded, is a Faustian deal these days, even if you *really* like the person. Or, on a less prosaic note, consider:

Discouraged young campaign workers for Bruce Babbitt and Paul Simon shuffle off, heads bowed, to work for Richard Gephardt. Playwrights find themselves writing for *Mr. Belvedere*. Earnest journalists end up at *USA Today*, concocting stories that begin, "We're eating better, America!" And liberal-arts graduates wind up going to law school. This writer, who does not work for Amnesty International or the Natural Resources Defense Council, has made and will make enough Faustian deals to kill off a herd of bison before it's all said and done. *It's just the way we are; and even more, it's just the way the world is today.*

John Cassavetes did the deal to become a star. We all have our rationalizations: *Well, someone has to work for Drexel Burnham.* Or, more spuriously: *The more people like me who go into investment banking, the more pressure we can put on South Africa.* In the end, all of our rationalizations are indeed, uh, rational. Bills must be paid. Careers must be advanced. BMWs must be bought. And besides, we can get away with it. It used to be that the little high-pitched voices inside us said, *Don't do it.* Then they started saying, *Just don't get caught.* Now they say, *Who cares if you get caught? Just be sure you make enough profit to support yourself when you get out of Leavenworth.*

Fausts, like people and shoes, come in all shapes and styles, as do the devils they deal with. But some Fausts are clearly better deal makers than others—Fausts like, say, Jacqueline Kennedy, who did seven years of unwholesome personal service for the Devil (in his incarnation as Aristotle Onassis) in return for a glamorous widowhood endowed with \$25 million from Onassis's estate. Or Arthur Gelb, who as a gifted young critic and editor at *The New York Times* traded in his soul and his talent around 1963 to become a loathed fixture at the right hand of *Times* editor Abe Rosenthal, all to guarantee a long, powerful career at the paper of record.

Then there are those Fausts who rise above the rest, who were not merely tempted by the Devil once but actually *lobby* Him. They call the Devil the way Tony Roberts called his secretary in *Play It Again, Sam*. One such Faust who has the Devil on

PEOPLE WHO'D LOVE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, BUT THE DEVIL WON'T RETURN THEIR PHONE CALLS
Sally Kirkland
Don Greenburg

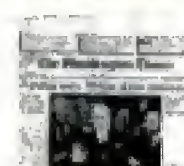


Dennis Miller
Sukhreet Gabel
Jonathan Bush

THE GREAT MEPHISTOPHELES OF OUR TIME
Andrew Wylie



Mike Milken
Colonel Tom Parker
Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus
Pat Caddell
Andy Warhol
Jim Valvano
Christopher Whittle
Donald Trump
George Steinbrenner
Ivan Boesky



The Washington Times

FAUSTS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING (DEALS WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT)

WOODY ALLEN, nebbish-auteur
DEAL: in 1982, appeared in an advertisement for a Japanese car retailer
WHAT HE GAVE UP: credibility earned by years of refusing to attend awards ceremonies because he thinks they diminish Art
WHAT HE GOT: money



PAUL NEWMAN, condiment and snack-food magnate
DEAL: appears in Fuji Bank commercials in Japan
WHAT HE GAVE UP: credibility earned by giving spaghetti sauce profits to charity
WHAT HE GOT: money

SYMBIOTIC FAUSTS
(I'LL BE YOUR
MEPHISTOPHELES
IF YOU'LL BE MINE)



**TOM HAYDEN AND
JANE FONDA**

WHAT HAYDEN GAVE

UP: reputation as a serious political figure

WHAT HE GOT:

marriage to a firm-butted, leggy movie star; shared profits from wife's workout videos

WHAT FONDA GAVE

UP: chance to date men such as Roger Vadim and Donald Sutherland

WHAT SHE GOT: taken somewhat more seriously

**RICHARD NIXON AND
HENRY KISSINGER**

WHAT KISSINGER GAVE

UP: pleasantly irrelevant career in academia; respect of his former Harvard colleagues; ability to sleep soundly at night

WHAT HE GOT: power, as Nixon's bomb-site-happy secretary of State; reputation as a sex symbol (and thus chance to say, "Power is the great aphrodisiac")

WHAT NIXON GAVE

UP: the already very slim chance that history would remember him as a good guy

WHAT HE GOT: an apologist and unindicted co-conspirator for the illegal bombing of Cambodian civilian villages; curious reputation as a great geostatist-statesman

**ASSORTED FAUSTIAN
BARGAINERS**



REX REED

WHAT HE GAVE UP:

onetime reputation as a serious, talented journalist and near peer of writers such as Tom Wolfe and Gay Talese

WHAT HE GOT: national renown, major role in *Myra Breckenridge*, his name in embarrassing movie blurbs, regular *Gong Show* slot and lots of money for cohosting bad syndicated Siskel-and-Ebert clone, *At the Movies*

automatic dial is former journalist Tony **Colonel Parker**

Schwartz. After a series of careerist stints writing for the *New York Post*, *Newsweek*, *New York* and *The New York Times*, the first-person-prone writer made eye contact with the Devil Himself, and Schwartz blinked. Not that Schwartz's fall was entirely surprising. His Faustian tendencies started appearing in the mid-1980s in his increasingly slavish profiles of classic Hollywood Mephistopheles characters, such as Paramount producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, Disney president Jeffrey Katzenberg and then-Paramount-executive-now-Fox-chairman Barry Diller. Not long after, as if by (black?) magic, followed Schwartz's development deals with Paramount, NBC and Twentieth Century Fox.

But those deals were only a warm-up.

Schwartz's is a cautionary tale, the end result being that the former journalist made the deal of all deals with the devil of all devils. In 1987 he agreed to take dictation for Donald Trump's self-adulatory autobiography, *The Art of the Deal*. Some say Schwartz tempted the Devil; others insist the Devil came to him. Whichever, Schwartz got paid a good bit of money for a soul like his.

Professional talk-show guest David Stockman is about as prolific as a Faust can get, deal-wise. Though he began adulthood as a bushy-tailed peace-movement student chanting "We won't go," he eventually turned to the neoconservative crowd (Major Faustian Deal No. 1). After Harvard, Stockman beat a path to the White House as President Reagan's budget director (Major Faustian Deal No. 2), where he attained extraordinary clout despite having few practical solutions to the debt crisis that he was precipitating. But after one year Stockman grew edgy, knowing in his heart of hearts that the administration was a sham; repentant feelings were seething inside him, enough so that in late 1981 he finally blurted to *The Atlantic* in a welcome paroxysm of honesty, "None of us really understand what's going on with all these numbers." Stockman seemed saved at last.

But no. In 1985 he became one of 102 managing directors of Salomon Brothers, and in 1988 he joined The Blackstone Group as a general partner (Major Faustian Deals Nos. 3 and 4). His anguished, lucrative tattletale book, *The Triumph of Politics: How the Reagan Revolution Failed* (Major Faustian Deal No. 5), was a best-seller, proving that all Fausts have a target audience. Should Stockman make another foray into the political arena, the probability of Major Faustian Deals Nos. 6, 7 and 8 seems great.

As a Washington correspondent for *Time*, David Beckwith had it all—affability, integrity, savvy, influence, guts—only four of which he has today. It's not the fact that he left his more or less distin-

guished post for government office that's so unsettling—everyone who has ever hoped to write for the *Times* Op-Ed page has done that. No, it's the highly undignified groveling he did to gain the confidence of Vice President Dan Quayle, the man for whom he chose to serve as full-time mouthpiece. Just a few weeks into the job, Beckwith was already playing the toady, shielding Quayle from the press. On one vice presidential trip, he gave only *three* seats on *Air Force Two* to reporters, and one of them was from the Quayle family's papers. "I've talked to him for five or six hours and he's fine," Beckwith explained after accepting the job, rather as one might describe someone who had recently been hit by a bus. "No way is he as bad as he was portrayed." A ringing endorsement if there ever was one.

"He's angling for Fitzwater's job [as chief White House spokesman]," claims one former colleague. "He probably figures, 'So what if I have to work for a dingdong to do it.'"

Sometimes we get sucker-punched by the Devil: drawn in by our best intentions, we end up unwittingly joining Team Satan. Our sympathy goes out to these unfortunate souls, who prove that Fausts aren't necessarily bad people. Or places. Take Atlantic City: after introducing gambling in 1978, Atlantic City went from being an ugly, blighted hellhole to being an ugly, blighted hellhole with headliners like Buddy Hackett and Allen and Rossi and lots of horrid new buildings, some of them emblazoned with the name of the devil himself. And when David Leavitt, the precociously celebrated young author of *Family Dancing*, signed on as a client of Mephistophelian agent Andrew Wylie, he effectively signed a Faustian pact. Sure, Wylie was able to get Leavitt a \$250,000 advance for two books, but now that the first of them, *Equal Affections*, has proved to be a disappointment, publishers will be reluctant to give him a large advance the next time. Wylie has turned Leavitt into a risky investment.

Don't think we're trying to avoid the highbrow Faustian prototypes—Faust as he has been portrayed for centuries by authors and artists—some of whom we're actually familiar with (honestly, who can forget Elliott Gould in *The Devil and Max Devlin*?). In Christopher Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* the protagonist sells his soul in return for omniscience, the end result being that a band of fallen angels hauls him down to hell, leaving a pile of bones and ashes. In other words, the good doctor loses. Just like occasional journalist Hunter S. Thompson. Somewhere along the line the talented gonzo author figured success could be attained only by ingesting and writing about the effects of spectacular quantities of nonprescription drugs—a sort of omniscience, yes, but for a limited time only. Sadly, this Marlovian Faust now emcees



How You Can Sell Your Soul



A SPY INTERFAITH SERVICE FEATURE

"There is no direct Krishnic parallel for the Devil," explains Bhaktarupa, who directs the International Society for Krishna Consciousness in New York, but that doesn't matter, since "everyone here in the material world has already sold their soul to evil." In Bhaktarupa's view, there is "very little difference" between, say, Joel Steinberg and, say, Mother Teresa. "Everyone is a criminal," Bhaktarupa explains ruefully. "Why else would we be here in the material world suffering?"

Anton Szandor LaVey, high priest of the Church of Satan and onetime paramour of Marilyn Monroe, disagrees. There is indeed a Devil, and he's a very eighties, very can-do guy. "Satan is the spirit of progress, the inspirer of all great movements that contribute to the development of civilization," he explains in *The Satanic Bible*. "Satanism advocates indulging in each of the [Seven Deadly Sins]... as they are things which we, being human, naturally do." But like Bhaktarupa, LaVey says that surrendering oneself to evil requires no brokering, no negotiation, no complicated transactions with stran-

ers. "To become a Satanist, it is unnecessary to sell your soul to the Devil. This threat was devised by Christianity in order to terrorize people so they would not stray from the fold."

Pastor Jeff Park, who preaches at Jim Bakker's alma mater, the Heritage Church in Charlotte, North Carolina, adheres to the more traditional, Christian, businesslike view of dealing with the Devil. "All you must do to sell your soul is make a pact," Park says. "For example, my stepmother made a pact with the Devil when she let a spirit called Indian Joe enter her life at the age of five. She practiced witchcraft for years before her deliverance. She was on her deathbed when some Christian friends saved her."

Irene Park, 64, who runs her own ministry in Spring Hill, Florida, confirmed her stepson's story. "You can read all about it in my book, *The Witch That Switched*," she offers. We asked her for some how-to tips on selling one's soul, as a service for any readers so inclined.

Step One: "First you make an oath. You say, 'I'd do anything in order to obtain this or that.' "

Step Two: "The Devil then gives you certain obligations to fulfill. If you want to work against someone, you have to offer something like particles of their clothing, a lock of their hair or a toenail to a witch or another agent of the Devil. That's what people who work in light stocklike witches' whammies do." A witch's whammy, of course, is a hex, and as for how to find an agent of the Devil, "many witches advertise nowadays," says Park, though helpful spirit guides will also appear free of charge to anyone concentrating on an evil desire.

Step Three (optional): "For more complicated things you often sacrifice part of an animal—a snout, blood, or testicles. But if you want some excitement, you have to offer human blood."

Mrs. Park claims she used these steps in a battle she waged against a group of policemen who beat her father. "Many of them died a terrible death," she says. "So did certain members of their families.... Of course, the law could never prove anything [about my involvement], because it was a spiritual thing."

This sort of action will

cost you. Which brings us to Step Four: "In exchange for it all, I became a homosexual and a heroin addict. My body became a tomb, inhabited by the Devil."

Professor Neil Fujita, an Old Testament scholar at Iona College, dismissed the very idea of soul selling. "Some theologians no longer consider the Devil an objective force in history," he says. "So it would be very hard to sustain that anyone can literally sell their soul to the Devil."

Oh, no? "That's the Devil at work," Irene Park says of Fujita's skepticism. "Witchcraft is working freely within the body of Christ today. That's why so many of these ministries are falling." Park is convinced that a Faustian deal kept Pat Robertson from becoming president. (The person "working psychic warfare" against him "might have been someone involved with Bush," she adds.) "People who don't believe in the Devil are prey to his tricks. They have made pacts with the Devil, knowingly or unknowingly."

"The Devil," she says, "isn't going to give you something for nothing, you know."

That much we do know.

—Eddie Stern

pornographic-movie festivals, writes an erratic column for the *San Francisco Examiner* and can't appear on a talk show or lecture platform without practically drooling on himself.

When in 1956 the Mephistophelian Colonel Tom Parker convinced Elvis Presley to go Hollywood and churn out dreadful films such as *King Creole* and *Change of Habit*, the King's career—not to mention his physical well-being—rapidly deteriorated, with Elvis eventually dying of aggravated constipation while reading a copy of *The Scientific Search for the Face of Jesus* on the toilet. The same thing could happen to Faustian architect Alexander

Cooper, though only in a figurative sense, after he finishes his design to turn the West Side train yards into a 76-acre Trumpland.

One of history's sadder Marlovian Fausts is Ed Koch. Once a bright-eyed young maverick who resisted the mere *idea* of political patronage, Koch traded in his liberal do-goodness in 1977 when, just before the Democratic mayoral primary, he made it clear to the Brooklyn ward heeler and felon Meade Esposito that there would be plenty of city jobs to give away if Esposito was forthcoming with support.

Like all satisfied customers, the Devil's clients just keep coming back. Once in office, Mayor Koch

ELIA KAZAN,
director

WHAT HE GAVE UP: friendship with Communist colleagues, respect of Communist and non-Communist colleagues; shreds of personal integrity
WHAT HE GOT: virtual immunity from being blacklisted, by tattling on Communist friends before House Un-American Activities Committee

JOHN CORRY, former *New York Times* critic
WHAT HE GAVE UP: for writing long apologia of Arthur Gelb pal Jerzy Kosinski, the respect of his peers

WHAT HE GOT: tenure at the paper as an indifferent TV critic for years afterward



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S
CHURCH

WHAT IT WOULD GIVE UP: relatively attractive old community center building; low-rise oasis in midtown Manhattan; reputation of serving God instead of Mammon

WHAT IT HOPES TO GET: over \$3 million a year for air rights to unusually ugly office tower to be built on the site of the community center

STARS SIGNED TO THE
OLD HOLLYWOOD
STUDIO SYSTEM

WHAT THEY GAVE UP: control over what movies they would be in
WHAT THEY GOT: steady salary for a few years; the chance to be cast opposite Bette Davis in wretched movies such as *The Golden Arrow*

UNIVERSITY OF
OKLAHOMA,
home of thuggish,
partially indicted
Sooners football team

WHAT IT GAVE UP: already tenuous academic reputation
WHAT IT GOT: to keep football coach Barry Switzer on staff, despite the fact that 10 of his players have faced a variety of criminal charges, including assault, cocaine dealing and rape



CANADA

WHAT IT GAVE UP: any hope of autonomy
WHAT IT GOT: U.S.-Canada Free Trade Agreement, which basically says that now we have to say please before pillaging Canada's markets

BERNIE BRILLSTEIN, show business superbroker

WHAT HE GAVE UP: control of the Brillstein Company, when he sold it to Lorimar's Merv Adelson and then signed on as an employee (Adelson then sold the whole package to Warner Bros.)

WHAT HE GOT: (a) around \$26 million for his business; (b) with the sale to Lorimar, no salary, but promises from Adelson that he would be "taken care of"; (c) with the sale to Warners, nothing at all



LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON

WHAT HE GAVE UP: by staying in Vietnam, the Great Society

WHAT HE GOT: assurance that he would not be known as the president who pulled out of Vietnam; the respect of macho guys like Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy and John Milius

AARON LATHAM, former journalist and Tony Schwartz role model

WHAT HE GAVE UP: respect of his peers

WHAT HE GOT: lots of money from the sale of magazine articles that became movies (*Urban Cowboy*; *Perfect*); movie agents eager to buy his magazine pieces almost before they are written; special place in history for enabling Jann Wenner to star as himself in a major motion picture

Agent Lynn Nesbit went



promptly presided over several ill-advised deals with rich, Mephistophelian city developers—in effect, selling them the city at a bargain price. But there's nothing to guarantee that deals with the Devil turn out fairly, and now Koch is just an embattled candidate, flailing at the heels of two no doubt future Fausts, Rudolph Giuliani and David Dinkins. Seemingly betrayed by his friend the Devil, the mayor now spends his energies in pathetic attempts at damage control and making curious proclamations about his sexual preference ("I am a heterosexual!"). Right before our eyes, it seems, he's being carted away on the end of some red troll's pitchfork.

On the other side of the library there are the Goethean Fausts, so called because they bring to mind the German author's tale of an old man who deals with the Devil to regain his youth—to *experience* again. In the end the deal is sweetened by the fact that just before Faust is dragged off to the underworld he is pardoned by God, who evidently appreciated his plucky, lusty, go-get-'em attitude. Goethean Fausts, then, are Fausts for the late eighties: they're the ones who got away with it.

The do-anything quest for eternal youth—or at least eternal backstage access—certainly got the best of former rock critic Dave Marsh. We should have known he was vulnerable when in 1985 he wrote his book *Trapped: Michael Jackson and the Crossover Dream*, an open fan letter to Jackson. But when Marsh gave up his career as a vastly respected journalist to embark on a lucrative life of hagiography—writing two sycophantic books about his hero Bruce Springsteen—the Devil was surely there to broker the deal. (The Devil might also have arranged for Marsh's wife, Barbara Carr, to be on Springsteen's payroll, as personal assistant to the singer's manager, Jon Landau, another Faust who left journalism to serve Springsteen.) "Marsh really has no credibility anymore," says one journalist who knows him. "A guy I know saw him in Tower Records. Marsh told him, 'I'm buying records for Bruce.' That tells you something."

Though politics is hardly an area we associate with eternal youth (Gary Hart notwithstanding), it is a field chockablock with Goethean Fausts. With its elaborate system of back-scratching and campaign promising, and with its situational ethics, politics is a realm where people are actually encouraged to get away with anything and everything. As Governor Mario Cuomo joked at a recent Gridiron dinner, "I dreamed the Devil came to see me and told me I could be president, but he said I'd have to sell my soul. 'Yeah?' I said. 'What's the catch?'"

Ronald Reagan didn't care what the catch was. He made a deal in the 1960s with a group of rich California reactionaries (Holmes Tuttle, William French Smith and Justin Dart) who managed to

to the Devil when she hooked up with Mort Janklow.

transform him from a conscientious, if somewhat thick, former union leader into a small-Caribbean-island-hating puppet.

Once a spectacularly average congressman from Michigan, Gerald Ford became a Faust, too, when he left the House of Representatives to replace convicted tax evader Spiro Agnew as Richard Nixon's vice president. And all he had to do was give Nixon, who was not a crook (but who *was* a Mephistopheles), a pardon. If you still have any doubts about Ford's qualifications as a Goethean Faust, remember this: Sara Jane Moore missed, and Squeaky Fromme never even got off a shot.

Although most Fausts today barter their souls for money and power, even in the go-go eighties there are a few adventurers willing to do the deal purely for pleasure. These are the Fausts commemorated in Gerard Damiano's 1973 film, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, about a virginal young suicide who takes one whirlwind trot around the bases before settling down in hell. Gary Hart turned out to be a *Miss Jones* Faust. So did Jessica Hahn. After living a quiet, dull life as a frowsy church secretary on Long Island, Hahn traded it in for what she evidently thought was the bigger prize, behind Door No. 2: the opportunity to sling her glamorous, labor-intensive bosom in *Playboy*. She then engaged in an unredeemingly lewd wrestling match with her Mephistophelian boyfriend, Sam Kinison, in the video of his cover of "Wild Thing."

As a general rule, it's probably not the best idea to let Charlie Sheen illustrate the finer points of spiritual rebirth and fortitude, but for the sake of completeness we have to mention Oliver Stone's *Wall Street*. In the movie Sheen, you'll remember, played an ambitious young banker named Bud Fox. Bud is soon corrupted by the positively Trump-like Gordon Gekko (played by Michael Douglas), who insists, "Greed is good," and whose name directly implies that people like him are slimy reptiles (whereas Trump's name merely stands as an abstract symbol of that). The theme is that Bud almost sells his soul to the Devil for money but is saved just in time. We all like money, of course. But literary agent Lynn Nesbit must *really* like money a lot to have joined forces with the Crazy Eddie of literary agents, Mort Janklow, who has at various times also been described as "the OPEC of literature" and the literary "equivalent of heroin." Formerly the proud \$450,000-a-year overseer of a quite remarkable stable of writers—among them Tom Wolfe, Toni Morrison, John Gregory Dunne—Nesbit has, thanks in part to a titanic \$1-million-plus signing fee, joined up with Janklow's outfit, which boasts such visionary literary masters as Judith Krantz, Jackie Collins and Danielle Steele.

In business the Faustian deal often takes the form, at least nominally,



A latter-day Faust classic,

available on VHS and Beta

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J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER,
oversensitive physicist
WHAT HE GAVE UP:
ability to sleep at night
WHAT HE GOT: to be
known as the father of
the atom bomb



GERALDO RIVERA
WHAT HE GAVE UP:
relatively solid, if
slightly gamy, reputation
as investigative
journalist
WHAT HE GOT: a
broken nose, his name
on Ku Klux Klan hate
list, audience of 8
million cretinous
Americans

**SLAVE-HOLDING
AMERICA**

WHAT IT GAVE UP:
possibility of racial
harmony

WHAT IT GOT: cheap
labor, racism, Jesse
Helms

**SOUTH STREET
SEAPORT**

WHAT IT GAVE UP: five
square blocks of color-
ful, unspoiled old New
York waterfront

WHAT IT GOT: slick,
meretricious imitation of
five square blocks of
colorful, unspoiled old
New York waterfront;
nightly beery refuse of
hundreds of drunk
young Wall Streeters



LUCIANO PAVAROTTI
WHAT HE GAVE UP:
reputation as a serious
fat musician

WHAT HE GOT: to call
himself a movie star,
after lead role in *Yes,
Giorgio*

SALLY BINGHAM,
newspaper heiress—
troublemaker

WHAT SHE GAVE UP:
the love and respect of
her family

WHAT SHE GOT:
treated as a serious
writer by people like
Lewis Lapham; attention

WRIGLEY FIELD

WHAT IT GAVE UP:
charming no-lights
policy dictating old-
fashioned day games

WHAT IT GOT: money,
in the form of TV rights
and ticket sales to night
games; likelihood of
more postgame
muggings

of a merger. By enslaving itself to Warner Communications, Time Inc. made a Faustian bargain—a bad bargain, Marlowe-style, according to the experts. We couldn't even begin to name all the journalistic proprietors who, in the name of survival or expansion or cashing out, have made Faustian deals, although *New York*, *The Village Voice*, *U.S. News & World Report* and *The Times* of London do come to mind.

Journalism, with its relatively low pay and its behind-the-scenes low visibility, seems to be an especially fertile breeding ground for Faustus. After an impressive and rapid rise at *The New York Times*, Steven Rattner was a London correspondent for the paper by the time he was 29. But pretty soon he was hit with that trademark Faustian thirst—the thirst for, simply, *more*: better suits; an apartment in the Dakota; a Litchfield County estate. And the deal he did was right out of the handbooks: At 30 he left the *Times* for Lehman Brothers and a career in investment banking. Eighteen months later he moved to Morgan Stanley, and in 1986 he reportedly made \$1 million. In his new incarnation, Rattner has traded in his Faustian role for a rather more Mephistophelian one: as a specialist in communications mergers and acquisitions, he regularly negotiates Faustian deals, tempting newspapers to be bought out by big chains, thereby maximizing profits for the owners but compromising their ability to report the news independently.

Considerably before the release of his Grammy-nominated hit album *Roll With It* in 1988, toothy pop singer Steve Winwood licensed one of the album's songs to a very worthy cause—Michelob beer. "Music is entertainment, and commercials can be entertainment," Winwood has said. But then even if Winwood sacrificed his artistic credibility to sell beer, at least he isn't, like Eric Clapton, a *recovering alcoholic* sacrificing his artistic credibility to sell beer. Clapton re-recorded his hit "After Midnight" for Michelob and released the jingle on his all-time-greatest-hits album, *Crossroads*.

There is a final kind of Faust whose deals have had less to do with material gain than with a simple dream, a certain us-against-the-world obsession, an unabashedly American longing to stand up against the other team and beat their pants off in front of adoring fans. We call these gritty, win-at-any-cost souls *Damn Yankees* Faustus, taking their cues from the Broadway musical and 1958 film in which a lonely old Washington Senators fan sells his soul to become

Former journalist Steve Rattner: Faust turned

Tab Hunter and help his hapless team steal the pennant from the Bronx Bombers.

Of course, the minor Axis nations of World War II are, for all of us, the first *Damn Yankees* Faustus that spring to mind. Remember Turkey? Remember Austria, that tiny, unfriendly nation of exiled Nazis

that defended itself from the Germans rather as women in James Bond movies feign revulsion at Sean Connery's advances (*No. Stop. I'm not that kind of country*)? And then there was indecisive, bumbling Italy, the Don Knotts of Axis nations, which switched sides at various convenient times, depending on who was winning. One could make the argument that these consistently dumb nations wanted little more than to smell the roses, even if it meant having to spend eternity eating deep-fried pork dishes and enduring the ungodly humiliation of wearing feathered hats and lederhosen in public.

But the great *Damn Yankees* Faust of the moment is our say-anything, embrace-anyone commander in chief, George Bush. It wasn't easy or pretty, but he did it. First there were the two highly unsuccessful runs for the U.S. Senate—not to mention the consensus, even among Republicans, that during the eighties Poppy Bush was a whiny loser, Ronald Reagan in drag, a lapdog. There were those tedious make-work appointments—UN ambassador, CIA director—that weren't leading anywhere fast. By 1987, even though Bush had already abandoned every shred of dignity and autonomy he had, he needed some help. He needed a Mephistopheles.

There were two of them. The first was a nervous little devil's helper named Lee Arwater, a bug-eyed gnome with a perpetual smirk and an uncanny ability to patronize blacks. *I can make you a winner*, he whispered into Bush's ear, *and all I require are a few little things*. Such as the Willie Horton thing, the Mike's-a-loon thing, the Boston Harbor thing. Bush considered the consequences: he'd have to hold to his switched positions on abortion, supply-side economics and the environment; he'd have to be mean. *Then again*, he figured, *the voodoo economics thing didn't work. Maybe they'll buy this one*. And so Bush's first pre-election Faustian deal was consummated.

The second Mephistopheles to visit was a foul-mouthed behemoth named Roger Ailes, a dark, downright Satanic-looking character who promised Bush the White House if he would just trade in his prep-school locker-room-style extemporaneity. "There you go with that fucking hand again!" he screamed at Bush during a rehearsal for a campaign appearance. "You look like a fucking pansy!"

But you know the rest. Having put himself in the hands of his two Mephistopheles, Bush would end up rounding those bases—New Hampshire, Cali-



fornia, Pennsylvania—and sliding safely into Washington, his uniform soiled

Mephistopheles only slightly, a conquering hero. A big winner without a soul to

call his own, but a winner nonetheless. Barring calamity, he will remain there for the next four years, maybe eight. After that, however, we wouldn't want to venture where he'll end up. Or us. **D**

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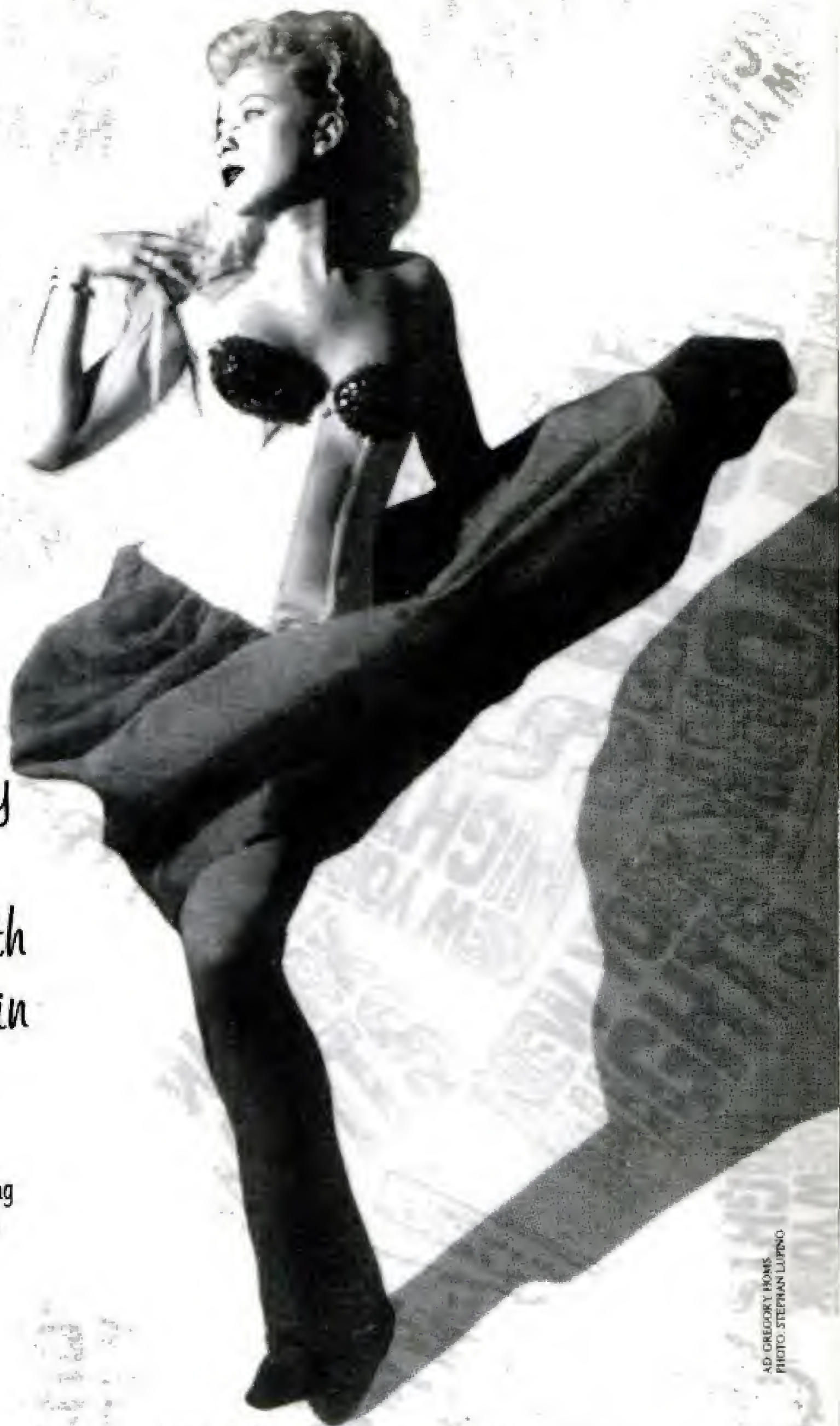
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You're in the army now. You're not behind a plow —and you're most definitely not leaning on the bar at Odeon, as you were just last week, chatting away the night with your sophisto chums, champagne cocktails in hand. Nope. You're in the army, friend, and the Gotham good life is but a distant memory.  And it gets worse. You see, you weren't drafted. No. You paid the army \$9,200 to let you in. And not just any army.

You paid \$9,200 to be in the Turkish Army. The Turkish Army; maybe not the grungiest, grimmest, wackiest army on earth, but when it's 105° on the parade ground; when you're standing at attention for an underwear inspection with your stinking, stew-spattered fatigues down around your knees; when the dehydrated, heavysset Tartars to your left and right are vomiting and blacking out and crashing to the asphalt—well, no one's in a mood to quibble about degrees of degradation. What's a Manhattan party boy to do?  If you're writer—editor—bon vivant—Turkish buck private MELIK KAYLAN, what you do is this: keep a secret diary and pray for a desk job. Armchair adventurers, pull up your La-Z-Boys and prepare to meet the man they called . . .

HELLCAT OF THE TUR

*How (and Why) **OR** I Spent \$9,200
to Suffer Through a Virtually **OR** Showerless, Exceedingly Smelly
Boot-Camp Nightmare*



ADVENTURE A TRU-MAN REAL-GUTS HE-GUY
SPY

1:14 A.M., MAY 25, 1988:
the author engaged in club-hopping and
frivolity, New York City

TRU-MAN REAL-GUTS HE-GUY TURKISH ARMY

NOON, JUNE 25, 1988:
the author in his regulation underwear, somewhere
deep in the heart of Turkey (inaccuracy alert: fox
worn for illustrative effect only)

THE AUTHOR PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAROLYN JONES

FIVE-THIRTY A.M. *Medium dawn-light. A sweltering night in the barracks. Snoring in the bunk below, to my right and beyond, sundry gurgles and bleating. Open the windows, mosquitoes plow you. Keep them closed and 36 bodies sweat offal. Plus our stinking uniforms—with no laundry, often no water, the sun broiling, by day's end you feel like a decomposing pterodactyl. We are living through a heliocaust, a relapse to prehistory. My mind wanders homeward. Out of the rhythmic snoring I shape the words Crabtree & Evelyn, Crabtree & Evelyn. Now the corporal is barking wake-up threats. Exhaustion and circulating viruses should keep the bunks from stirring for a while. Soon it'll be shaving without water, brushing teeth with soda pop, a breakfast of thin soup and a plunge into the great white glare.*

Last summer I served in the Turkish Army. It was the summer of the ozone scare, and I've heard that New York was unbearably warm. Let me tell you that southern Anatolia, stark and meteor-worn, was a good 10 or 15 degrees nastier, air-conditioning but a fond memory. Owing to the heat, the routine seemed at times like an anchorite's ordeal, a daily atonement through brute tasks and sensory violations. Yet it was absurdly exhilarating too, for many of us a last crazed heyday before the raincoat-and-briefcase years claimed us for good.

I kept a sporadic diary throughout. The above is an excerpt. Diaries were forbidden, though, so I spent many an hour scribbling in the privacy of Turkish army toilets. After all, I told myself, I had intended this to be a drastic act of introspection.

I was born in Istanbul 32 years ago, a Turk. But I grew up in England, wearing shorts and singing in choirs, playing rugby and debating. I received a British passport and eventually moved to New York in the familiar guise of the Brit expatriate. But it was not to last. Being an Englishman in New York is a faintly theatrical and dishonest racket—especially if you're not one in the first place. And I wasn't. Two years ago I awoke one morning to find the Brit within evaporating (*abdication* might be more accurate), leaving a vacuum. Life went on as

FIG. 1
HOW TO SALUTE
IN THE HORRID
TURKISH SUN



- A. The command is *Eyes durush* ("Attention").
B. At the command, bring the right hand to the forehead so that the first joint of the forefinger touches the center of the brow. The fingers are extended and joined, palm down.



- C. On the second count, roll the eyes up behind the eyelids. At the same time, inflate cheeks and purse lips.



- D. On the third count, vomit smartly.

before, but furnished now around an obsolete self, a painfully absurd predicament and one impossible to explain to friends over Moët at Canal Bar. Especially when they're buying.

About that time, I heard that Turkish nationals living abroad could fulfill their compulsory military service by doing a short stint, only 2 months instead of the usual 18, if they paid for the privilege—up to \$9,200. It seemed like a lot of money just to undo years of English schooling and New York Euro-posturing. But dining opposite Bianca or drinking with Taki, avoiding Tama and embracing Nell, night after night, creates strange antidotal urges. In my case, a thirst for ancestral voices prophesying war, Kublai in China and Timur in Persia, Genghis Khan and Süleyman and the crunch of empires underfoot. In short, I felt like an Athenian longing for a dose of Sparta—and there's no place on earth more Spartan than the Turkish Army. And yet, two months did seem like an awfully long time. . . . On the other hand, if I didn't serve my motherland of record, I would lose my Turkish citizenship and thereby forfeit a substantial property inheritance coming my way. Looked at from this perspective, two months and \$9,200 didn't seem at all a high price for finding myself. *Best to dive in at the deep end.* I applied. I was accepted.

I arrived in Turkey last June and had four days to get accustomed to the country before induction, staying with a bewildered aunt beside the Bosphorus, not far from Istanbul. Luckily, through mutual friends I'd met a fellow sojourner from New York, a Yale graduate and Wall Streeter named Osman. Like me, he grew up abroad but spoke serviceable Turkish. Osman also had a place near the Bosphorus, and we stayed there briefly on our last day of freedom. From Osman's balcony I stared out across the strait, trying to get in touch with any ata-

vistic memory that might surface. Below us: palaces by the water's edge, ugly concrete sprawls on the hills opposite, enormous Soviet tankers passing between.

We took the bus that night. . . .

VARUSH

(*Getting There*)

The Istanbul bus station evokes the caravansary of old: night sky, thickets of humanity, travelers to Europe, Iran, Arabia—modern nomadism. And despite our ultramodern bus, Osman and I suffer an old-fashioned, all-night, sleepless journey.

By the time we get to the base, the sun is blazing over stony hills and raw plains. The camp is adjacent to a small town named Burdur, some 120 miles from the Mediterranean coast. One main street bristles with shops, cars, soldiers—quite modern, very long, winding up a hill. We spend our last few hours with conscripts and soldiers in town, buying necessities: toilet paper (which the army doesn't provide), cheap underwear to use and throw away (the army doesn't provide laundry facilities), boot polish, sunscreen.

It's time for the haircut. No more equivocating. Osman and I choose a barber. Afterward, shorn, I feel profoundly, inexplicably sad. Walking to the base, I catch my reflection in a shop window: a bald figure in someone else's bad dream.

KAYUT

(*Induction*)

Even at 5:00 p.m. the Anatolian sun beats down with unimaginable ferocity—especially on freshly bald scalps. At the base, some 200 people mill around outside high concrete walls and a gate with armed soldiers. Grave fathers kiss their sons on both cheeks while bescarfed mothers and grandmothers, some wearing peasant *shalvar* pants, quietly dab at their noses with handkerchiefs.

Once inside the gates, it takes

us two hours to get through the endless hallways and formalities. At one point they search our luggage, and a witty corporal plucks from my suitcase a book: *The History of the Atomic Bomb*. I knew I shouldn't have brought it. He waves it aloft. "Hey, here's one who wants to make an atom bomb," he announces. General hilarity. "Remove it," someone shouts. "What's his name?" Osman steps in. "It's a history. He's a journalist. It's just a history. Very big in the U.S." I'm tremendously relieved and grateful to Osman. The book is returned and I am waved on. We go through registration, where we are asked, among other things, "Are you preoccupied with the fine arts?" In the army, that's a leading question. In fact, I do write about cultural topics—but do I tell them that? Everyone else has said no. I say yes. The corporal looks up, gives me the once-over and writes down "No."

We pick up our gear: heavy green denims, large black boots, two pairs of very thick knit undershorts and two T-shirts.

The camp itself is the size of Disney World. Big, bleak parade grounds separated by rows of trees. Dusty expanses, sun and grit and chalk, rows of prefab huts and low cement buildings along roads. After roll call, we run into the long, low dining room for dinner. The food tonight (and almost always, it would turn out) is hot stew, rice, raw onions, good bread—plus, now and again, tired-looking fruit. With our ravenous hunger it is just edible. Afterward, for no discernible reason, our superiors keep us from the barracks for one interminable hour. Then we hit the bunks, tops and bottoms, 36 strangers, asleep.

BRINJI GÜN

(Our First Full Day)

Up at 5:30. We breakfast and are ready for roll call on the dust square by 6:30, the sun direct in our faces. (Mornings we

FIG. 2
HOW TO CARRY A
BURNING-HOT GRUEL
POT



A. The command is
Yemek pasu
("Carry stew").



B. This is not a
precision
movement;
therefore, there
are no counts. On
the command,
extend both arms
and grasp the stew
pot handles.



C. Bring the stew pot
to a cradle
position, resting
against the chest
and belly. At the
same time, hunch
shoulders and bend
lower back in a
concave manner.
D. Move the right
foot forward a half
step. Move the left
foot forward a half
step. Repeat this
maneuver until
roughly one-third
of pot's contents
have been emptied
onto the carrier.



E. Blister smartly.

faced east, evenings we faced west. Deliberate? We never knew.) At 8:30 we are still standing in the sun. A bad start. Finally they sort us into units. Our company turns out to be a signal corps, some 400 men, divided into three squadrons. First squad—ours—has all the university graduates, plus some pretenders, opportunists seeking a soft ride. I'm in the first platoon of the first squad. Tallest go up front, so at five foot seven I'm toward the back of the company's right row, exposed. The sorting takes forever.

We stumble. We try to move in groups. Finally we're marched off to sit on benches in shadow. Profound relief. We learn instantly that a moment of shade can mean survival. Then the first platoon gets detailed to the food hall—the most hated detail, but we don't know that yet.

To set up lunch we run off across the camp to the kitchens. Everything—thank God—is quite clean. Large chefs stir the big stainless-steel stew vats with massive ladles. We are supposed to carry the burning-hot stew in metal containers as big as garbage cans across a yard to the mess hall. The full containers are murder. We cannot believe the task. Shoulders wrench out after an inch of lift. We don't know the easy way yet—two containers on a pole between two people—so we hug the sloshing buckets and stagger a few steps and pause, and stagger again. Hot stew splashes over our uniforms, burning, smelling, staining. Corporals cheer us on. "Don't worry about your uniforms," they say, "you'll get much dirtier yet."

It's noon, and the heat is merciless. Fifty yards and we are spent. It takes an hour to cover some 200 yards, and we are dead. The rest of our company marches in, strangely quiet, dust-covered. Now to serve the 400.

After lunch, unable to stand, we reach the nadir of our lives: carrying trash cans full of leftover

food to the camp dump. Some of us have second-degree burns. Others are weary to the point of speechlessness. But surely everyone in the Turkish Army does this? We cannot be the first. So we force ourselves to stumble half a mile to a scene from hell. We penetrate clouds of bees on a concrete platform, fighting our way through the buzzing to tall cylinders that brim with stinking food slosh. No room left. We dump it anyway. Rivers of stew flow over our feet, the smell unbearable. Filth everywhere. Bees on our heads. We shamle back, dazed, to mop and prepare for the evening meal. Our platoon—we are educated, reasonable folk—begins murmuring. We don't think we will survive this.

That night, as we finally make it back to the barracks, my head feels equatorial. Some of us will have to do two-hour guard shifts through the night. Dear God. I catch a glimpse of our platoon leader, Selim. He has the first watch. Ashen-faced, he already looks to have aged a decade.

EYITIM

(Learning the Ropes)

On my second day, for no reason, I am moved to the second platoon. My neighbor in the barracks, on the top bunk next to mine, is Osman.

Because most of us in my



Members of first and second platoon

squad are university graduates—supposedly—we are also older than the other two squads in the company. Also a little softer. In truth, the two-month stint is aimed at blue-collar Turks working in Europe, mostly Germany (*Gastarbeiter*, they are called). Ex-

peasants, they send deutsche marks home, and a short term of service means they can keep their jobs abroad. They are sad, decent young men from Stuttgart, Bremen, Frankfurt. Waller photos show them mustachioed and swarthy to a man. Not so now. Theoretically, the Turkish government will be able to call us up in time of war—an overage corps of factory workers, family men, merchants, bankers and scientists living abroad. In truth, sneering officers tell us, "We'll call you last, after the women."

For now, we fight just to remain standing. The routine: after morning roll call, we salute and march all day around the field, with our corporals impersonating top brass.

We slowly learn how to be soldierly, alert, abrupt; how to run to an officer when summoned and state our particulars, something called the short delivery. Mine is "MELIK KAYLAN, ISTANBUL, AT YOUR COMMAND." We shout it out, no matter how soft-spoken the inquiry. Ten minutes of every hour we rest under the trees. Then back to shouting, saluting, standing. All along, the sun beats down. We sweat like dogs—dogs wearing fatigues, heavy knit underwear and green painter's caps. Within the first week, many of us have peeling faces and blisters. The neck of the fellow in front of me in line, which I must stare at day after day, is a splotchy mass of white and pink sunburn.

Another problem: boots don't fit. The first days reveal an epidemic of foot blisters, raw and soon infected. Also, viruses make the rounds. There are fevers and vomiting. One day I'm in the ranks with a sore throat and a fever of 102°; the air is 105°.

BAYULMAK

(Collapse)

We have the first collapse in the ranks on the sixth day. After that, men begin to drop everywhere and without warning.

FIG. 3
HOW TO MARCH
IN THE HORRID
TURKISH SUN



A. The command is *ileri* ("Forward, march").



B. On the command, raise the right foot. At the same time, keep the thigh, knee, shin and ankle in strict alignment.



C. On the second count, release the lock in the left knee and begin backward descent to the parade ground.



D. On the third count, hit the parade ground. Keep the back straight. Keep the ankles slightly touching and the soles of the feet facing the direction of the march. Lose consciousness.

The ambulance plies a steady route between us and the infirmary. Some of the sturdiest *Gastarbeiter* keel over while the more obviously unhealthy softies among us remain unscathed. One day a physician in our company—he works at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore—explains the cause. Intense heat, he says, dilates the veins, which makes the blood collect at the extremities. Those prone to low blood pressure are left without enough blood around the heart and brain, and so black out.

On one occasion, while we wait on the tarmac for roll call, a Tartar-featured Neanderthal standing near me runs off to gulp down water at the outdoor tap. The evening sun shines in our faces, the heat coming off the asphalt in waves. The Tartar returns, just before the officer. Some moments later he staggers, lurches into the men in front and back of him. Suddenly he's spraying everyone around him with watery vomit and crashing to the ground. We carry him under the trees. The puke dries on our uniforms—at this point, a comparatively minor affront.

DUSH

(The Shower)

Two weeks into our tour of duty, we are called to shower—our first. It is unbelievable good luck. (And it won't happen again for a week.) Showers mean not marching, not sweating, momentarily being clean. The shower huts are a mile off. But when the water hits our bald heads, all 14 grunts sing. Fifteen minutes of scrubbing, splashing. It's a kind of Ivan Denisovich prison-camp bliss.

HORLAMAK, YUKANMAK

VE SUTCHMAK

(Snoring, Washing and Squatting)

Before turning in at night, we smoke our final cigarettes outside, in our pajamas, under the stars. A rare pleasure. Then, at about 10:00 p.m., we must lie on

the bunks for counting. Then we wash, water permitting, and sleep, flies and stench permitting. Plus every three nights we must awaken two, four, six hours later for dorm sentry duty. We put on our uniforms and stand—it's illegal to sit—desperately tired in the corridor.

One of our duties is to silence snorers. Snoring becomes a major problem with 36 men in a room. The noise ebbs and flows continuously, alighting nearer, then farther. Someone stops, another takes up the theme—a growling symphony. If it wakes you, you won't sleep for hours.

Mornings we often don't have water. Sometimes when we do, it's worse. Turks smoke like fiends, so we all cough and spit and nose-blow first thing upon arising. The washing basins are long stone troughs with a single drain at one end. If you find a spot, usually downriver, you are presented with the sight of slow-moving gray goo passing—a combination of toothpaste, shaving cream and mucus gobs floating in water.

Toilets, unsurprisingly, are no better. In the heat, when there is no water, you can smell them from the barracks. They are squatting toilets. Water turns on automatically, sometimes in mid-session, the tap spraying from the ground onto your bending face and open trousers, funneling into your boots. It's a nice question whether to divest your trousers before relieving yourself. You can spend an age unlacing boots, struggling to get them and your trousers off one leg and then the other, then putting the boots back on, all without plunking a stockinged foot into filth. Precarious. Otherwise, you roll your trousers low and do it. Dangerous.

ITCH TCHAMASHUR

(Underwear)

After one or two wearings, many of us have ditched the army underwear and now use our own. But they have begun to

check every few days at roll call. Briefs and tank tops are punished. Regulation shorts and T-shirt *only*. Abruptly, one day, they decide our underwear must be numbered, in case of a mass laundering. After dinner, they ask for professional stencil-users. Engineers and architects step forward. It dawns on them that they will stencil underwear all night. They refuse. There's only so much the army can do to punish us two-monthers, so our corporals wind up stenciling through the night, waking us one by one to present our underwear. The next day, the 400 of us—all numbered—march out and strip in concert for inspection. We pass muster. The laundering, of course, never takes place.

HAYAL KURULOO

(An Anticlimax)

The mass swearing-in, for which we've been training for two weeks, turns out to be a three-hour-long pageant. We've been taught to sing, to execute a call-and-response routine, to march in circles. We've spent days trying to sing in unison—powerful, patriotic marches, one of which describes the enemy running while vomiting blood. Today the words slur into one another. Some verses die away while others begin. The loudspeakers blast music, so perhaps the generals and visitors in the bleachers can't hear our mess. Patriotic poems are then declaimed swooningly over the loudspeakers by some goody-goody. We cringe. It's like boarding school—you hate the collaborators.

Our company is up. We shout allegiance round the howitzers, then goose-step past the parade stand, snapping our heads to look at the generals. A friend of mine named Ahmet—tall, soggy, stooped, seemingly unable to march or salute properly—is completely out of step, shuffling, stomping. In fact, there is stomping all around. I snap my head too late. The ceremony is a farce.

FIG. 4
HOW TO PRESENT
UNDERWEAR FOR
INSPECTION



A. The command is
Don göster
("Present
underwear").

Contrary to popular belief (and the photograph at the beginning of this article), members of the Turkish Army haven't worn fezzes since before the Ottoman Empire collapsed at the close of World War I. But fezzlessness hasn't kept the Turkish Army from becoming a premier fighting machine.

Poised precariously between East and West, Turkey is saddled with the task of protecting NATO's southern flank, what Winston Churchill called Europe's soft underbelly. And with neighbors such as the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Syria, Iraq and Iran, it's no wonder Turkey maintains a standing army of more than 640,000 men, the second-largest in NATO (after the United States). "Yes, they're a pretty good army," says a NATO representative. Indeed, so utterly capable is the Turkish Army that it has seen fit to run Turkey several times in the past 30 years.

Humorists in uniform have nicknamed Turkey the Unsinkable Aircraft Carrier because of the vast network of airfields—as well as radar installations and nuclear missile bases—that it provides NATO. But despite its obvious strategic importance, Turkey hasn't been able to shake a long-standing reputation

TALKIN' TURKISH ARMY

A SPY Military Analysis



NATO soured in 1974 when the Turks invaded Greek Cyprus. Washington retaliated by imposing a weapons embargo on the Turks. Happily, an era of good feeling returned in 1979, when the Iranian revolution obliged America to become less persnickery about its alliances in the Middle East. Faster than you can say *Soviet drive to the Persian Gulf*, Turkey became the third-largest recipient of U.S. military aid.

On the western front, Bulgaria's forced assimilation of its ethnic Turks has been a source of diplomatic tension. Some have suggested that the prospect of a dust-up with the USSR is the only thing that has kept the Turks out of Bulgaria. But a spokesman at Turkey's mission to the UN insists that the Soviets don't scare the Turkish Army. "We have Korean War—vintage M-48 tanks," the spokesman admits. "But do you think that it would be so easy for the Russians to roll their [modern T-64] tanks over us? We've been at war with Russia plenty of times over the past 300 years. Our people are tough fighters."

—Eddie Stern

ARKAGASHLAR VE KAYTARMAK

(Comrades and Slacking Off)

A month into the term, five of us from the second platoon wangle desk jobs writing reports. We have our own workroom out of the heat. We go into town for supplies—which means a decent meal at the local hotel—or just sit around gabbing.

My friends now are spoiled rich kids. One, a tobacco baron's son, went to my old college at Cambridge and now works at Lazard Frères in New York. Another is a prelaw student from Long Island. And there's soggy Ahmet, an idle bridge player from a wealthy Istanbul family (he has somehow wangled the ab-

per he has sent home for. He doesn't write a stroke.

HAFTASONLARU

(Weekends)

Weekends we get day passes. You cannot stay out overnight unless your family comes to visit. Yet somehow, despite no evidence of kin, Ahmet and two other sons of privilege manage to get out every weekend on special overnight passes. They have a deal with the higher-ups—restrictions don't apply. Every weekend Ahmet drives to the coast and stays at a beach resort, where a girlfriend awaits him. He returns to camp increasingly tanned and jolly.

I usually spend my weekend

- B. On the command, the hands meet at the center of the uniform waistband.
- C. On the second count, release the belt.
- D. On the third count, release the buttons of the uniform pants in sequence from top to bottom. The right hand performs the unbuttoning sequence.



- E. On the fourth count, release the trousers and present the underwear in such a manner that the regulation stencil will be clearly visible to the inspecting officer.

days with friends of more modest means in hotel rooms by the town lake. We lie around indoors drinking whiskey with the curtains drawn. This weekend, however, Ahmet has promised both me and tall Selim—my friend from the first platoon—a ride out to the coast and a room at his girlfriend's hotel. Since I have no family coming for me, I must manage an elaborate charade to get an overnight pass. I have managed to acquire a copy of my mother's birth certificate with her picture on it. Now I must find a surrogate mother among the visitors in the waiting area.

I am confronted by a crush of relatives—children, women, anxious civilians—all of them utterly befuddled by the heat and the thousands of look-alike men in green. I check my mother's photo and plunge in after anyone who resembles her. "Please, could you pretend to be my mother, just for a moment? She was supposed to come, but she couldn't make it, and now I'll be stuck here if you don't help." Blank incomprehension. "Please . . . My mother's sick at the hotel and they won't let me out alone."

Finally, a lady who looks astonishingly right. She pauses, hesitates. Instantly I sense she needs help finding her real son. "If you help me, I'll help you. I'll go back to his company and search." She hesitates—freedom, golden sands and splashing girls hang on her decision. I grab her elbow. "Let's go and ask the officer on duty," I say. "Perhaps he knows where your son is." I push her through the crowd.

"Er . . . Officer, here's my mother. Can I go?" She hasn't caught on. This is how you have to be in Turkey, I tell myself, otherwise you're lost. The officer looks at her and signs my document. I'm out, that's it, here I come. She's about to weep, this respectable, dignified woman. All right, I owe it to her to find her son—and I do, miraculously,

FIG. 5
HOW TO FIND A
SURROGATE MOTHER



A. The command is *Anne bull* ("Find mother"). This is not a precision movement; therefore, there are no counts.



B. On the command, turn the head until the chin is in line with the left shoulder, all the while scanning for an appropriate female civilian. Return the head to a central forward position and repeat the scanning movement to the right.



C. On sighting an appropriate female civilian, retrieve mother's birth certificate from right pants pocket and verify that likeness of actual mother corresponds with features of female civilian.

D. Approach female civilian and interrogate: "Would you pretend to be my mother?"



E. Move the right arm across the body and smartly grasp female civilian's opposing elbow.

F. Present female civilian to the commanding officer: "Officer, here is my mother. Please, may I go now?"



The author and Osman

among hundreds waiting to march out.

Now to find Ahmet and Selim. . . .

We arrive at the coast as the sun sets creamily on the sea, blooming orange, a windless, glowing evening. It is the acme of my army days. I do not expect ever again to feel so desperately happy. We are in the water in an instant, and we stay there until the stars come out.

SON

(The End)

As our tour winds down we develop a jaded condescension toward our surroundings. We no longer believe the threats, the bullying of our superiors. The army's power is a conjuring trick, performed with gusto but phony. They are not allowed to hit or swear at us two-monthers, and most officers prefer to mingle respectfully with the educated troops.

Our whole contingent is to leave over three days. The morning before my company is to demobilize, the call goes up for anyone with flight tickets. They get to leave as soon as possible, right at midnight, in order to make their flights. Our sergeant—a bitter ectomorph who for no particular reason has been riding me the whole tour—checks each ticket. Although I don't have a ticket, I have managed to get per-

mission from a captain to leave with this group—a "journalistic emergency," I told him. I step up and try to explain my situation to the skullheaded sergeant. *No*, he hasn't heard anything about it. *No*, the captain isn't around to ask. He orders me to stay with the rest. We are to clean up the bunk rooms and toilets. I nearly faint with stifled rage. Nothing to do but wait. I grab a mattress and start beating out the dust. It stinks—all the mattresses stink. The toilets are worse. We run out of water. People begin to drift away from the chores.

I'm about to join them for a smoke when the sergeant returns. Unable to vent his rage on us, he grabs our first corporal and smashes him in the face. "I gave you an order, you motherfucker." He looks around and calls me over. "You will not leave tonight. I know you and I know your kind. You think it's that easy, you piece of shit, you asshole," and on and on, until I begin to quake and sob. He has finally got to me. I turn and walk away.

Eventually the captain shows up and I get my permission. At dinner I join the others. We go for a last walk around our area as the chalk hills pale into evening and the heat lifts like a curtain. Toward midnight, eight of us gather our things, embrace every *Gastarbeiter* and corporal in sight and hit the asphalt for the mile to the gate.

Ahmet will drive all the way to Istanbul. Osman and I have bus tickets for a coastal resort. The others have family and chauffeurs waiting to drive them to their flights. At the gate, an old lady hails us from outside. Someone's great-aunt. We all step up to the officer on duty. "You cannot go," he says. "Commandant's orders. Come back at four."

At 4:00 a.m., sleepless, we walk over again with our suitcases. There's a new officer on duty. "I have no orders," he says. He lets us through. Inexplicable, like everything about the Turkish Army. ☛



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DESI



Okay, so we've got this couple.

They're not like Lucy and Ricky or Ward and

June or Fred and Wilma. It's not like one's kind of ditzy and the other one's kind of straight. . . . They're both sort of nutty—they're both really full of themselves—egomaniacs. Get it? Both of them! Okay, so the pilot opens in 1956 with their wedding: he gets a quickie divorce from his first wife in Vegas, then walks across the street to a fly-specked wedding chapel and marries the new one, the headstrong one, the one who's as egomaniacal as he is. She's a buyer for Lord & Taylor in New York and he's a TV writer—kind of like Dick Van Dyke marries Ann Sothern. Anyway, after the wedding with the resort rabbi they go to their motel room and burn her diaphragm. It's like a little ceremony; we fade out on that. Get it? It's a great beginning for a hip family show.

SEE

So actually began the family life of Norman and Frances Lear, moguls. A self-dramatizing start for a marriage (his second, her third) that 30 years later, after many phases of separate self-dramatization, personal-being realization and ego consolidation, would go *pfft*. A marriage that, when it ended, would unleash upon the world two very separate, very large egos, each absorbed in a self-aggrandizing project, each fueled by a consuming idea of personal manifest destiny.

Having left their marks on Hollywood and on each other, the new, East Coast Norman and Frances Lear are currently proud new parents of two very different babies. Norman, at 66, has an infant son, Benjamin, the product of his recent marriage to Lyn Davis, 42, a psychotherapist. And Frances, 64, has a 15-month-old namesake: *Lear's*, the glossy monthly aimed at "the woman who wasn't born yesterday" or, more precisely, the woman past her childbearing years.

Like a lot of other people who have pursued money, power and influence, Norman and Frances Lear consider themselves different from other people—and certainly different from all the other people who have made comparable grabs for money, power and influence. While most of their successful, no-longer-young Hollywood peers are content to get themselves named to the board of directors of an L.A. art museum or to set up an eponymous endowment at a mediocre university (there is, for example, a Barbra Streisand Chair in Women and Men in Society at the University of Southern California), the Lears are still scrabbling for new successes: starting businesses, buying businesses, promoting themselves. What they have done is transplant a Hollywood paradigm to the Northeast Corridor. Money, this paradigm says, can buy *more* than customized cars, beachfront property and expensive terry leisure ensembles—it can buy the ineffable but no less ostentatious intellectual baubles admired on

SERIOUS

the rise and rupture of media zillionaires

PERATELY

the Upper East Side and in Georgetown. In Norman's case, it has bought political influence. In Frances's, it has purchased a career in publishing. And both are desperate to be considered very serious, very politically correct people. To this end, Norman has started People For the American Way, the organization that sounds like a household-cleaning-products pyramid scheme but serves as a national political organization dedicated to such unsailable causes as protecting freedom of speech. Few people are clear on exactly what PFAW does, but the important thing is that everyone (except fundamentalist ministers) thinks it's just great, and everyone knows it's "Norman Lear's group."

Norman, of course, is the television writer-producer responsible for *Sanford and Son*, *Maude*, *One Day at a Time*, *The Jeffersons* and *Good Times*. With his partner Bud Yorkin, he co-created *All in the Family*, the long-running situation comedy credited with introducing to television such diverting themes

KING

as rape, menopause, homosexuality, impotence, and religious and racial prejudice. First broadcast in 1971, *All in the Family* served as the launching pad for Lear to become one of the richest men in Hollywood, an entertainment and media czar and a major figure in liberal political circles. He not only has the money to endow political candidates himself, he also has the power to coerce others to do so. "Norman Lear is to Democratic candidates what Lourdes is to the crippled," says Duane Garrett, who was national chairman of Bruce Babbitt's 1988 campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination.

As for Frances, she won \$112 million in her 1986 divorce settlement from Norman, \$25 million of which has been earmarked for *Lear's*, her very own national magazine dedicated to protecting freedom of speech and correct fashion choices for rich older divorcees. (But even before *Lear's*, Frances made sure she was famous for being the opinionated, abrasive woman upon whom Norman had

based the title character played by Bea Arthur in *Maude*.) In addition to being a vehicle for lots of features like "Lee Remick Gets Better with Time," *Lear's* functions as a therapeutic outlet for Frances's own bitterness at a 30-year marriage gone sour (a wishful, self-therapeutic caption under one of the many photographs of Frances printed in the magazine each month read, "We must put away our anger").

Without question, much of what Norman and Frances have done is virtuous. Politically they're on the side of the angels. At the same time, there's an irredeemably smug quality to all of their endeavors, a sort of self-conscious mythmaking. In an interview last year in *The Wall Street Journal*, Norman explained that although his latest media company is called ACT III Communications, no one should take this to mean that the end is near. "My life is a Shakespearean piece, and there are five acts. I look at ACT III as the middle," he announced with a straight face. In 1986, explaining the decision to name her magazine after her ex-husband, Frances told *New York* magazine, also with a straight face, "There is an illustrious quality to that name. I mean, it's a Shakespeare character." So, she did not say, are Regan and Goneril.

Both Lears declined to be interviewed for this story, but more than 75 friends and colleagues were willing to talk—although many of them as unnamed sources only. After dozens of interviews, a picture emerges of Norman as, for the most part, a man beloved. He is funny, a dandy—despite his predilection for porkpie tennis hats with the brim turned up—a man with a fondness for Havana cigars and various New Age-ish affectations (he hugs just about everyone he meets). As is often the case with enormously rich and powerful men, he is routinely referred to by both friends and colleagues as a "genius" and "everyone's favorite uncle."

Frances, on the other hand, is not beloved by all. She is, in fact, reviled by many. "Go get her," said more than one of her current and former colleagues when asked

BY
LEAH
ROZEN

NESS

norman and frances lear



to be interviewed for this article. Thin, face-lifted and moodily hyperkinetic, Frances dresses in Chanel and lives in an art-filled Fifth Avenue co-op with her butler and maid. She travels by limousine and flies with a portable computer (never having actually worked at a magazine before she started *Lear's*, it must be what she imagines all important editors do). Though most people who

know her regard her as intelligent and ferociously determined, they also say she is difficult—given to capricious demands, tantrums, full-blown screaming fits. Frances has been said to have “on-again, off-again” charm, and this is due partly to the fact that she is manic-depressive—a condition that she controls with lithium and about which she is open almost to the point of boasting.

pitch



no. 2

Okay, okay, so how about this? Both of them had tough but colorful childhoods, see, and they both dropped out of college. That way the audience won't hate them for becoming so rich and pushy. So they settle in the suburbs and have a couple of kids, like everyone else, and then he hits it big with a TV show. And he keeps coming up with these new hit TV shows, and they're about him, his family, about their own lives. You know, self-referential—sort of proto-Moonlighting. So then she starts finding herself, you know, and gets even quirkier.

When Norman Lear was a kid growing up in New Haven, his father, an argumentative bully who did time in jail, liked to call his son the “dumbest white kid I ever met.” After dropping out of college and flying 57 bombing missions in World War II, Norman settled in New York, married and got a \$40-a-week job as a PR man. In 1949 he moved his wife and new daughter, Ellen, to Los Angeles, where, after selling baby photographs door-to-door, he teamed up with a comedy writer named Edward Simmons. They sold a routine to Danny Thomas (Lear got Thomas's phone number by calling the William Morris Agency and impersonating a *New York Times* reporter), which led to regular writing jobs on several popular live TV shows, including *The Colgate Comedy Hour* with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. By the time Norman met Frances, in 1955, he was earning \$100,000 a year. And his marriage was shaky.

Frances Loeb was orphaned as an infant and then adopted by a couple in Larchmont. Her adoptive father committed suicide when Frances was eleven, and, she says, the man her mother then married abused both Frances and her mother. After dropping out of Sarah Lawrence at 17, Frances moved to New York and sold blouses at B. Altman. Other shopgirl jobs followed, as did two quick marriages, and then, through a mutual friend, came an introduction to Norman Lear.

“It was not only love at first sight,” Frances has said. “I selected him as my husband.” She promptly called Norman for a date, and about a year later they had married and were staging the ritualistic torching of the diaphragm in their Las Vegas motel room.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lear settled in the San Fernando Valley and had two daughters, Kate and Maggie. Taking the squaresville sitcom families of the decade as their models, Norman and Frances led a conventional and, by Hollywood standards, modest life during the sixties: a single residence, backyard barbecues, station wagons, even homemade clothes (“I think she invented the shirtdress,” says a friend).

Norman had found a new partner, a director named Bud Yorkin, and the pair turned out a series of quintessentially mid-sixties movie comedies, including *Divorce American Style*. Norman wrote, Bud directed and they took turns producing. Frances, meanwhile, played homemaker with a vengeance. In 1968 Norman acquired the idea that would become *All in the Family*. He was reading *TV Guide* when he came upon a story about a British program, *Till Death Do Us Part*, that focused on a warring father and son. Norman, who'd grown up fighting with his father, decided this was the series he *must* do. The impetus for *All in the Family* was not so much a yearning to deal with late-sixties

social issues as a desire to depict, on television, scenes from Norman Lear's own life.

In 1968 Frances came out of her kitchen and walked into the New York City headquarters of Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign, bellowing, “Who the fuck is in charge here?” Barbara Handman, still a close friend of both Lears (she is People For the American Way's vice president for New York, Connecticut and New Jersey), said politely, “I am.” Frances sat down, put her feet up on Handman's desk and announced, “I'm here to help.” Thus politically enlightened, Frances, who in 1963 had written “The Critique on [*sic*] the Mystique,” a rebuttal to Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, didn't take long to lash herself to the feminist movement.

The beginning of Norman's TV break-away can be pinpointed exactly: at 9:30 p.m. on January 12, 1971, CBS broadcast the first episode of *All in the Family*. By summer the show had become America's highest-rated TV program. Lear, with help from Yorkin, quickly followed with *Sanford and Son* (adapted from *Steptoe and Son*, another British show) and *Maude* (derived from *All in the Family* as well as from Frances's personality) in 1972. Lear then turned out *Good Times* (a spin-off of *Maude*) in 1974; *The Jeffersons* (spun off from—guess what?—*All in the Family*) and *One Day at a Time* (based on Lear's life with his two teenage daughters) in 1975; *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* in 1976; and *Fernwood 2-Night* (a spin-off of *Mary Hartman*) in 1977. Lear had hit on a remarkable recycling formula—he could endlessly shape material from his own life or from foreign TV shows or from his own hit TV shows into *new* hit TV shows. And Norman Lear had himself become a star.

Frances, meanwhile, was noisily embracing feminism. “A great deal of *Maude* comes from my consciousness being raised by the movement,” she said, and said again and again, “and from Norman's consciousness being raised by mine.” (This was, remember, the early seventies.) She opened a corporate-placement firm for women and minorities in the same Century City building that housed Norman's office, and she began sounding off on the op-ed pages of *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times* and *Newsweek*.

By this time the family had moved to a large Colonial-style house in Brentwood, one of Los Angeles's few self-consciously

unpretentious upper-class neighborhoods. The house became the site of frequent fundraisers and networkings for the Lears' pet political causes, such as the Southern California ACLU's Foundation, of which Norman had be-

pitch



no. 3

Okay, okay, here's the first great twist—the wife starts getting battier, they adopt a kid from the ghetto, and the kid ends up hating them. Suddenly Mr. and Mrs. ACLU are up a tree—kind of like ALF moves in. Big conflict. Okay?

One episode of liberal chic in the Lears' private life that didn't make it onto TV was their decision in 1973 to adopt a black ghetto teenager (although the notion would later be recycled by other, Lear-like program confectioners into *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Webster*). The Lears launched what amounted to a nationwide talent search to find the child with the greatest potential, a child who might flower in the abundant, creative, caring, sharing, feeling environment of the Lear family. Finally a young woman was found who fit the bill. Her name was Mia, and she seemed like an all-around good draft pick. But the social experiment failed. One friend of the family remembers that Mia never really fit in and that instead of living in the house with the rest of the family, the Lears' foster daughter had a room in a small house on the grounds out back.

Barbara Handman says, "[Mia] was difficult [an adjective that reappears often when people talk about the Lears], but they wanted to do it." Another friend, Ramona Ripston, the executive director of the Southern California ACLU, remembers Mia as being "very nice and smart" and says she worked as an ACLU intern one summer. Today friends of

pitch



no. 4

All right, so it's more dramedy than comedy—the difficult adopted daughter is the turning point. Then all hell breaks loose and the husband and wife start to get even more self-involved. It's like a TV version of Jane Eyre. He becomes Mr. Important Politics, she freaks out.

By the beginning of the eighties Norman and Frances Lear had given full rein to

come president in 1973, and Women's Lobby, a Washington-based feminist group Frances chaired. The Lears, it seemed, needed not merely to give their money away but to control the organizations to which they gave it.

the Lears' draw a blank about what has become of her. One family friend, though, says that Mia and Frances fought often, that the girl had threatened Frances physically and had a breakdown. When asked about Mia these days, Frances flatly refuses to discuss the matter on the record.

As Frances completed her transformation into the compleat feminist, she became increasingly erratic. There were "bad days," when she wouldn't leave the house. One friend of the family remembers watching Frances and Maggie, then an adolescent, playing a game similar to charades. The word to be guessed was *head*. Frances enthusiastically mimed the act of fellatio, and when her confused and embarrassed daughter didn't guess correctly, she helpfully shrieked synonyms: "A blow job! Going down on someone!" Another friend remembers trying to hold a political fundraiser at the Lears' Brentwood home in 1978. "Frances started screaming at me because the catering truck was parked maybe two inches the wrong way," she says. "It was really bizarre and scary; you were seeing somebody out of control. Then she went upstairs and came down a half hour later and was nice as pie. She seemed to have no recollection of what had happened before."

Angeles, a duplex apartment at the Ritz Tower in New York, and—taking a cue from other would-be-serious Hollywoodites—they began collecting expensive modern art. In 1979 Norman and Frances bought from artist Kenneth Noland a farm in Vermont, a 153-acre spread called The Gulley, which had belonged to Robert Frost. They immediately set about improving the property, adding a trout pond, replacing the existing swimming pool, converting a greenhouse into a kitchen, remodeling a barn into a screening room and offices, adding skylights and a satellite dish. Norman also commissioned Jane Beck, director of the Vermont Folk Life Center in Middlebury, to write a short volume about The Gulley, tracing its history through the Lear Years. By 1986 the house had been improved right off the National Historic Landmarks list. But landmarked or not, The Gulley seems to have made the Lears feel more like part of an old, prominent East Coast dynasty and gave them a venue to hold casual weekend retreats for their intellectual pals.

By 1980 Norman had left the 30-minute-segmented world of sitcoms, lured by the prospect of buying a movie studio and starting his very own political organization. He founded People For the American Way that year, because, he said, "every generation of Americans has the responsibility to defend our heritage of constitutional liberties, so that we can pass it along to our children and grandchildren." The Reverend Jerry Falwell, a frequent target of PFAW's campaigns, assessed Lear's motivation another way: "He's just got Christians in his craw." Falwell is not so far wrong: Lear's inspiration for PFAW came from the research he'd done around 1978 for *Religion*, an unproduced movie about the birth of a new church. Providing \$100,000 seed money for PFAW, Lear envisioned it as a bipartisan organization that would fight religious encroachment on government policy-making. (*The Wall Street Journal* noted last year that Lear's antifundamentalist scruples do not prevent him from making money off of fundamentalists: all of the TV stations owned by his company, ACT III, carry paid religious programming.) Today PFAW has more than 250,000 members and more than \$9 million in revenues. In 1987 the group spent \$1.2 million on an advertising and direct-mail campaign that was considered instrumental in defeating the nomination of Robert Bork to the

Supreme Court, a campaign that was accused by many—Democrats included—of employing manipulative “bogeyman tactics” of the sort usually associated with right-wing propagandists.

Most of Hollywood’s recreational do-gooders maintain what credentials they have by posing periodically with illegal aliens for paparazzi photographs. But PFAW has given Norman Lear a national political machine; he is unrivaled as *the* deep-pocketed Hollywood liberal. He has also accomplished that most cherished of all Hollywood wishes: he is taken seriously, his endeavors now documented in the news pages rather than just the entertainment section. But although PFAW has enormously increased its founder’s visibility, there is still a good deal of confusion over the organization’s precise function. One former PFAW fundraiser says that she always got blank looks when she mentioned its name until she added, “You know, *Norman Lear’s organization*.”

Frances, meanwhile, was slogging away at her putative headhunting business, which by the early eighties had molted into a consulting firm called Women’s Place, which had little real function beyond serving as a clearinghouse for the Lear family’s business affairs.



pitch

00.5

Okay, so how about this: They split up and we make two new spin-offs. In one he hooks up with a sexy young shrink—that way we get a lot of nutty types coming in and out, like the old Newhart show. In the other show the ex-wife goes to New York and turns into one of those super career bitches. The opening could be like the beginning of Green Acres—remember Eva Gabor in her penthouse? But it’s really more like That Girl, because she’s makin’ it in the big city. Okay, so then she starts a magazine and names it after herself. She drives the staff nuts, like Dabney Coleman in Buffalo Bill. How much would it cost to use “New York, New York” as the theme?

The marriage had run its course. As Frances would later write in her prototype issue of *Lear’s*, setting the tone for much of what was to follow in the magazine, “My marriage had cracked open at the thin lines of its discontent and would not heal.” By 1985 she had all but moved herself into the Lears’ Ritz Tower apartment in Manhattan. That year, five months after orchestrating an extraordinarily lavish Hollywood-style wedding in Brentwood for her daughter Kate (a *film*—not video—crew

She kept her hand in feminist politics and, with awkward op-ed pieces, in journalism. As Norman’s fame and influence grew, so did Frances’s edginess, disputatiousness and desperate need for attention. A writer who then worked on the editorial page of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* remembers, “She was a real pain in the ass. If she didn’t like an editorial, she’d call up [then editor] Jim Bellows and harass him, and then she’d write a letter to me. She’d just get upset about the nuttiest pieces.”

In an Op-Ed piece in *The New York Times* in 1981, Frances wrote, “[In Los Angeles] a woman is a nonperson unless she is under 21, powerful or a star. . . . Unless she is nailed to her husband, an industry wife is looked *through*, never *at*.” Being looked through was anathema to Frances. “If you met her at a party, she’d stand very straight, look you in the eye and make it clear it was up to you to impress her,” says a young male filmmaker. Those who met her at parties during the early 1980s mostly remember trying to avoid her. “She would just grab hold of an issue and she wouldn’t let go. It could get very uncomfortable,” says one, “and Norman would just sit there and be charming and wouldn’t help her out. It was as if he was fed up.”

recorded the affair, which featured the Los Angeles Philharmonic String Ensemble, and the movie, complete with credits, was later shown at a sit-down dinner at the Ritz Tower back in New York), Frances left Norman—who by then had taken up with Lyn Davis, a young, perfectly sane psychotherapist—for good.

Frances was determined to start an exciting new life, and she was determined to document that exciting new life first by writing an autobiography (later shelved),

and then in her exciting new magazine—and she was willing to spend up to \$25-million to do it. Just as Norman had used his TV shows for weirdly public depictions of his family’s foibles and embarrassments, Frances was looking forward to parading her own insecurities and arrogance before an audience, in her case an audience of well-to-do older women. Frances filed for divorce in June 1986 and, as she’d anticipated, received a settlement of \$112 million thanks to California’s community-property laws. Before deciding to name the magazine after her ex-husband—backer, Frances considered *Brava*, *Clio*, *Babe* and *Sequel*. One colleague suggested she call the magazine *Fuck You, Norman*.

The two and a half years it took to get *Lear’s* launched produced stories of such chaos and carnage that they have become the stuff of publishing-industry legend. Frances’s idea for the magazine was a good one—women past 40, she thought, wanted a publication that wasn’t all personality quizzes and 20-year-olds in miniskirts. By spring 1986 she had assembled a staff to produce a prototype issue out of her apartment. Kevin Buckley, the former editor of *Geo* and *Newsweek’s* onetime Saigon bureau chief, was her editor.

From the start, her high-handed harri-dan ways had the staff calling her Queen Lear behind her back. She hired and fired people whimsically. While interviewing one man for the job of personal assistant, she had him tour her apartment and point out objects he thought were well designed (he wasn’t hired, he says, because he admired furniture that Norman had bought). Another applicant was told by Frances that if she had a résumé like his, she would consider suicide. At meetings she often lounged in a satin bathrobe and conducted business as a masseuse rubbed her feet; other meetings were attended by hairdressers and manicurists.

For the prototype, Frances asked Marcelle Clements, a columnist for *New York Woman*, to write a piece about bimbos. She first told Clements she *loved* the story and then called her the next day swearing, telling her never to turn in anything that bad again. After the incident ICM, Clements’s literary agency, sent a memo to its clients warning them about Frances’s mercurial editorial style. “Frances reminds one what a masochist and jerk you have to be to be a magazine writer,” Clements says.

Clements was lucky; at least her piece

was killed. She didn't have to endure being rewritten by Frances. The final straw for many *Lear's* editors, in fact, was Frances's insistence on changing the wording in quotes. "It's my magazine!" she would yell. "I can do what I want." Once she reportedly went ballistic when an editor wanted to capitalize the word *god*. To fend off Frances's tinkering, in the early days of the magazine one top editor (who commonly refers to Lear as "that crazy bitch") tried to have the office computer system set up so that Frances wouldn't be able to get into any of the files. Rusty Unger, who was a senior editor on the prototype and is now the features editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, says, "It was like Ma Maison crossed with Creedmore."

The prototype was published in November 1986. It took Frances another year and almost a complete turnover in staff—"Do you know how to write a headline?" she inquired of a man who had been editing magazines for 30 years—to get *Lear's* ready for regular bimonthly publication. "It was the Hollywood version of publishing," says one veteran editor. "There was a new cast for every issue." Another respected magazine editor whom Frances approached describes her saying that she would love to schedule a lunch appointment with him, but first, would he mind submitting a college-application-style essay about his earliest significant memory? "I agreed to be on the masthead," a contributor says, "if I didn't have to work with her. I stay well away from her. She's nice to me—but every moment I'm afraid she's going to turn on me. She takes up all the oxygen in a room."

A former employee says that Frances often used her illness to get away with her "Hollywood brat syndrome." Everything was very theatrical—Frances had long phone conversations with doctors about prescriptions in front of her staff, and her secretary was in charge of giving Frances her various pills, which were kept in a black file cabinet. On days when Frances simply could not go on, she would dramatically close her office door, call her doctors on the phone and shriek, no doubt perplexing the staff as they edited prose by Frances such as "One thing is certain: The Mad Housewife isn't mad anymore," or worked on promotional copy such as "yesterday's 'mad housewives'—are today's sanest, most creative, most interesting Americans."

it's my medium and i'll whine if i want to

Not every problematic marriage can air its dirty linen in such glamorous places as TV situation comedies and glossy magazines for middle-aged women, but Norman and Frances Lear are both lucky enough to have had soapboxes from which to express their own personhoods. In all fairness, Norman started it years ago with his manifestly Frances-inspired characters, but Frances, with her own magazine, financed by her own nine-figure divorce settlement from Norman, has proved that hell hath no fury like an aging megalomaniac caricatured.

EVENT

Frances lives out the 1960s cooking, crocheting and gardening

Frances opens a firm with feminist pretensions that specializes in placing female executives (late 1960s)

While still married, Frances mimes performing fellatio before adolescent daughter

Frances adopts an inner-city black teenager (1973)

Frances is diagnosed as manic-depressive, begins taking lithium

Norman and Frances divorce (1986)

Norman begins new, happier life

Norman continues new, happier life

Norman marries Lyn Davis, a 40-year-old psychotherapist

MEDIA TRANSMOGRIFICATION

Norman creates jiggedy hausfrau Edith Bunker

Norman creates the egocentric, ball-busting feminist Maude (1972)

Norman introduces *One Day at a Time*, a show about a divorced mother raising her sexually active daughters alone (1975)

After his Afro-American sitcom hat trick (*Good Times*, *The Jeffersons* and *Sanford and Son*), Norman produces three episodes of *Mister Dugan*, a TV show about a black congressman manipulated entirely by smarter white handlers, then, before the CBS premiere, abruptly pulls the show from the lineup because of protests from the black community (1979)

Norman develops *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, a show that culminates in its heroine's crack-up (1975)

Premiere issue of *Lear's* runs article "Phallus in Wonderland" (1988)

Frances opines in second issue of *Lear's*, "A strong ego meant a fast recovery after the trauma of loss"

Frances writes in third issue of *Lear's*, "We must put away our anger"

Frances commissions Freud's grandniece to write article debunking him as a sexist

—John Brodie

"Frances had this idea that any kind of business savvy was a damper on creativity," one ex-employee says. "She is intelligent, creative and, at times, charming, but she has no idea about business." She brought her Hollywoodish approach to everyday publishing snafus: while working on the first issue the magazine had trouble getting a specialtype of paper, so Frances held a meeting with her financial advisers and suggested they look into buying a paper mill. When the stock market crashed in October 1987, Frances circulated an incoherent memo about the sacrifices the well-paid staff would have to make. The single area earmarked for cutbacks was the staff refrigerator, which had always been well stocked. Frances's idea of tightening the belt was to limit not the number but the assortment of beverages; the post-crash refrigerator would contain only Perrier.

One contributor points out that more than a magazine editor, more than one of her target audience of older women, Frances is first and foremost "a rich person." "She has someone on staff to buy flowers, to send gifts, to open the summer house.

It's that sort of wealth where you lose touch—you lose touch with how the laundry or the shopping gets done." When *People* magazine was reporting a story on Frances recently (it never ran), they said they wanted to "follow her around the supermarket or something." The *Lear's* staff found the request hilarious.

A time-tested Frances mood indicator is the whereabouts of Norman Lear. "You could always tell when Norman was in town because Frances would come in wearing no makeup," says an ex-employee. "She'd look like something off the set of *Psycho*." Her former husband's accomplishments still haunt her, it seems, and when *The Princess Bride* (which Norman produced) was released very close to the time of the *Lear's* launch, Frances was furious that one of his projects might upstage hers. When Frances heard that Norman and Lyn were looking at an apartment at 785 Fifth Avenue, she quickly bought it herself for \$4 million. (Frances insists that this was a coincidence.)

Now a monthly, *Lear's* seems to be a hit. Circulation is 350,000, and the April

issue contained 43 ad pages. The covers tend to feature a head shot of an attractive, minimally wrinkled noncelebrity over 40 (or, in the case of the magazine's first-anniversary issue, a magazine-industry first: a frighteningly assertive head-on photo of Frances herself). Inside is the standard stew of women's-magazine articles—how to manage and invest money, pages of high-priced fashion and stories that aggressively accentuate the positive side of being old. The magazine also features an inordinate number of photos of Frances—an average of 2.1 per issue—and lots of her screechy, cumbersome prose, dense with so many mottled similes and mixed metaphors that it sounds like bad translation: "Happily, one usually changes for the better by virtue of the act itself, with its pumping of stilled juices, flexing of feelings and flesh, inventive migrations of thought," Frances wrote in the first issue. And in another issue: "Being right, as habit, is intolerably wrong, but now and then it can do wonders for a marriage, like a breath of spring or a dose of gritty cleanser."

Frances is listed on the *Lear's* masthead as editor in chief (having recently dropped the title "founder"), and among the magazine's regular sections (which include Pleasures and Self Center) is one called Lunch, a monthly interview between Frances and a well-known *Lear's*-type person. So far she has had lunch in her office with Shere Hite, the discredited sex-book writer; on a Central Park bench with Barbara Howar, the scary former Washington society courtesan; and with elderly gossip columnist Liz Smith, among others. What is striking about these interviews is that they all tend to focus on Frances, not her interview subject: with Hite, Lear simply held forth at length about her own neuroses while her lunch guest asked the questions. A recent Lunch column consisted of Frances asking a depression expert questions about antidepressant drugs.

LEAR: *Take the case of a single woman who feels pain because she doesn't have a relationship with a man. . . . [Later] What happens if I . . . don't want to get out of bed? What makes me move?*

DEPRESSION EXPERT: *I'm not sure you're going to move. Not all our stories have happy endings, you know.*

In the same issue Frances devoted a page to her own personal experience with depression. The last line of her piece: "Yes, I was

certain of it. There was medication to stabilize, and the past to let go."

Frances even manages to work herself into stories by other writers; in the March issue, Peter Feibleman's column is merely a transcript of Frances's telephone calls begging him to write for the magazine.

With more than a glimmer of Maude showing through, Frances is insistent that the world know that she alone is responsible for *Lear's*. Indeed, an enlarged quote of one of her homespun bits of psychobabble reads, "The word *ego* should be writ on paper or wood or steel and placed alongside toothbrushes and pasted above wall switches and taped on computer terminals." Frances has said that her arrogance has been the key to the success of *Lear's*.

During a recent magazine publishing conference at which she was a speaker, Frances distinguished herself by talking more about Frances Lear than about her magazine. In fact, she repeatedly answered questions about *Lear's* by referring to her sex life. She would *spend weekends with advertisers*, she said, if it would help the magazine. Everyone laughed. "Working on a start-up," she said, "*means you can't have sex for six months.*" Everyone laughed—uncomfortably. In answer to another question, she said, "I haven't had sex in six months." No one laughed.

In addition to making compulsive remarks about sex, Frances has been talking a lot about her cryptic plans for launching a men's magazine, emphasizing again and again and again that, after publishing exactly ten issues of a magazine, there's nothing she loves more than being a "magazine maker." When asked whether the new magazine would be like

a *Lear's* for men, she says, "No, it's directed at much younger men." *Oh, so it will be kind of like Esquire, then?* "No," she said. "It'll be a magazine about men and their emotions." *So it will be like a lot of About Men columns strung together?* "No," said Frances. "It'll be the opposite of that." *Oh.*

Perhaps hampered by the complexity of her fecund magazine-making mind, Frances seems to be at a similar loss summing up in a simple, concise way exactly what makes *Lear's* special. When she submitted her magazine for a National Magazine Award in General Excellence earlier this year, her written description of the publication took up four times the space allotted on the application form.

With success has come a certain shift of mood in the *Lear's* offices. Articles editor Nelson Aldrich, a handsome bon vivant whose duties seem to include accompanying the boss around town, points out that Frances has a "newcomer's open mind that makes her a joy to work with." And although not everybody is happy all the time (staff members apparently didn't receive invitations to the *Lear's* first-anniversary party at the Rainbow Room until the afternoon of the event), morale seems to have stabilized. "Frances is a good feminist," says contributing editor Jane O'Reilly. "She has the courage of her convictions. She's right about *Lear's*, as odd as it sometimes seems."

Frances is also saying that, as a *magazine maker*, she is looking for a financial backer to fund her many magazine-making concepts. She is quite certain that it has been her ideas, and not her \$112-million, that have made people in publishing take her more or less seriously.

pitch



no. 6

So the ex-husband's show is all about starting over, a May-December thing. He's got this new lease on life—brand-new baby, pretty new wife (a Chapter Two kind of thing) and lots of these Washington bigwigs knocking at his door. He loves it, and even though he gets richer and richer, he starts to go all metaphysical and holier-than-thou.

Like a lot of other increasingly rich people in the Reagan go-go eighties, Norman Lear gradually sloughed off his once-beloved bohemian creative image; he traded *writer-producer* for an unembarrassed *mogul*, and has lately spent his time

buying and selling entertainment and publishing properties. (Lear used to give employees gift certificates for \$25 worth of psychotherapy; he now hands out certificates for sessions with a personal trainer.) With his business partner Jerry Perenchio,

a talent agent and sports promoter, he bought the minor-league Avco Embassy movie studio in 1981 for \$25 million in cash. Four years later the two men sold the studio, along with other holdings, to Coca-Cola for \$485 million. Later that year Norman started ACT III Communications, a private company with estimated annual revenues of at least \$100 million. Through ACT III, Norman is now busily acquiring television stations (his goal is to own 12, the maximum allowed by the FCC), movie theaters (the company aims to own 800 screens by 1990) and relatively unglamorous trade publications (including *Channels* and *Marketing & Media Decisions*) and developing movie properties. He backed Rob Reiner's *Stand By Me* and *The Princess Bride* and is financing what promises to be yet another comeback vehicle for Burt Reynolds. Lear has also made plans to return to television production, having formed a partnership between ACT III and the TV division of Columbia Pictures.

If Frances Lear brought a caricature Hollywood sensibility to the New York publishing world, Norman's eastward influence has been more Marin County. Right after he bought *Channels*, the television trade magazine, in 1985, he invited the entire staff to The Gulley in Vermont for a series of retreats devoted to sharing and exploring one another's feelings about the struggling little journal. Everyone slept in bunk beds, "like in summer camp," according to one former staff member, and was forced to sing a corporate anthem composed especially for the occasion. The group endured a series of encounter-group-like seminars searching their souls about why they were all feeling so demoralized. The grouching was all very polite until, at the end of one session, Norman burst out in anger, "None of you have any energy! There's no passion here! Where's the passion?" (The phrase "Where's the passion?" subsequently became an office in-joke.)

Norman has carefully nurtured his influence in Washington as well as New York. In 1987 he and Stanley Sheinbaum, a Los Angeles philanthropist, threw a series of small at-home dinners at which, one by one, most of the candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination permitted Norman and his Beverly Hills friends to ask them junior high school debate team questions to see if they passed liberal muster.

Why did the candidates submit to these mortifications? Not only is Lear an easy

touch himself (he gave the legal limit of \$1,000 each to the campaigns of Michael Dukakis, Jesse Jackson and Bruce Babbitt), but rich, impressionable Hollywood liberals take their donor cues from him. Even more important to last year's dull crop of candidates, appending Lear's name to an invitation could mean the difference between charging \$50 and \$250 for a fundraising dinner.

"Lear's influence is in how many people will follow his lead," says one political operative familiar with the dumb-animal mentality of the Hollywood wealthy. "There are plenty of rich, good-liberal actors and producers who say, 'If it's good enough for Norman, then it's good enough for me.'" Duane Garrett, Babbitt's national chairman, says that Lear "introduced us to a group of people we wouldn't normally have had access to." Which obviously did a whole lot of good for the Babbitt campaign—as did Lear's advice to Babbitt about offshore oil drilling and the Greenhouse Effect.

A few years back Lear took a naive stab at describing—in his familiar California-speak—why important political people would want to attach themselves to guys like him. "There is an affinity that the political people have for show people," he told a reporter. "We're all in the same business, which is communication. . . . We're all seeking to speak to the largest possible audience, and therein lies the synergism and therein lies the affinity." But in 1987, in an interview in *The New Republic* (whose publisher, Martin Peretz, publicly contributes to People For the American Way and privately disparages Lear), Lear explained the rationale for his pre-election mixers even more disingenuously: "I am going to vote in this election . . . and I wanted to know as much as I could about each of these people who are courting my vote."

pitch



no. 7

Well, what about if a few years down the line the ex-wife's magazine for sexy grandmothers hits big and she spins off a cable show starring herself and a whole line of Lear's products for other sexy grandmothers? Then she does a men's magazine, and that works, too. She's crazy, but her staff starts to really kind of like her anyway—sort of a Ted Baxter thing. And her ex-husband, the do-gooder, runs for office and she puts his picture on the cover of the men's magazine. Can you see it? . . . No? Hmmm. Yeah, I guess you're right. Forget it. Nobody'd believe it. ☹

Try that line the next time you want Al Gore to come over for fondue.

Norman and Lyn Davis recently bought a new home in Brentwood to do the happy nuclear-family thing all over again. The new Lears still spend a lot of time spiffing up their delandmarked Vermont house, which Norman has continued to use as a meeting place for his East Coast intellectual friends, including PBS's Bill Moyers, *U.S. News & World Report* editor Roger Rosenblatt and Martin E. Marty, a religious historian who teaches at the University of Chicago. Norman is fond of inviting these and other thinkers up for a weekend of foliage appreciation, gospel sing-alongs and ecumenical discussions of Big Topics. In a breathlessly doting article Marty wrote for *The Christian Century* about Lear's spiritualism, he described a quiet group walk in the Vermont woods during which Lear suddenly thrust his arms skyward and shouted, "Why do I deserve all this?" When one of his fellow pilgrims mentioned the word *providence*, Lear yelped, "That's it!" referring not specifically to his own rhetorical question or to the theme of a new sitcom he'd been mulling over but to what was to be that evening's dinner-table topic. (On another walk Lear shouted the familiar "That's it!" upon hearing the phrase *deontological ethics*.) The fun up at the Lears' house has also included pop quizzes, such as Norman's suddenly pressing his guests to recite their own personal definitions of *worship*.

Friends say Norman seems more tranquil, almost spiritual. "Lyn is very nice," says Ramona Ripston of the ACLU, "and very different from Frances. She's softer, less challenging to him." Rosenblatt agrees. "[Lyn is] gentle. She's also extremely bright," he says, "but in a less vociferous way than Frances was. She's sort of the antithesis of Frances."

It's warm again in New York, reminding us that life—even in a great urban center—is a perpetual cycle of birth and decay. No, this isn't a map of new buildings that are about to stretch skyward. This is a map of things that are falling down. Some will be restored, others demolished, and others will just sit around and rot. No one can really tell: one site from our 1979 edition of this map, the Christodora apartment building on Avenue B, has since become a semiswank condominium. For the time being, though, this is the rueful, wonderful...

1
SAN JUAN THEATER
 AND ADJOINING AUDUBON
 BALLROOM, 165th Street
 and Broadway

The theater in which Malcolm X was murdered is now owned by the city, which is moving—meandering, really—through a deal struck with Columbia University to develop the site into a medical-research park.

2
BILTMORE THEATER,
 261 West 47th Street

Once the home of *Hair*, the Biltmore was designated a landmark in November 1987; one month later the stage and the orchestra pit were apparently set afire ("There was a flammable substance poured onto the stage," said a fire department spokesman, though whether the arsonist was someone who objected to onstage nudity or to landmarks-law restrictions is a mystery). Last August street people were seen removing chandeliers from the theater, which the owners are allowing to rot.

3
THE SPEYER SCHOOL,
 514 West 126th Street,
 between Amsterdam Avenue
 and Old Broadway

Built in 1902, The Speyer School was used by Columbia University for naval training during World War II; the building was last used in 1980.

4
DREYER ARCH,
 Broadway and 216th Street
 Entryway to the Dreyer estate until 1892; now the handsome portal for Jack Gallo's Auto Body Inc.



5
**ENTRANCE TO THE FORMER
 BILLINGS ESTATE, off the
 Henry Hudson Parkway,
 roughly to the west of the
 Heather Garden in what
 is now Fort Tryon Park**

Around the turn of the century, the wealthy C.K.G. Billings held vast parties on his estate. The socialites entered from Riverside Drive via a brick road that passed through a rusticated stone arch, into a short tunnel and out through another arch before winding back to the top of the embankment. Billings's house burned to the ground; the arches are still visible from the Henry Hudson Parkway.

6
COOGAN BUILDING
 (originally Racket Court
 Club), 776 Avenue of the
 Americas, at 26th Street
 People still live here, but, as
 the building is being
 demolished, the
 residents are
 being
 evicted.

SEVEN YORK RUINS

BY
**CYNTHIA COTTS &
 PETER HEFFERNAN**

7
ST. WALBURGAS ACADEMY,
 630 Riverside Drive,
 at 140th Street

Visible from the West Side Highway, this handsome turreted schoolhouse has been abandoned for years. Recently a giant FOR SALE sign was hung on its front.

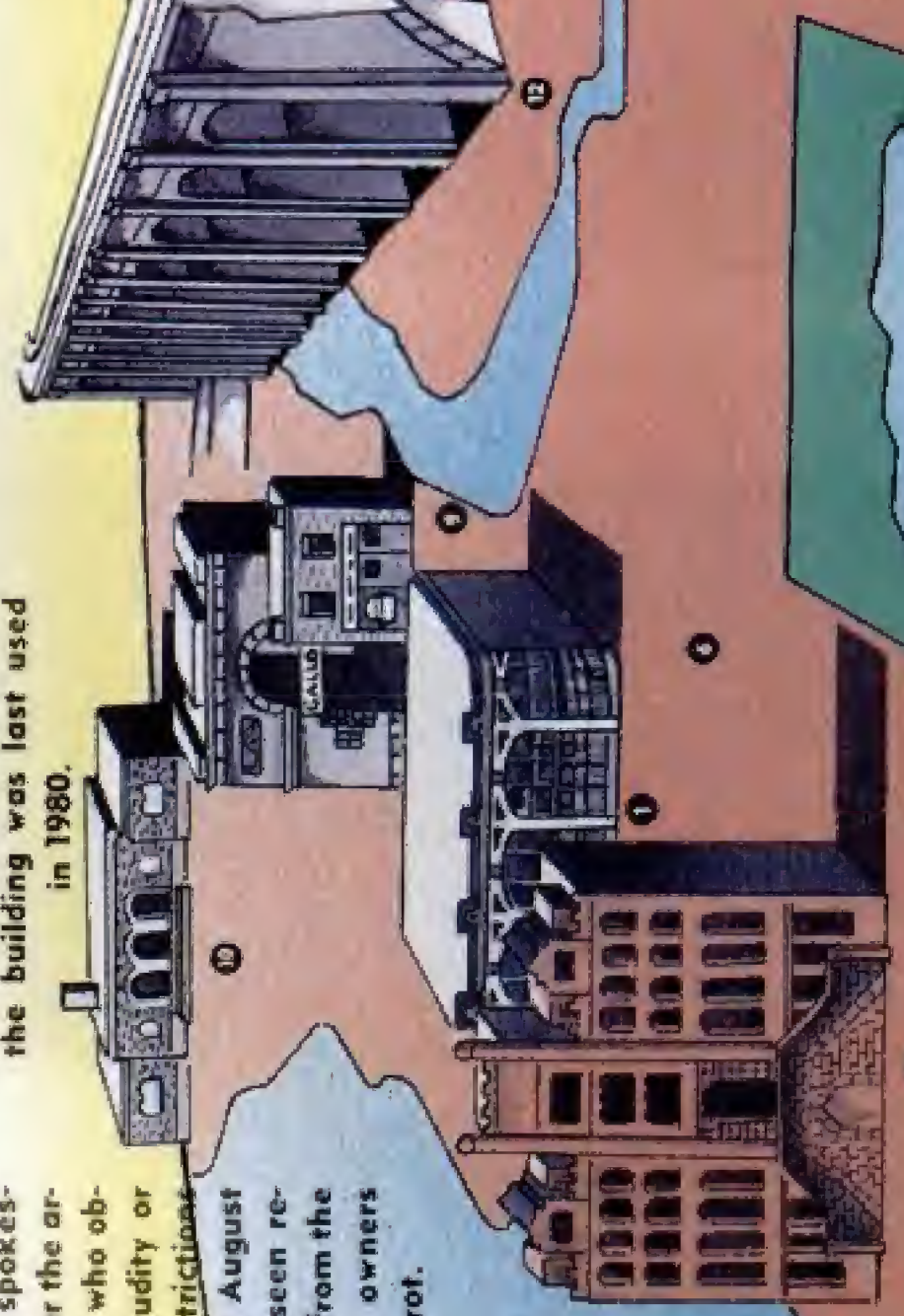
8
**RUINS OF CITY HOSPITAL,
 THE SMALLPOX HOSPITAL
 AND STRECKER MEMORIAL
 LABORATORY, south end of
 Roosevelt Island;**

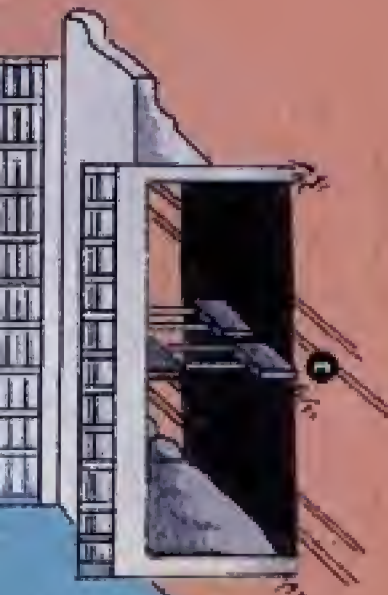
9
**RUINS OF NEW YORK CITY
 LUNATIC ASYLUM, north end
 of the island,
 opposite East 80th Street**
 In the nineteenth century Roosevelt Island was a place for the incurable, the criminal, the insane—sort of our Australia. Today the buildings once used to store these troubled souls are dilapidated, though the Lunatic Asylum may be restored; its tower is particularly delightful.

10
**KEITH'S FLUSHING RKO
 THEATER, 129 Northern
 Boulevard, Flushing**
 Once a grand movie palace; plans to install a shopping arcade fell through, and the theater sits empty.

11
HIGH BRIDGE,
 across the Harlem River
 from 174th Street (originally
 the Aqueduct Bridge)
 Featuring a walkway over a cast-iron conduit, this was the first channel for fresh water into nineteenth-century New York. The city's needs soon made its water-carrying capacity inadequate, and beginning in 1893 it was supplemented by the New Croton Aqueduct.

12
**OLD GOUVERNEUR HOSPITAL,
 FDR Drive between
 East and West
 Gouverneur Slips**
 This former tuberculosis ward is recognizable to FDR Drivers by its tiers of curved steel balconies. Plans for restoration have never panned out.





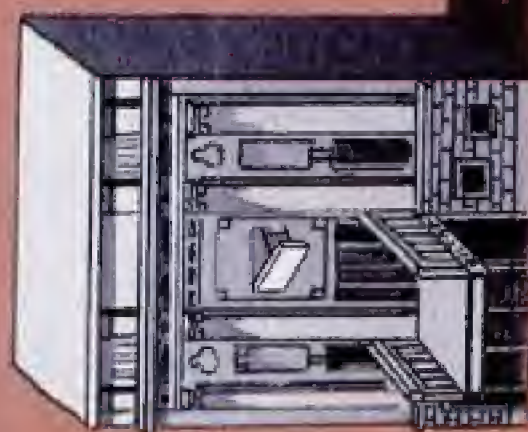
OLD SUNKEN HUDSON RIVER
RAILROAD TRACKS,
34th Street to Spuyten
Duyvil Bridge

Built in 1849, last used in
1983.

WEST SIDE PIERS
between North Moore
and 32nd Streets

SONS OF ISRAEL
KALWARIE SYNAGOGUE,
15 Pike Street,
east of Division Street

This is one of a number of
synagogues on the Lower
East Side that have been
abandoned by congregations
unable to afford their
upkeep.

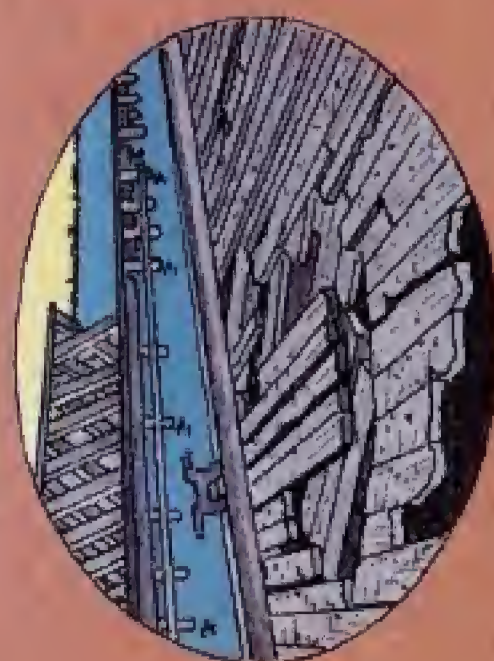


FREIGHT VIADUCT USED BY
NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD,
west of Washington Street,
north of Houston Street



CITY HALL IRT STATION

When this station opened, in
1904, a subway ride cost a
nickel, few adolescents car-
ried boom boxes onto the
cars, and trains were about
half as long as those today.
But things change, and over
the next 80 years, as trains
got longer, this and five other
stations became useless.
This station, with its chande-
liers and intricate tile work,
is a private MTA showpiece.



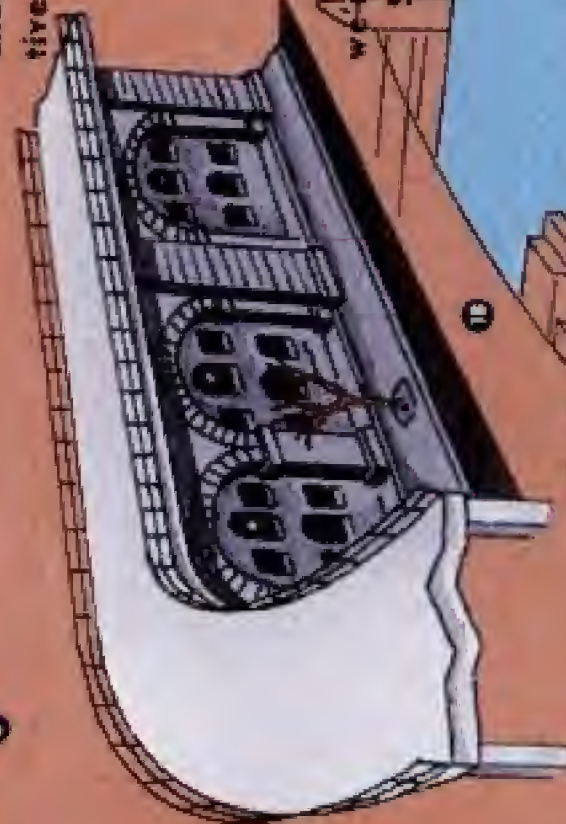
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,
65 Liberty Street,
at Liberty Place

The Chamber of Commerce
used this marble palace as
office space until 1979. The
Chamber has been trying
to sell what has become
a poignant monument to
the evanescence of chest-
thumping capitalism.



THE MANHATTAN-SIDE
ARCHES OF THE
BROOKLYN BRIDGE

At various times used as a
champagne cellar and primi-
tive fur vault; the space's
current leaseholder-
developer (and its third
since 1980) wants to re-
store the arches' "his-
toric" atmosphere —
which probably means
weird Talking South Street
Seaport-ish ambience.



LOEW'S KINGS THEATER,
Flatbush Avenue
and Beverly Road
Built in 1929, last used in
1977.

THE KNICKERBOCKER
FIELD CLUB, 114 East
18th Street, Flatbush
Built in 1893 as a sports
center, it was badly damaged
by a fire last year.

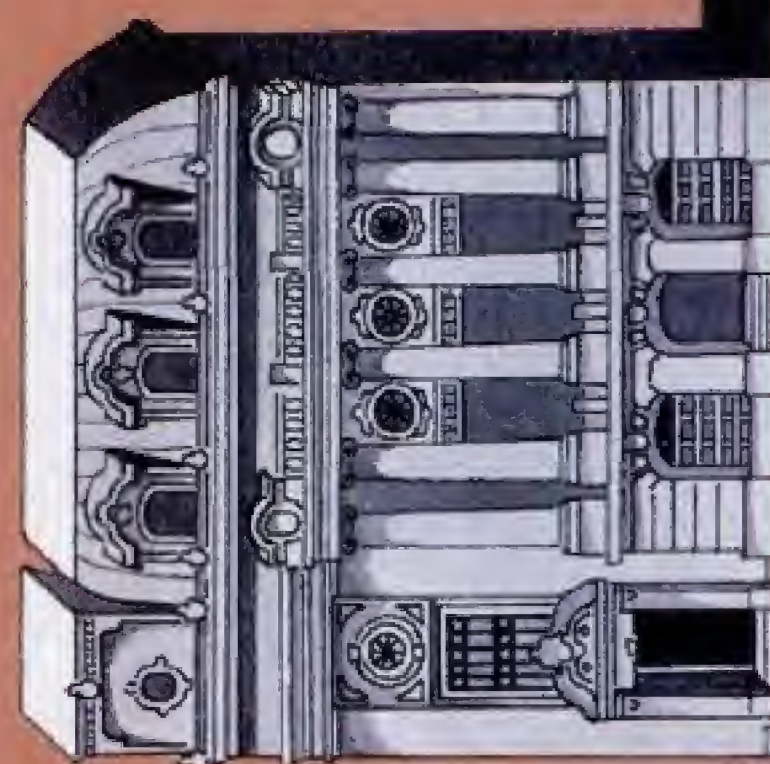


ILLUSTRATION BY SHIRLEY KANEDA

THOSE WHO CAN,

SUE

AMERICA IN
THE GRIP OF
LITIGATION
LIFE-STYLE
LITIGATION
LIFE-STYLE

IT'S

becoming
clear that the
unlitigated life is
a life simply not
worth living.

Nowadays one's failure
to participate in some type
of lawsuit constitutes a kind of
character flaw, an inability to feel,
to care, to *give a damn* in a world
where someone—a competitor, a doctor,
a landlord, a dry cleaner, your brother—is
out to get you. But then there are those
exceptionally litigious men and women who
always seem to be in court, snarling,

announcing to the world that they are aggrieved and they *don't like it one little bit*. We looked at the facts, considered all sides and figured out just what provokes their ire. The verdict: pretty much any old thing.

PLUS

A SPY HALL OF FAME:

*The Ten Most Litigious
New Yorkers*

BY GEORGE KALOGERAKIS
REPORTED BY EDDIE STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY DREW FRIEDMAN

W

E WERE NOT BORN TO SUE," SAYS Richard II early in the Shakespearean play that bears his name. Not born to sue? A sarcastic reply to such a misstatement would have been in order, but unfortunately Richard was alone and talking to himself at the time—John of Gaunt having just exited, mumbling something about Mowbray's face. So the royal inanity went unchallenged.

To be fair, the king was thoroughly a product of the Middle Ages and, if pressed, probably would also have said that neither were we born to drive, fly, do the limbo or bank by mail. If Richard had enjoyed the advantages we do—if he had lived in a country teeming with lawyers and equipped with a sprawling, inefficient court system—he might have seen things differently. Certainly he would have had he known about such never-say-die litigants as Anthony Martin-Trigona, a Connecticut man who has filed hundreds of lawsuits over the last 15 years, litigating such issues as the constitutionality of the Iowa presidential-nominating caucuses and a dairy cow's right to life; or George Sassower, a writ-wielding crusader whose credo is "You can sue anybody except God"; or more celebrated legal-system surfers such as Mort Zuckerman and Simon & Schuster chairman Dick Snyder, men who have sued and, it can be safely said, will sue again.

"I used to enjoy suing people . . . or baiting people to sue me," says publisher Lyle Stuart, a pioneer of modern litigiousness, "but in those times you weren't paying lawyers two, three, four hundred dollars an hour." Stuart began his sensationalistic book-publishing company 33 years ago with \$8,000, which was part of a settlement he collected after having sued columnist Walter Winchell for libel. He went on to sue Winchell a couple of other times, and also made defendants out of such diverse individuals and institutions as *The Daily Mirror*, Howard Hughes, *Confidential* magazine, *Editor & Publisher* magazine, the Church of Scientology and Kitty Kelley—and many more. Stuart has also enjoyed *being* sued by King Farouk. "I would love to get sued by the Scientologists," he says with the wistfulness of a man unafraid to dream.

SOONER OR LATER, HE PROBABLY WILL. IT ISN'T exactly news that Americans—and in particular New Yorkers, the most temperamentally contentious Americans of all—have lately been taking legal action in droves. Lyle Stuart must be a visionary, because there was a time when an aggrieved party was usually content to turn the other cheek or request an apology or simply tamper with the brakes of his antagonist's car—in short, to take advantage

ROBIN GIVENS

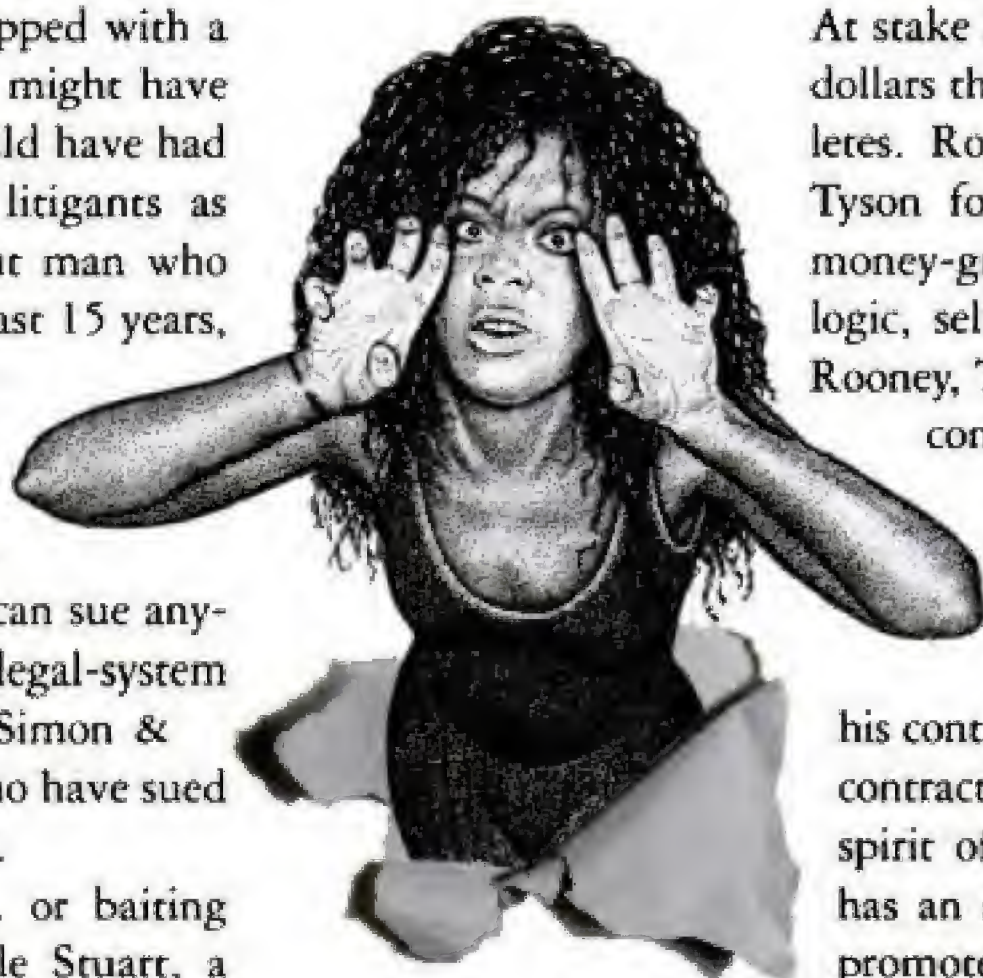
She felt so unfairly

characterized when

Mike Tyson called her

a money-grabber

that she sued him for



\$125 million; now

she just pushes

for divorce

of any number of options before seeking the services of a lawyer. No longer. One tiny affront or injustice, real or imagined, and attorneys are being retained and witnesses duly sworn in before you can say "in the matter of the application of." So popular is litigation that more and more—and this, at least, is a silver lining—law firms are themselves getting sued, often for botching a previous lawsuit.

Clairol Inc. sues Fabergé Inc. for saying that its hair spray holds better than Clairol's. At stake is a portion of America's huge coiffure-lamination dollar. Dave Winfield and George Steinbrenner sue each other over the Winfield Foundation. At stake is which of the two is the bigger deadbeat regarding programs for New York City kids. Ruth Roper sues Winfield, alleging that he gave her venereal disease. At stake is a portion of those personal-endorsement dollars that go to non-venereal-disease-carrying athletes. Roper's daughter Robin Givens sues Mike Tyson for \$125 million for having called her a money-grabber—simultaneously, to all apparent logic, self-destructing her case. Meanwhile, Kevin Rooney, Tyson's former trainer, also sues him, over a contract dispute. Givens's lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson—more on him later—then threatens to sue her for unpaid fees. Tyson, for his part, sues former manager Bill Cayton twice, first to change his contract and then, last November, for breach of contract and fraud. Cayton, finally catching the spirit of the thing, sues Don King, who himself has an agreement with Tyson to be his exclusive promoter. At stake are the millions of dollars for which the behemoth fights.

There's more. The National Audubon Society sues a former member who tries to establish his own renegade Audubon group. At stake is the integrity of birding. Reggae musician Patrick Alley sues Mick Jagger for plagiarism, insisting that Jagger's "Just Another Night" was based on his own "Just Another Night." At stake are the proceeds from a disappointing single and album. Donald Trump sues architect Philip Birnbaum for *self*-plagiarism, after Birnbaum's design for a building Trump planned to erect across the street from Trump Plaza too closely resembles Birnbaum's own design for

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE
HISTORY OF LITIGATION

AUGUST 1982: Linda Bryant sues the maker of Mogen David for more than \$10 million, contending that "the taste of the wine is deceptive and invites the

Trump Plaza. At stake is the undeniable uniqueness of Trump Plaza. Fantasy Records, too, sues for self-plagiarism, contending that John Fogerty's "The Old Man Down the Road" steals from his earlier "Run Through the Jungle," the rights to which Fantasy owns. (Fogerty has in addition been sued for slander by Fantasy's chairman, Saul Zaentz, over the songs "Zanz Kant Danz" and "Mr. Greed," neither of which, thank God, sounds like "Proud Mary," or

life would be even more complicated.) At stake is the future of swamp rock. Vidal Sassoon sues Sasson Inc. because the jeans manufacturer is running commercials that supposedly confuse the two companies—and Sasson countersues when it learns that the hair-product king is thinking of going into the jeans business. At stake is the right of Eurotrash immigrant fashion merchandisers to make a killing.

The Sasso(o)n situation raises the issue of two-way suing, which is endemic to the careers of the great litigants of our time. But beyond that there are certain things—people, professions, events—that are legal lightning rods. There are five major subjects that seem to attract litigation:

1. Wills
2. Disasters
3. Aging, flamboyant West Coast lawyers
4. The real estate business
5. Richard Pryor

Wills. These documents (or their conspicuous absence) bring greed and long-standing resentments out into the open, where they belong—*much* healthier. At first glance, J. Seward Johnson and Bob Marley would seem to have had little in common—the reggae star did not leave upwards of \$400 million to a Polish-born former maid, and the baby-powder heir, so far as is known, never recorded “Them Belly Full (But We Hungry)” —yet in death they were the same: both left behind chaos. Johnson’s legacy was a contested will and a well-chronicled, protracted trial full of lurid, bathetic revelations about the Johnson family; Marley’s was a nonexistent will and still another survivors’ squabble over an estate.

The great-grandchildren of tire-and-rubber magnate Harvey S. Firestone have sued two dozen distant relatives for \$204 million, alleging wrongful transfers in the estate of their grandmother. And New York governor Mario Cuomo’s late father-in-law, Charles Raffa, wanted his \$13.7 million estate probated either in Nassau County or in Brooklyn, depending on which of his heirs you talk to. Matilda Cuomo, the governor’s wife, so strongly believes the latter that she has gone to court to advance her theory. “This is not a split in the family,” Mrs.

MORT ZUCKERMAN

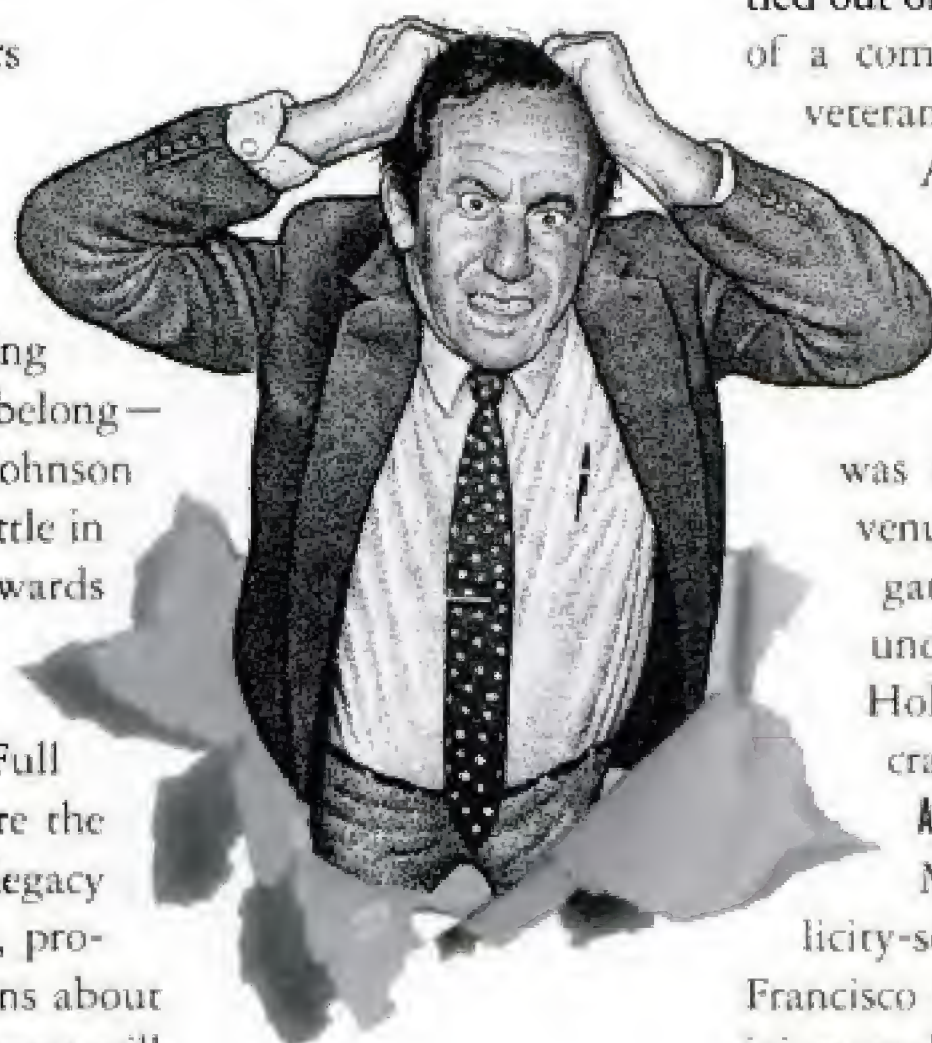
He flexes

his legal muscles in

real estate and

publishing, but batters

who face him in



softball games should

beware: don't let a

dispute over a foul tip

turn into something

time-consuming

and costly

accountable for damages in the tens-of-skillions-of-dollars range. A total of \$41 million was awarded to the families of the 28 victims in a 1987 Bridgeport, Connecticut, building collapse; this case was notable because it was settled in less than five years—though, naturally, it still required the services of 100 lawyers. Mass deaths caused by something or someone other than God have become frequent enough and profitable enough that there are now attorneys who specialize in them—wholesale personal-injury lawyers, as it were. The leading practitioner is probably Stanley Chesley of Cincinnati, who has represented the families of 165 people killed in the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire (General Electric and 28 other companies that manufactured the wiring settled out of court for \$30 million) and was a member of a committee of lawyers representing Vietnam veterans and their families (the producers of Agent Orange settled for \$180 million).

Disaster trials are notably theatrical—plummeting planes, yawning landscapes, mass grief, platoons of attorneys. In fact, when Los Angeles County was searching last winter for a large enough venue to accommodate the 250 lawyers litigating the Malibu-landslide trial, two sites under consideration were the 4,400-seat Hollywood Palladium and the relatively cramped 1,600-seat Embassy Theater.

Aging, flamboyant West Coast lawyers.

Melvin Belli, the aging, flamboyant, publicity-seeking West Coast attorney from San Francisco who first made his name as a personal-injury and mass-disaster lawyer and whiskey huckster, is now making his name as an alleged wife- and daughter-abuser and an alleged tax cheat; he denies the former and plans to countersue concerning the latter. In 1982 he lost a legal malpractice suit and with it \$3.8 million in damages; six more such suits have been filed against him since then; and, more recently, he was fined \$5,000 for filing a damage suit on behalf of a man who had died 12 years earlier. Down the coast, Marvin Mitchelson, the aging, flamboyant, publicity-seeking West Coast attorney from Los Angeles, is also in multifaceted legal trouble. He has been charged by the California

uninitiated and unknowing consumer to drink copious quantities,” which is her explanation of why, after drinking a bottle, her husband raped a neighbor.

SEPTEMBER 1982: Stephen Sayre files a \$100 million suit against the maker of Hostess Twinkies, fruit pies and cupcakes, alleging that eating its products caused

Cuomo’s sister, Nancy Mazzola—a member of the probate-in-Brooklyn movement—assured *The New York Times*. “We’re just trying to make some decisions.” (Matilda Cuomo’s husband, the governor, just settled a nine-year-old battle against his former law partners over the distribution of legal fees collected by them after Cuomo left in 1975.)

Disasters. From airplane crashes to Amtrak crashes, from Bhopal to Bridgeport, people are being held

State Bar Association with misconduct for allegedly imposing excessive fees. He has bounced checks. He has been sued for unpaid rent. And he has sued Hugh Hefner for defamation.

The real estate business. This is an industry virtually fueled by lawsuits, particularly in New York, where, after the Westway controversy, the Marriott Marquis controversy, the St. Bart’s controversy and the 42nd Street Development Project controversy, a

construction project can hardly be taken seriously unless and until everyone has slugged it out in court. To be a successful developer, one must have a real appetite for litigation, a *joie de guerre*. One particularly compelling example gives a glimpse, if only in shorthand, of a veritable *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* that was waged and is still being waged in New York State Court in Manhattan. Solow is Sheldon H. Solow ("litigious"—*Forbes* magazine), of the Solow Building Company. Avon is Avon Products Inc. (*Ding dong! Avon calling! With a subpoena!*) Here is their story:

October 17, 1973	Avon sues Solow
November 15, 1973	Avon sues Solow
December 10, 1974	Solow sues Avon
May 2, 1975	Avon sues Solow
February 13, 1976	Solow sues Avon
June 24, 1976	Solow sues Avon
October 5, 1976	Solow sues Avon
January 18, 1977	Solow sues Avon
May 10, 1977	Solow sues Avon
May 12, 1977	Solow sues Avon
May 25, 1977	Solow sues Avon
May 17, 1978	Avon sues Solow
July 12, 1978	Avon sues Solow
May 5, 1980	Avon sues Solow
May 6, 1980	Avon sues Solow
November 20, 1980	Avon sues Solow
March 20, 1981	Avon sues Solow
April 28, 1981	Solow sues Avon
December 30, 1981	Solow sues Avon
March 19, 1982	Solow sues Avon
May 7, 1982	Solow sues Avon
April 21, 1986	Solow sues Avon

Note that in the middle of this heroic confrontation, which spanned four presidential administrations, there was a peaceful interregnum as Solow and Avon unaccountably *sat out all of 1979*. Then, presumably refreshed, they picked up where they'd left off. "As the swallows return to Capistrano," wrote Judge Edward Greenfield in a more recent installment of the saga, "the salmon to their spawning grounds and the buzzards to Hinkley, Ohio, both Avon and Solow return on their annual pilgrimage to [court]." Of the 21 cases Avon has filed in New York State Supreme Court since 1971, 9—

JOE FRANKLIN

"... are my dearest

friends, I've had

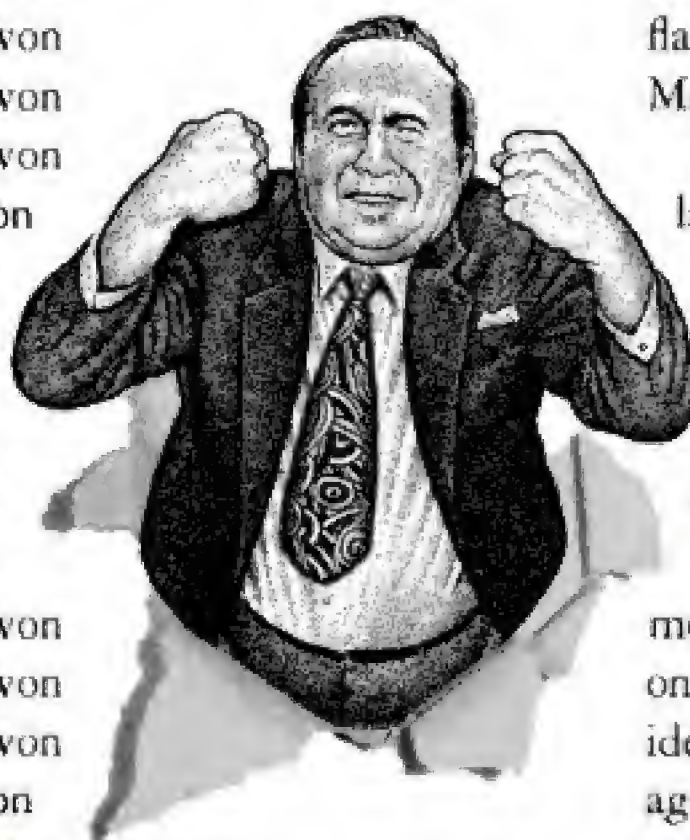
virtually every,

definitely every

important one, every

one, on my show

through the years,



starting with Walter

Winchell up to Jimmy

Breslin and, I mean,

anybody, anybody,

everybody. . . ."

must be as elemental as the battles for dominance in Jerusalem or Belfast or the National League East?

It is. It concerns the "Wage Rate Escalation Clause."

Richard Pryor. In the performance movie *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip*, Pryor made a reference to a "black lawyer" who took him "hook, line and sinker." It wasn't one of Pryor's funniest routines, but Michael Ashburne, Pryor's former lawyer, was especially unamused. He sued Pryor and eventually settled out of court with Pryor and won \$500,000 from the makers of the film. Pryor had previously sued Ashburne for \$1 million. And another of his lawyers for \$3 million. And certain record companies for \$1 million. And *The National Enquirer* for \$10 million. Plus he's been to court for five divorces. And a movie extra Pryor worked with in *Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling* just won a paternity suit against the comedian. (Her lawyer? Why, aging, flamboyant, publicity-seeking West Coast attorney Marvin Mitchelson, of course.)

Pryor was even involved, indirectly, in the heap of lawsuits that followed the release of Paramount's bad, moneymaking hit of last summer, *Coming to America*, the idea for which was officially credited to its star, Eddie Murphy (see "Will the Real Man Behind I♥NY Please Stand Up," by Ned Zeman, October 1988). Among those filing lawsuits and claiming to have supplied the movie's story line is a man whose argument rests on his contention that he had submitted a similar idea to *Pryor*, who, as Murphy's incredulous manager sarcastically told the *Times*, "must know Eddie and have passed the story on." Yes. Clearly. It was all Pryor's fault.

WHAT GIVES? WHAT INSPIRES SO MUCH LITIGIOUSNESS? Why would so many people elect to spend so much time in the company of lawyers, who, as a group, are reminiscent of small-minded, niggling, cheerless, unreasonably highly compensated carrion birds?

Well, there's often money in lawsuits, even if you're not a partner in a law firm or entitled in the eyes of a jury to reparations. Indeed, this profiteering spirit can be a kind of corporate asset, deserving of

him to contract what he calls toxic junk syndrome, which made him fall out of a tree he was trimming and fracture his hip, pelvis, ankle, clavicle and spine.

APRIL 1983: Connie Daniell, who attempted suicide by locking herself in the trunk of her car but was discovered alive nine days later, sues the Ford

fully 43 percent—were aimed at Solow, while only 15 of the 81 cases (19 percent) filed by Solow during the same period were aimed at Avon. This suggests that although Solow appears to have outpetitioned Avon in terms of sheer numbers, Avon has proportionately been more Solow-obsessed than Solow has been Avon-obsessed. And what is the nature of the jihad that has so captured the imagination and resources of these two companies? Surely it

its own page in the accounting books. Consider MCA/Universal, which owns the trademark to King Kong. In 1985 Universal sued Nintendo, the company that makes the Donkey Kong video game, for copyright infringement. Nintendo was cleared, with the court noting drolly that Universal's lawsuit had more to do with making money from Donkey Kong than with protecting its King Kong trademark. Universal's case was not helped by the discov-

ery that a representative of the company had remarked that Universal's litigation had been a "profit center."

But money can't be the only reason people sue. In New York County Small Claims Court a man named Albert Eidinger has felt compelled, during the past two years, to file suit at least 85 times against 85 different people, for amounts as low as \$20.65. We would guess that he is not in it for the money alone.

Pride, principles, vengeance and mischief also motivate people in powerful ways. For example, some people who sue for malpractice aren't *really* suing because a physician screwed up. According to Dr. Thomas G. Gutheil of the Harvard Medical School, the reason is usually a combination of "bad outcome accompanied by bad feeling. When you get that critical mass, you get litigation." A psychologist, Gerald Cooke, posits a "just-world concept," wherein paranoid people believe that "the world is a just and fair place, where they should always be treated with 100 percent justice, kindness and consideration." Then, when reality intrudes, in the form of a nasty pothole or a dissembling business partner, it's Writ City.

But come on— isn't litigating sometimes just plain *fun*? Who among us would be immune to the pleasure of seeing a mighty institution, the American legal system, grind to a halt to hear *our* grievances? Whose heart fails to leap at the thought of rich and learned attorneys writing crabbed, dense briefs, and then badgering and haranguing and talking magical double-talk *all on our behalf*? Who isn't proud to live in a time when anyone with a gripe and the cash to cover the filing fee (just \$5.25 in New York County Small Claims Court) can appear before a putatively august judge (someone who perhaps received his job through the intervention of Donald Manes or Alfonse D'Amato) and walk away with justice—or at least with redoubled anger and the motivation to file an appeal? Clearly it's the pure suing—and the seductive *litigant's high* that comes with it—that inspires the heroically contentious.

Thus, our Hall of Fame of the Litigious. Whether their litigiousness is measured by quantity, quality

RENATA ADLER

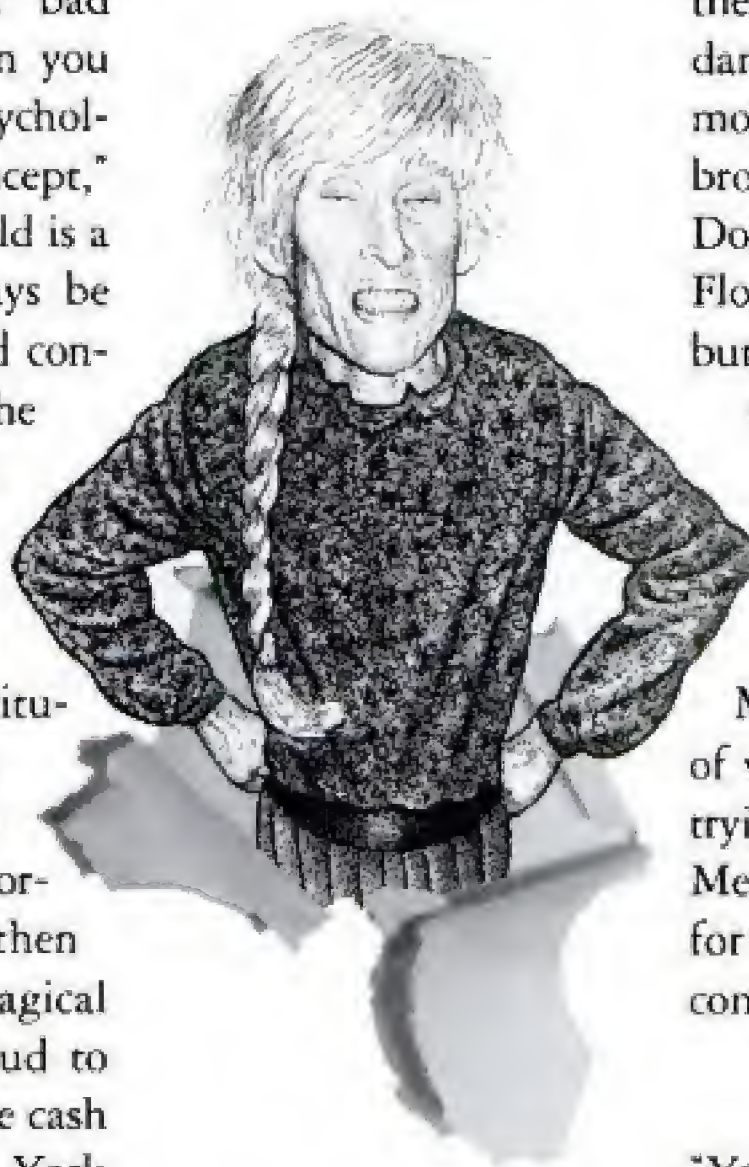
Criticized for poor

attendance in court

while reporting her

libel-trial book

Reckless Disregard,



Adler eventually

logged more courtroom

time as a litigant

threatening to sue, Trump has taken the trouble to learn even more. A sampling:

In 1981 Trump bought a building on Central Park South and ended up suing to evict the tenants, then suing the tenants' law firm. In 1984 he sued *The Chicago Tribune* and its architecture critic, Paul Gapp, for \$500 million because the *Tribune* had published an article critical of Trump's proposal for the world's tallest building (not the proposed Trump-built world's tallest building over the West Side rail yards, but the proposed Trump-built world's tallest building at the southeast corner of Manhattan); the case was dismissed, but Trump got to sound off and waste the *Tribune's* time. The same year, Trump led the USFL's antitrust lawsuit against the NFL. The pseudoleague sought \$1.69 billion in damages and was awarded \$1. "We won a great moral victory," Trump said. In 1984 he sued the brothers Eddie and Julius Trump (no relation to Donald) to stop them from selling real estate in Florida under their—sorry, *his*—name; Trump lost, but another suit is pending, and through a petition

to the United States Patent and Trademark Office

he was able to prevent the non-casino-owning

Trumps—who had been using their name in business for 20 years—from using the Trump name as a trademark. In 1986 he sued Bally

Manufacturing Corporation because the company, of which he had recently acquired 9.9 percent, was trying to prevent his takeover bid. Last year he sued Merv Griffin and a Resorts International shareholder for \$250 million in a struggle for the casino company.

GEORGE SASSOWER

"YOU'RE DOING AN ARTICLE ON LITIGATION? I'm the expert on it," says George Sassower. "You come up here and look at my stuff, you write about it and I promise you a Pulitzer prize." On the off chance that they will start giving Pulitzers to magazines next year, we talked to Sassower, a Westchester man who was a lawyer for nearly 40 years—"commercial stuff," he brushes it off. He has not so much retired as turned into a missionary, hell-bent on exposing corruption within the New York legal system. Certain judges get his special attention, including one

Motor Company for \$5 million, claiming that the design of the Ford she had locked herself in was defective because the trunk had no inside latch.

MARCH 1988: Eileen Collins, a Rockette, and four of her co-workers sue Radio City Music Hall Production Inc., Troika Company Inc. and Trice Talent

or creativity, these people have gone that extra affidavit, and this is their moment of recognition.

DONALD TRUMP

AS A DEVELOPER, DONALD TRUMP IS NATURALLY well educated in litigation, both as plaintiff (*I'll see you in court!*) and as defendant (*So sue me!*). Tutored by his old friend Roy Cohn, a man who understood not only the power of bringing suit but the power of

State Supreme Court judge whom Sassower says he has sued "about 25 times."

"I've been convicted ten times and thrown in jail seven times," he says. "Thrown in jail without a trial. Is that legal? No. But they want to shut me up. 'Shut up, shut up, George,' they tell me. I won't, because *the system is filthy*."

Sassower's enthusiasm got him disbarred in 1987 for filing nearly 200 frivolous lawsuits and defy-

ing court orders. "He was able to serve blizzards of paper that confounded his adversaries," said one awestruck attorney several years ago, making Sassower sound like a comic book character (*Superplaintiff!*).

Not easily daunted, Sassower was arrested last year for practicing law without a license. He had filed petitions on behalf of a Long Island man he had met in jail (the man was there for trying to murder his girlfriend; Sassower, for hysterical filing). And now, says Sassower, an exhausted Nassau County judge has ordered the county sheriff to seize Sassower's computer and hard disk.

You call this a free country?

MORT ZUCKERMAN

"HERE'S A FELLOW WHOM MANY PEOPLE FIND charming, entertaining, a brilliant real estate operator and a great softball pitcher, and for me he comes out as a liar and a cheat." The speaker is Bob Manning, the genteel former editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Manning was involved in Zuckerman's most famous (although by no means highest-stakes) lawsuit, the bitter six-year fight over whether the previous owners of *The Atlantic* had misrepresented the magazine's financial condition when they sold it in 1981 to the developer, who bought it in order to attract sufficient glamorous new friends to charm, entertain, hire and pitch softballs to. When the case finally ended in 1987, both sides claimed victory. Zuckerman, the jury found, did not prove his charge of fraud, but he was awarded \$500,000 because the previous owners had given him inaccurate revenue projections. "He used to boast that he'd never lost a lawsuit," says Manning, who continued to work under Zuckerman for several months but ended up suing him separately for stock owed and a monthly pension (Zuckerman countersued, then withdrew, and Manning collected \$400,000 plus a \$750-per-month pension for life).

Zuckerman has litigation experience apart from the *Atlantic* case. He made more than \$4 million suing his old real estate firm, Cabot, Cabot & Forbes, in Boston. He has also been sued (indirectly) by former employees of *U.S. News & World Report*,

ALDO GUCCI

For years the Gucci family's lawsuits covered the planet. But the flying-tape-recorder incident changed all



that—soon after, the lawsuits became intra-Gucci, and Aldo became a convict

"The money doesn't mean much to him," says Manning, "so it must be something else." As we suspected from a sporting man like Zuckerman: a sheer gusto for litigation.

RENATA ADLER

WHILE WRITING A PRO-PLAINTIFF BOOK ABOUT THE *Westmoreland v. CBS* and *Sharon v. Time Inc.* libel cases in 1985, Renata Adler was herself suing for libel—against Condé Nast Publications Inc. (which, ironically, owns *The New Yorker*, the magazine for which she'd written the articles that became the book) and the *Washington Journalism Review* (Adler sued because the *Review* had published an article saying she had been fired from *Vanity Fair*, and Adler claimed that Condé Nast editor Leo Lerman was the source). She was also involved in litigation with her New York landlord, but this presumably had nothing to do with either the Israeli invasion of Lebanon or the U.S. government's disinformation campaign during the Vietnam War. Adler herself was sued, for \$75 million worth of defamation, by Samuel Adams, a consultant on the CBS documentary about *Westmoreland*. Adams withdrew the suit and soon after died, which is perhaps what it will ultimately take—the deaths of everyone remotely involved—to finally sever the chain of *Westmoreland*-spawned litigation.

THE GUCCIS

A DECADE AGO THE GUCCIS STILL POSSESSED AN OLD-world sense of family and directed their litigation efforts against the non-Gucci universe: by 1980 the expensive-leather-goods merchants had won eight lawsuits around the world against imitators calling themselves Goochey, Goochy and worse. The Guccis sued to prevent Bloomingdale's from selling a Valentine's Day cake called Gucci Gucci Goo (*that* was probably actionable even if your name wasn't Gucci). They sued discount furriers David and Daniel Antonovich, who were for some mysterious reason doing business not as David and Daniel Antonovich but as Emilio Gucci, which was not to be confused—or perhaps it was—with Emilio Pucci, whose floral patterns once covered

Payment Inc. for a total of \$3.5 million, claiming they were dropped from a show called Can-Can because the producer thought they looked too old.

JUNE 1988: Robert Weil, the actor who played the waiter Bobo in Moonstruck, sues the New York Telephone Company for \$25,000 in lost residuals and

who in 1984 filed a lawsuit against then shareholders in an effort to win a share of the \$176 million Zuckerman paid for the magazine. Currently Zuckerman's Boston Properties is involved in a dispute over a proposed office complex just 700 yards from Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts; while no lawsuits had been filed at press time, Zuckerman-watchers are crossing their fingers and rooting for him to rise to the occasion.

Hamptons pillowcases and Hamptons women.

But in recent years a more New World sense of family has prevailed, and the lawsuits—more than 50 of them—have been primarily intra-Gucci. When Paolo Gucci began his own "PG" (as opposed to his family's "GG") line of products, lawsuits erupted from Hong Kong to Switzerland. This led, eventually, to a lively 1982 family board meeting in Florence that ended with Paolo being struck in the

face with something—his father's fist, or his brother's fist, or a tape recorder Paolo had brought along, depending on whom and when you ask. This, in turn, led to a \$13 million lawsuit alleging unprovoked assault. Later still, family patriarch Aldo Gucci was fined and sent to prison courtesy of his son Paolo, who in a lawsuit revealed documents that ultimately led to a tax-evasion conviction against Aldo. Aldo, on a real losing streak, was then ousted as head of the company, courtesy of his cousin Maurizio.

THE HELMSLEYS

THE DELIGHTFUL, ALLEGEDLY TAX-EVADING BILLIONAIRE couple with the collapsible hotel ceiling should by now be comfortable in both the defendant and plaintiff roles.

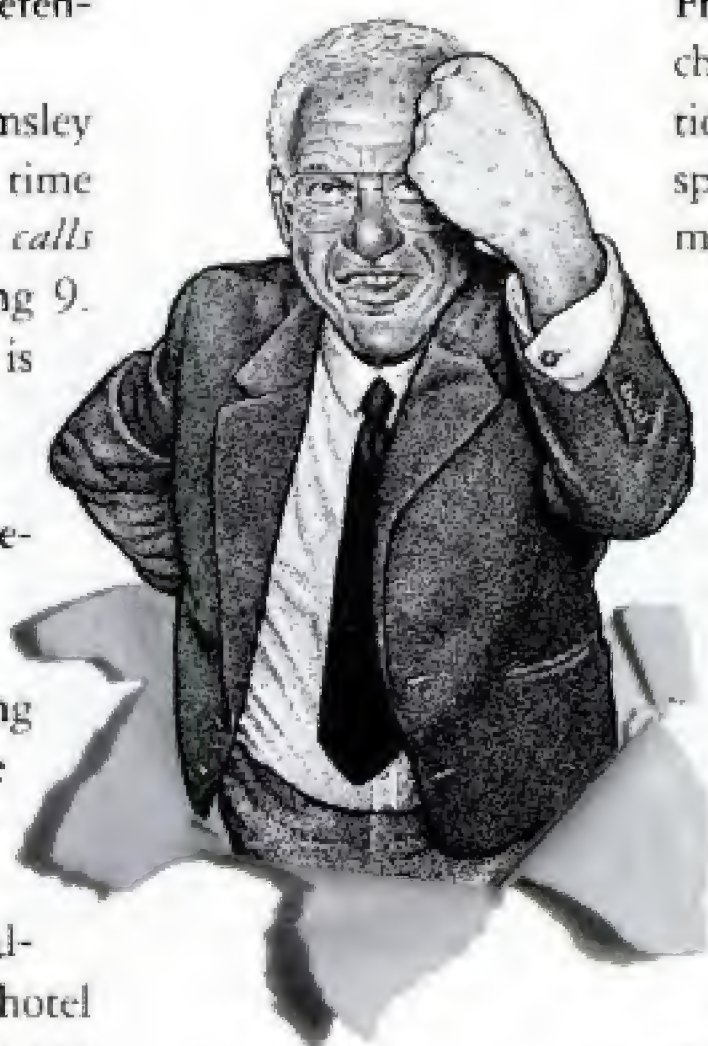
According to *Crain's New York Business*, Helmsley companies were named in 110 lawsuits at a time when underachiever William Zeckendorf, who *calls* himself a developer, was involved in a piddling 9. (Incidentally, this developer-litigant correlation is decried by developer-litigant Mort Zuckerman. In a letter rebutting an article about him in *Barron's*, Zuckerman writes, "The author refers to real estate as a cut-throat business that ignores people relationships. . . . The opposite is true." At long last, a developer willing to go on the record and confirm what we have always suspected: that real estate is *a people business*, a business in which *cutthroats are simply unwelcome*.) Harry was sued by Helmsley Palace investors in 1983 over allegedly inflated hotel costs. The previous year, the death of Leona's son from a previous marriage set off an unattractive series of actions that saw, first, Harry evict his newly widowed stepdaughter-in-law from her home and sue her for the money he had spent to fly his stepson's body to New York for burial (he lost); and, next, Leona sue the daughter-in-law for the \$100,000 that Leona's son had borrowed to buy Helmsley stock (Leona won) and for the return of a ring she'd given the woman as a gift (she lost). In the end, the widow was left with \$2,171, and Leona's four grandchildren with \$432 each.

More recently, Leona was sued by a contractor for

RICHARD SNYDER

*Under his guidance,
Simon & Schuster has
established itself as a
publishing house to be*

reckoned with—



*unfortunately, usually
before a judge and
under oath*

clearly playing with fire.)

But it was the trivial dispute in 1985 between Leona and Cococare Products Inc., a company that supplied the Helmsley hotels with bathroom products, that best captures Leona's petty essence. "Let me very frankly tell you my perception of this whole litigation," said the judge at one point in the endless proceedings, "and that is that it has been totally blown out of proportion, of which this application [filed by the Helmsley lawyer] is a further symptom or indication. *This was a relatively simple commercial dispute with respect to some soap.*"

JOE FRANKLIN

"I'VE BEEN ONE OF YOUR BIGGEST FANS FOR YEARS," Franklin said when we called the talk show host to chat about his own, personal experiences with litigation. "I guess every once in a while somebody with a space to fill in the papers—the newspaper people are my dearest friends, I've had virtually every, *definitely* every important one, *every* one, on my show through the years, starting with Walter Winchell up to Jimmy Breslin and, I mean, anybody, anybody, *everybody*, the *Times*, the *News*, the *Village Voice*, I taped Marvin Kitman yesterday—the TV critic—and these people, I mean, they're my friends, I just want to establish that they're my friends and they're all nice—but *once in a while*, I would say five times since I've been in this business, and I'm now into my 39th year, somebody has written something snide, somebody with maybe nothing newsworthy to write about . . . and they decide to pick on somebody who's nice, somebody like Joe Franklin."

Franklin says in four of those five cases he was vindicated, and that in three of the four vindications he and his opponent became great friends. "Those four out of five victories that I won I really savored greatly. Not for me, but for those who would gain or benefit or be protected from such a decision. . . . I hated to do it, but I had no choice."

Although Franklin won't go into greater detail, at least one of the cases is well known. In a 1984 issue of *Heavy Metal* magazine, a cartoon strip by Drew Friedman (Drew, as it happens, created the illustra-

\$500,000 for emotional distress, claiming his reputation was ruined when, for five days, his phone calls were mistakenly directed to a federal prison.

NOVEMBER 1988: Yvette Paris and Kellie Everts file a \$40 million lawsuit against Morton Downey Jr. and WWOR-TV, claiming that Downey, whose

\$500,000 in unpaid bills and by a carpenter for \$250,000 over lost wages and benefits. Last year she sued her former decorator, and her landscaper sued her. Harry, whose appreciation for litigation measurably deepened after his marriage to Leona in 1972, sued the Helmsley Real Estate Company of Liverpool, New York, in 1982 over use of the Helmsley name. (Come to think of it, that *Liverpool* doesn't sound very original, either; this town is

tions for this article) depicted the talk show host as "the incredible shrinking Joe Franklin" and showed him gradually disappearing behind his desk. In the last panel, the WOR-TV "board" says to Franklin, "Joe, viewers are complaining. I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go." "Really?" says Franklin. "But I have Georgie Jessel lined up for next week." Franklin sued Friedman for \$40 million, alleging that the cartoon "falsely created the impression that

the television audience was complaining about the plaintiff and his show and that WOR-TV was therefore thinking of letting him go." The case was thrown out of court.

Franklin won't talk about the Friedman case, which he charmingly describes as "pending." But he will say that some of Friedman's cartoons about him were "vicious, vicious, vicious—*vicious*."

ANTHONY R. MARTIN-TRIGONA

"A FASCINATING STUDY OF A BRIGHT PERSON GONE wrong," says one lawyer who knows Anthony Martin-Trigona, a 43-year-old law school graduate, born-again Christian and 1988 candidate for president of the United States as a "prolife," pro-contraid Democrat. (Lower that eyebrow. In last spring's Kentucky primary, he received 537 votes; Bruce Babbitt got only 1,290.) Despite the demands of his presidential campaign, and of earlier runs for the Senate (Connecticut, 1979; Illinois, 1977) and mayor (Chicago, 1977), Martin-Trigona has somehow found the time to file hundreds of lawsuits around the country.

During his campaign for president, Martin-Trigona filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission to force the Gannett newspaper chain to let him participate in the Iowa State Fair debate; and requested an injunction blocking the Iowa caucuses, saying they were unconstitutional. Earlier, after the radio station that he owned in Connecticut went out of business, he accused federal bankruptcy judges and others of taking part in a Jewish conspiracy to take over his assets; two years later he sued a U.S. Attorney who had called him anti-Semitic.

Martin-Trigona is not a drone fixated on one particular cause. And so he sues, and sues, and sues some more. "And if he gets any kind of response from the judge that he doesn't like," says another lawyer, "he then sues the judge—who then has to excuse himself." The courts, says Martin-Trigona,

show they had appeared on, derided the two strippers when he called them "bimbos" on the air. Everts claims public humiliation may have ruined her career.

"are far to be preferred to vigilantism." Thus is established one difference between Martin-Trigona and, say, Bernhard Goetz.

In 1984 the U.S. 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals in New York upheld a federal court order barring Martin-Trigona from filing additional federal lawsuits without the court's permission. Calling the more than 250 Martin-Trigona cases "meritless . . . vexatious and frivolous," Judge Ralph K. Winter

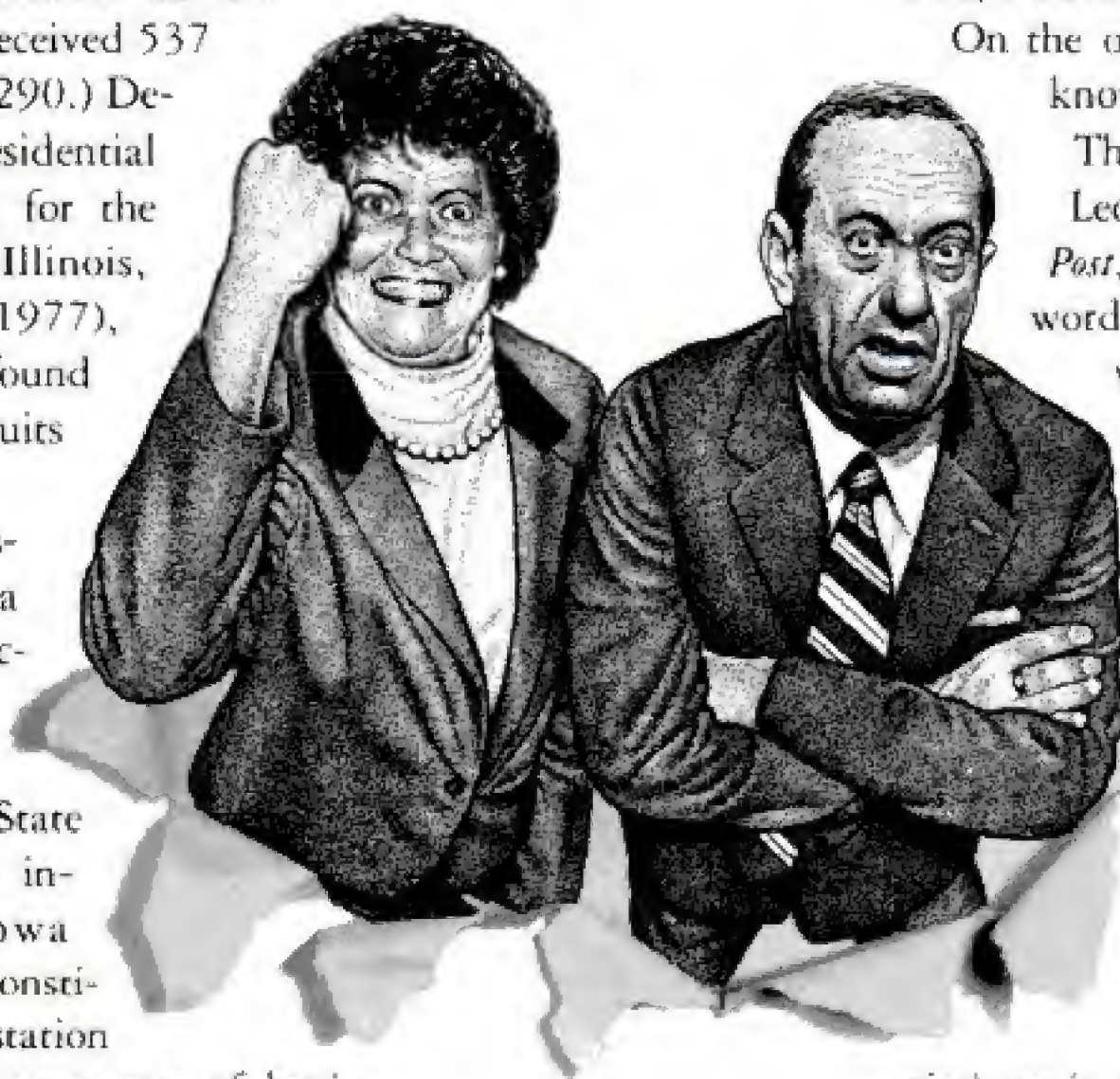
MARIO AND MATILDA CUOMO

He has fallen out

with former partners,

she's battling former

loved ones. Decisions



must be made. With

the help of lawyers.

In court

said, "Martin-Trigona's voluminous filings have . . . impair[ed] the administration of justice."

Although Martin-Trigona has spent time in prison for filing his suits, he says, "I tend to be in favor of the judicial process." And he wouldn't trade his experiences for anything: "God forbid someone should offer me a full partnership at Cravath, Swaine & Moore."

RICHARD SNYDER

ACTUALLY, SIMON & SCHUSTER, THE COMPANY Dick Snyder runs, deserves much of the credit: S&S was party to 31 cases filed in Manhattan's federal court between 1973 and 1988, a period during which Random House, a publisher of comparable size, filed only half as many.

On the other hand, Lyle Stuart, who ought to know, says, "Snyder threatens everybody.

That's his style; he's very bold." And Leonore Fleischer wrote in *The Washington Post*, "Dick Snyder is a man to whose lips the word 'sue' rises early and often." The occasion

was Snyder's assertion that a certain unsuccessful lawsuit filed against S&S "gives full warning to those companies which engage in frivolous lawsuits." Since then, S&S has threat-

ened to sue one author if he didn't make changes in a manuscript S&S was going to publish. That was in 1983. Yet just

four years later, when S&S went to court to challenge the Son of Sam law (which is meant to prevent criminals from profiting by selling their sto-

ries) as it applied to the publisher's best-selling *Wiseguy*, a not entirely consistent Snyder was able to talk about the "chilling effect" the Son of Sam law can have on "the right of free speech and freedom of the press." But Snyder is not above seeking *People's Court*-style justice. Recently he fought on his own behalf: Snyder was in court pursuing damages against a well driller who, he alleges, drilled a faulty well at Linden Farms, his estate in rural Westchester County.

THE PURO BROTHERS

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE BROTHERS PURO STARTED the feather-and-down business that was to become known as Purofied Down Products; a few decades later, Purofied Down Products would become as much a manufacturer of litigation as of pillows, mattresses and parkas. In 1946 Louis and Sam Puro established a trust for their brother Arthur—the "immature and unreliable" Puro brother, as they would later describe him in an affidavit (in the tradition of quiet Beatles, unfunny Marx Brothers and weak-hitting DiMaggios)—and thereby unwittingly paved the way for *Puro v. Puro*; *Matter of*

Arthur Puro; Arthur Puro v. Jacob Puro, et al.; Arthur Puro v. Purofied Down Products Inc., et al.; and many other Puro proceedings involving not only the aforementioned Puro brothers but also Puros named Neil, Michael, Joseph, Gertrude and Mildred, as well as several non-Puros. The 21-year legal battle, lawyers for both Louis and Arthur agree, became one of the most elaborate and contentious in New York State history. They also agree that the lawsuits were not frivolous but involved real legal questions (primarily concerning the trust for Arthur) and millions of dollars.

The beautiful, touching, warmhearted part of this story is that Arthur, who was fired from Purofied and for a time operated a feather-and-down competitor, is now back in the Puro fold and working at Purofied. The web of suits was settled in 1988. Lawson Bernstein, one of several lawyers who had represented Arthur Puro, says of the case, "It was biblical all the way—biblical in its primitive intensity and biblical in its reconciliation."

THE PURO CASE SLUGGED ON HAPPILY FOR 21 YEARS, but there is reason to fear that the general frenzy of litigiousness has peaked. Aspiring litigants are having their hopes dashed with increasing frequency by judges' citation of Rule 11 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure. Rule 11 requires a lawyer's signature swearing that there are good grounds for the suit and that it is not frivolous. Lawyers—and occasionally their clients—are subject to penalties if they run afoul of Rule 11 by filing excessively silly lawsuits. (What is believed to be the highest sanction imposed to date occurred in a case involving the sale of a television station; when the carnage had ended, one attorney lay disbarred, two others suspended, and their client was left with a \$1 million, federal-judge-imposed fine.)

Is this crackdown discouraging legitimate plaintiffs, people like the San Francisco man who sued in 1984 to play softball on a hardball-only field? Not exactly. According to Georgene Vairo, a Fordham University law professor and an expert on Rule 11, many people slapped with the sanctions end up appealing, thereby setting in motion an entirely fresh round of litigation. *Hear, hear.* Because when Union Carbide starts leaking poison gas into our neighborhood, we'll want our attorneys to do more than just draw up a will and advise us not to stand downwind. We'll want lawyers who can petition and file and badger and object on our behalf without fretting about some silly sanction.

After all, lawsuits are a hallmark of a civilized nation—as Anthony Martin-Trigona says, the courts are preferable to vigilantism. Thus, to those patriots who keep the flame of litigiousness burning bright, to the Helmsleys and Renata Adlers and Joe Franklins, we owe a debt of thanks. Plus, in all likelihood, damages. ☛

PLENTY OF BARK, NO BITE

A WHO'S WHO OF PLAINTIFF POSEURS

Litigiousness has become so acceptable—almost chic—that everybody, it seems, longs to become a litigant. Imagine the pleasurable envy in a companion's eye when you excuse yourself after lunch with "Sorry, have to go—I have to be deposed at three." For those who would like to litigate but just don't have the money or the time or the bullheadedness, there is always the threat. It's cheap, easy, and nobody remembers afterward that you were bluffing. Among those who have taken this route:

Rev. Al Sharpton, C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox threatened to file a \$100 million lawsuit against WCBS and WNBC, as well as producer Anna Phillips and reporter Mike Taibbi of Channel 2, following the airing of Taibbi's interviews with Samuel McCleave, the apparently unreliable critic of the Sharpton-Mason-Maddox firm of race, media and Brawley family manipulators. Then Mayor Koch practiced litigiousness on the *very* cheap, not by threatening to sue Sharpton and friends but simply by calling for somebody else to sue them.

Donald Trump, who is usually a man of his word when it comes to instigating lawsuits, threatened to sue *7 Days* after the paper ran an article describing the low resale prices that Trump Tower condo owners were being forced to accept. He later backed down.

Jimmy Carter, Democratic Party albatross, threatened to sue *The Washington Post* in 1980 because its gossip column, *The Ear*, had obtained an illegally re-

corded tape of Mrs. Reagan suggesting that the Carters move out of the White House early. After the paper ran a front-page apology for the item disclaiming its accuracy, Carter backed down.

Henry Kissinger, social-climbing war criminal, threatened to sue CBS eight years ago if it went ahead with its plans to broadcast a 60 *Minutes* segment that he described as a "hatchet job" about his relationship with the deposed shah of Iran. CBS ran it anyway. Kissinger backed down.

Anne M. Burford, pudgy, high-strung disgraced former head of Reagan's Environmental Protection Agency, threatened in 1985 to sue Justice Department attorneys (who had counseled her to withhold toxic-waste files from Congress) for malpractice if she was forced to pay the \$211,000 legal bill she incurred fighting a contempt-of-Congress charge. She threatened the Justice Department that if it did not foot her legal bill, there would be a "big, bloody lawsuit." The

Justice Department paid most of her bill, and she backed down.

Rev. Jesse Jackson, potentially the Harold Stassen of his generation, last summer threatened to sue MPI Home Video, which was marketing a \$14.95 videotape of his speech to the Democratic National Convention. He backed down. In 1987 Jackson threatened to sue Al Campanis, the dishonorably discharged general manager of the Dodgers, after Campanis made racist remarks on *Nightline* regarding blacks' managerial potential. Jackson backed down.

Businessman **Marion Harris** threatened to sue Jesse Jackson in 1988 after Jackson failed to repay the \$25,000 loan that had financed the 1984 trip to Syria during which Jackson won the release of U.S. pilot Robert Goodman. "I'm mad as hell. If I give you a loan of five cents, I expect to be paid back. I'm a businessman," Harris said. "I'd take my sister to court [if she owed me money]." Or threaten to, anyway.

—Eddie Stern



Untitled (1989), not a painting by JULIAN SCHNABEL

Parents routinely make grandiose claims for the artistic abilities of

their progeny—and have been for quite some time now. Perhaps it began in 1874, at the first Impressionist Exhibition. Perhaps a conservative Parisian shopkeeper paused in front of a Sisley landscape and exclaimed,

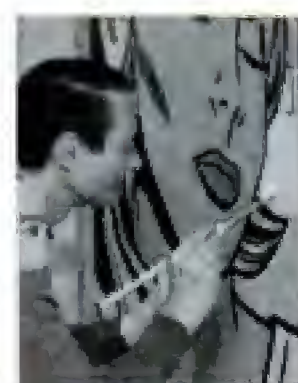
"Zut alors! Les enfants peuvent le faire." Maybe it began in 1913 at the leg- Show, when Americans were first exposed to the works of Picasso, Matisse. Maybe a mechanical-corset magnate turned in disgust from *Nude Descend-* and spat, "Nine-to-one says young Willie could paint rings around that do know this: during the unveiling of the Sistine Chapel ceiling at the

no one said, *"Istud facere possit meus puerculus"* (and not only because those in attendance had taken vows of celibacy). And we're pretty positive that by the time Ad Reinhardt was exhibiting his entirely black paint- ings in the late 1950s, already a full decade after Jackson Pollock's spattered canvases had come to epitomize nutty modern art, the observation that the paintings could have been the work of children—more specifically, the

hyperbole. for instance, We've gotten




really quite engaging. And yet, were they truly capable of reproducing the greatest artistic achievements of our day? Could the very same people we've seen get gooey over Hello Kitty coin purses match the likes of Schnabel, Warhol, Kiefer, Poons and Koons brush- for concept, basketball-filled aquarium for basketball- rhetorical our questions may seem, they were in to put the adage to the ultimate test. And we found



endary Armory and Duchamp. *ing a Staircase* Frenchy." We Vatican in 1512,

observer's children—was something of a cliché. And no longer intended as While most cultural clichés are not empirical (we challenge anyone to *prove*, that Bon Jovi actually "sucks"), we began wondering about this one. to know a few children recently; much to our surprise, they're



stroke for brushstroke, concept filled aquarium?  However earnest. We were determined out that yes, indeed . . .

my kid could do that



THE POWER, the audacity, the unabashed I'm-gonna-blow-the-art-world-away *cojones* that are . . . Jeb S. The young painter sets to work on a new canvas. Plates crack, paint spatters, saucers fly — Jeb S. is possessed by a creative frenzy, the ghosts of Pollock and Picasso and maybe even the Lascaux cave painters egging him on. And then, the calm after the storm. Jeb S. is finished. The result: nervy neo-neoexpressionist genius that unashamedly elbows its way into the pantheon. Jeb S. wipes his brow. In response to praise he is cool, nonchalant. Then, once again unable to contain the life force pulsing within, he lets loose a conqueror's cry. "Okay!" he shouts. "I'm done! *Where's my million dollars?*"



Julian Schnabel, *The Sea* (1981)



FOR NEO—action painter Julia T., the immediacy of gesture is everything. "When I pour it, I paint it," she says, looking up from a fresh canvas as large quantities of tempera spill and slide and dribble across its surface. Fortunately, a yellow slicker mediates between Artist and Statement.



Jim Dine,
The Heart
(1970)



SAM K. is an admirer of neoformalist Larry Poons — an influence that is clearly discernible in Sam K.'s

paintings. But this emerging artist isn't slavishly devoted to his aesthetic forebears. "This one has too much orange,"

he complains about a recent Poons — an excess that in his own work Sam K. readily and happily corrects.

Larry Poons,
Bear Marys
Painting
(1975)





UNLIKE MOST of his generational artistic peers, Max R. is as comfortable with words as he is with line and space. Notions—some bold, some cryptic, *all* provocative—spill out with dizzying speed. Listen to Max R. “riff” on a work in progress (pictured at left): “It’s sort of like space, and I

like space—these are like the stars and these are like aliens and ice and ghosts. And guess what? For my next Chanukah I might get the Ghostbusters trap. Ghosts come with it. Like Slimer. Once he went through this window and got Peter’s back all covered with, like, *green slime*.”

Anselm Kiefer,
Your Golden Hair,
Margarete—
Midsummer
Night (1981)



MIKE AND SCOTT S.—the S. twins—are focusing intently on the work before them. Their solemn, handsome faces—the marketable faces of nascent art stars—betray no emotion. Without looking up, they answer questions in short staccato sentences, as attuned to each

other’s rhythms as they are to the rhythms of the photographs they so incisively deconstruct. Mike: “You just cut them up.” Scott: “And tape them together.” Mike: “It’s sort of fun.” Scott: “Yeah.” Mike: “It’s easy.” Scott: “It’s weird.” Mike: “It’s too easy.”



Starr Twins, Place St. Michel (1985-87)



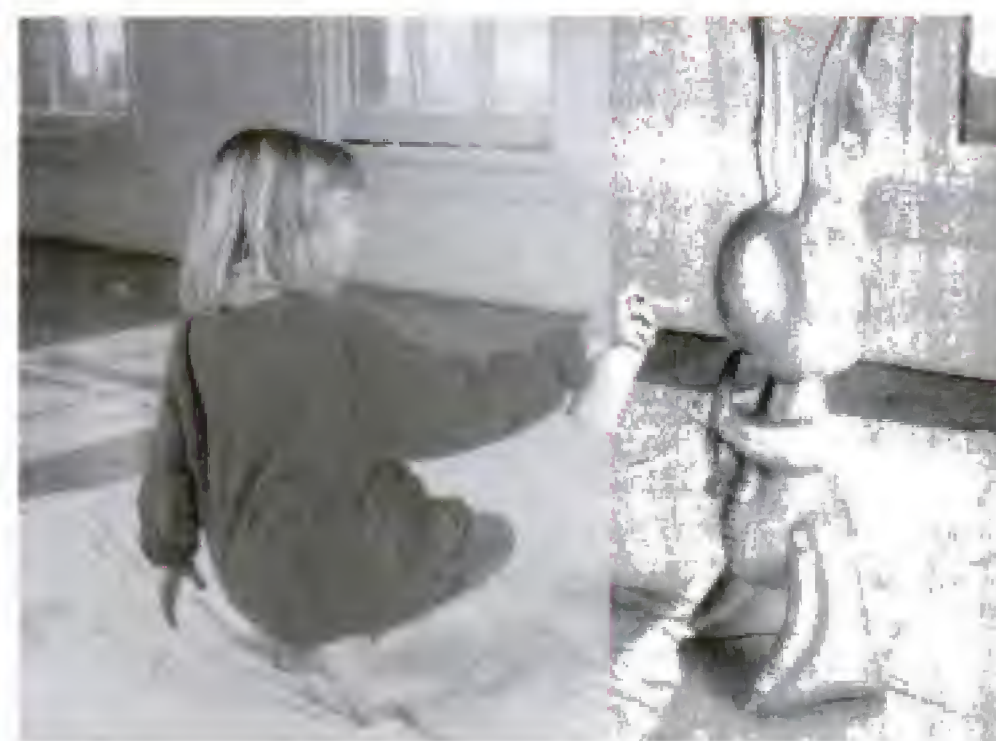
LIKE MANY ARTISTS, partners Ian C. and Alistair K. appear to find creativity a burden as well as a blessing. Confronting a blank canvas, they seem more disheartened than inspired, gripped by existential panic:

"You mean we have to paint the *whole* thing?" Later, contemplating the finished work, Ian C. is plagued with self-doubt. "I don't think anybody's going to buy our painting," he sighs. His partner, more versed in

the ways of the art world and postindustrial capitalism, snaps back, "How do you know? Maybe some crazy rich person will come along." An ever-more-worldly Ian C. contemplates that.



Mark Rothko, *Untitled* (circa 1955)



"EVERYTHING IS ART," explains conceptual sculptress Maisie T. as she works on her latest piece, a complex mixed-media *objet* combining spray paint and inflatable rabbit. She pauses, contemplating, can in hand. Inspiration strikes: "I've got to spray his butt." An observer wonders aloud, *Is the rabbit meant as a comment on the avant-garde's current taste for kitsch, or is it a critique of*

bourgeois reverence for High Art? "It doesn't really look like it means anything," she replies. An oblique answer. But then the observer gets it: *it doesn't mean anything. Exactly!*



Jeff Koons, *Rabbit* (1986)



Jeff Koons, *Two Ball 50/50 Tank* (1985)



MAX C., not yet three, realizes that self-promotion is nothing for an artist to be ashamed of. "Max" is his parrying response to a question about aesthetic intent. "M...A...X..." he continues. "Max."



Cy Twombly, *Untitled* (1964)



COLOR AND BRUSHWORK and shape—how else to describe the deceptively simple art of Jonathan F.? "I guess so," the shy neo-abstract expressionist replies when asked if he harbors a fondness for the work of Robert Motherwell, a

seeming influence. And what is the significance of the hovering, runelike figure in his latest work? Jonathan F. evinces a tyro's studied nonchalance. "I picked it because it looked easy" is all he will admit.



Robert Motherwell, *In Beige With Charcoal* (1973)



ACCORDING to postpop conceptualist George R., there's little room for interpretation in his fusions of text and canvas. Indeed, George R. is disdainful of those who would suggest any ambiguity in his work: "Dub, can't you read?"



Edward Ruscha, *DOING* (1973)



HAVING come of age in a booming, increasingly mercenary art world, neopop painter Ben T. displays a disarming frankness when discussing

the marketplace. "Seven million dollars for a painting like that," he says offhandedly, pointing to a just-finished work (which, astonishingly, took

less than half an hour to complete). Then he corrects himself: "No, wait. . . . Twenty million. No. Twenty *billion*. Twenty *hundred billion*."



Jasper Johns, *Flag* (1954-55)



ELIZABETH K.'s unabashed minimalism confronts the issue of decorative banality head-on. "It's nice to look at," she says politely—the *And what of it?* only implicit.



Peter Halley, *Yellow Prison with Orange Background* (1986)

SAYS AN UNHAPPY Ash C. of a work in progress: "It's not good enough." Apparently Ash C. has never been a Warhol protégé, nor even

spent an afternoon strolling down Spring Street. "It's not good enough," he repeats. But he will likely learn otherwise. Indeed, 15

minutes later Ash C. is glowing. "They're brothers," he says, explaining the highly personal symbolic content of his painting. "I like it."



Jean-Michel Basquiat, *Man Struck By Lightning-2 Witnesses* (1982)



ELIZABETH K.'s bold works betray their origins in the graffiti art movement of the early 1980s. "I used to put lipstick on my mommy's wallpaper," the artist recounts. But after her movement "got in trouble," as she puts it, Elizabeth K. refined her style, incorporating cartoon figures reminiscent of Keith

Haring's. Determinedly down-to-earth, she makes a game pretense that the choice was more practical than aesthetic: "It's too hard to draw Smurfs."



Keith Haring, *Untitled* (1984)



A QUINTESSENTIAL eighties painter, Martina T. makes no bones about her aesthetic motivations. "I like money," she says—adding, with Warholian obviousness, "I like money because then you can buy things." For Martina T., as for Warhol, the lines are frequently blurred between art, commerce and even the artist herself. "Once I

pretended to be a dollar," she says playfully, inscrutably, meaningfully. "The only time I'm not being a dollar is when I'm asleep in bed."



Andy Warhol, *S* (1982)



my kid could sell that!

SPY PUTS ON AN ART SHOW

Why stop at forcing little children to reproduce the works of modern masters? we thought. Why not field-test the concept? So we found a gallery space, mounted and hung the artwork, enlisted actors Maura Moynihan and Adam Green to assume the roles of gallery owners, uncorked some old white wine and papered SoHo with handbills inviting the unsuspecting, broad-minded general public to an "opening." We heralded the show as the debut of a new generation of young painters—the "New Neo-Neos"—who would soon dominate the art world. We gave the paintings cryptic, contemporary, not-at-all-improbable titles such as *Yahweh Series, #37*; *Colorfield with Rectilinear Participants* and *Jane, His Wife*. We wrote a pretentious, obscure manifesto that read, in part,

Neo-neo: that which will be of the avant garde, was of the avant garde, and is/will be of the avant garde. A re-rebirth of an avant garde that is paradoxically constant. (The Zūni peoples of the Southwest have another name for it: topo-lan.)



And in order to make things interesting, we arbitrarily priced the artwork and then just as arbitrarily offered the public an enticing \$100 off the already more-than-fair prices (all proceeds to be donated, we promised ourselves, to the Neo-

Neos' college funds). For the three hours of its existence, our gallery had an ambience precisely like that found in the real thing: hushed, respectful, slightly baffled. In fairness, we didn't go so far as to tell our 50 or so visitors that the paintings they were looking at were by adults—that *would have been wrong*. We just never bothered to mention that these were the works of three- and seven- and ten-year-olds, thereby allowing the public to form its opinions unfettered by prejudice against the very young.

Alas, the Neo-Neos were largely a late-1980s *succès d'estime*. Sales were disappointing—in truth, nonexistent. And so the Neo-Neos' moment passed. But not without vast documentation. (*All quotes here guaranteed overheard, though not necessarily uttered by the gallerygoers pictured.*)

"I'm thinking about that for the white brick wall in the Albany house."

"This show really represents the epistemology of dissonance."

"This is so ordered, but I think the artist is expressing his contradictions."



"It's called *The Deconstructor Deconstructed*. It's obviously about deconstruction."

"I consider myself a neo-expressionist, so I was very curious to see what the neo-neoexpressionists were up to."



"This one reminds me of finger-painting. But I do like the colors."



"This show is beautiful. It's wonderful. I love the fact that they've been selective."



"It's nice. It's arty—not like that high-tech stuff you see now."

"I see the cracks as representing a loss of faith."



"I see the cracks as representing a loss of faith." It should be called *Stetson's K&A's Rich*.

It's a dollar sign. I can see how the dollar causes trouble in South America. The bright colors really make it emotional.



Very effective.

I'll tell you why I'm interested in this show: sometimes, if you spot a trend and *buy early*, your art dollar can go a long way."

"Very powerful."



"I don't get it."

It's a reference to a TV show.

"I *know*, but I don't *get* it."

"I've seen stuff like this before. . . . *Hockey* did stuff like this."

"A lot of this work really reminds me of the work of creative and talented children — and that's a compliment for any artist."



"It reminds me of a Yemenite city."



"I don't like it. But now that I've taken an art-appreciation course, I feel a lot more comfortable *saying* I don't like it."

"Very exciting."



"The painters have a quality of family resemblance."



"A very strong statement. I knew right away it was about South America."

"I think it's supposed to be a marriage, but it represents fire and energy." **D**

FUNNY

BUSINESS

It may take seconds and seconds of searching, but certain reviewers always manage to track down le mot juste

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

My friend Pendlebury is capable of an embarrassing absentmindedness. He has been known to wander away from shops and art galleries, distractedly clutching unpaid-for oil paintings. He says "Edgar" when what he really means is "Roger." He forgets things.



It seems that the genuinely funny William E. Geist is lately asking his fans to affect a forgetfulness of Pendleburian proportions. There is little resemblance between the witty, restrained Geist of the old About New York columns in *The New York Times* and the frantic, labored Geist who has recently turned up in *New York* magazine's new "humor page."

The problem, I'm convinced, is the dispiriting "humor" tag itself. And *New York* has further stacked the deck by calling its column Fun City; the burden, it seems, is too much even for Geist. His first effort was peppered with desperate-looking exclamation points. His second was especially worrisome because Geist had chosen a topic—the selling of Girl Scout cookies—that he had previously covered in his funny, *non-humor*-column About New York days. Shall we compare and contrast?

Not so fast, buddy. Morris Levine was trying to brush off the little girl selling Girl Scout cookies with the line about his wife having already bought some—the oldest one in the book.

"What apartment are you in, Sir?" she asked sweetly. "Eighteen-U," he said. On the spot, the girl's aunt rifled through her records, ran her finger down a page and discovered that the man was mistaken. They let him go this time.

These were Geist's opening sentences in

the *Times* on March 6, 1985. The column, on real-life supersalesgirl Markita Andrews, ended this way:

By the way, Mr. Levine. You should know that Markita hit your wife yesterday for one box of shortbreads, a box of thin mints and a box of Samoas. She has your money.

Great stuff. Now here is Geist's *humor-column* version of the same episode, from the March 6, 1989, issue of *New York*:

When one guy mumbled something about his wife having already bought some, she got his apartment number, called his wife (part of the telemarketing phase of her sales offensive), and—just as she suspected—the woman hadn't bought any stinking cookies!

So: which is humor, and which is just funny?

Nice Bernard Holland. Nice Bernard Holland. This sentiment does not reflect nepotism, for as far as I know *The New York Times*'s classical-music critic is no relation of mine. Not that I wouldn't be proud to call Holland family; his way with words is precise, his search for *le mot juste* exhaustive.

Writing on a performance by the Col-



legiate Chorale, Holland mentions that three soloists "all sang fairly well" and that the orchestra and chorus "also did fairly well." Reviewing *La Traviata*, he finds the production determined to make "the nicest noises possible." Holland allows that at a performance of the New York Chamber Symphony it was "nice to hear" some Hindemith; a paragraph later he remarks that the symphony's conductor has "a nice way of finding tempos." Pianist Alan Chow has "a nice sense of calm," and soprano Heui Young Chun's voice has "a nice, fine edge." After hazarding that individual players in the American Symphony are "not without talent," he writes, "It was very nice, then, to hear its musicians playing with a finer, more focused sound. . . ." By the way, Bernard, what did you think of the way that violinist slowed the tempo? "It was a device used here to nice effect."

What are we to make of Holland's writing? I would admit that, niceties aside, he has "a sense of adventure and an energy bordering sometimes on the impetuous"—the very words he used a while back to describe a musician. And these, as Holland went on to say, are "nice qualities."

J. Hoberman, on the other hand, deserves to be counted forever among those reviewers who know how to use really hard words. He displayed in one short, dazzling paragraph in *Premiere* the kind of muscular writing Bernard Holland would probably describe as . . . well, probably as "nice." Here is Hoberman on the film directors Mike Leigh and Terence Davies:

Davies is another exponent of prole anecdotalism and ambivalent celebrant of Brit family ties. . . . There's a considerable difference between Leigh's bravura naturalism and Davies's precise, dank vision. . . . [Davies's] look is the epitome of intensely focused, obsessive hyper-realism.

Now, let me get this straight. Leigh's is a bravura anecdotalism, whereas . . . no, wait. Maybe a simple quiz will help sort this mess out:

(1) Combine the directors on the left with the adjectives in the middle and the nouns on the right to create three impressive phrases to drop into a single paragraph in your next piece on the British cinema.

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-----------------|
| a. Leigh's | a. obsessive | a. anecdotalism |
| b. Davies's | b. prole | b. naturalism |
| | c. bravura | c. hyperrealism |

Easy!

The Broadway revival of *Born Yesterday* may have received some tepid reviews, but Clive Barnes of the *New York Post* was won over. Barnes found it "a delicious comedy of manners" and "utterly, utterly charming." Toward the end of his review he writes, "I myself recall Yolande Donlan being utterly delicious in the work's London premiere in 1947." But what about the current stars, Ed Asner and Madeline Kahn? "They are delicious," he writes. This is why Barnes is at the *Post*.

I hope no one missed T. D. Allman's thrilling account of his two-day encounter with Yasser Arafat, published in *Vanity Fair*, the magazine of exclamatory prose. Allman must have learned how to create and maintain tension from a true master—Franklin W. Dixon, say. What follows is a condensed, high-speed, edited (probably for the first time) version of the story. Several thousand words are missing, none of them vital.

"Four and a half minutes gone!" exclaimed the same voice.

"I like to dress the Arafat way!" he exclaimed.

"Peace!" exclaimed Arafat.

"Do you want me to striptease?" Arafat exclaimed.

"Fès!" I exclaimed.

"Nouakchott!" I exclaim.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" they exclaim.

"It is a nation of poets!" Arafat exclaims.

"This might be the secret entrance!" Joe exclaimed.

All right, the last line is from the Hardy Boys adventure *The House on the Cliff*. But the others are from Allman's piece. Out of context? Let's look more closely. I'm especially concerned about Allman's curious outbursts—"Fès!" and "Nouakchott!"—to which Arafat, who reportedly has a sense of humor, admirably refrained from replying, "Gesundheit." Here is the first Allman exclamation, in context:

"Fès!" I exclaimed. "Mr. Chairman, I've always dreamed of going there. They say the Old City is fascinating." In a very few hours, I would be sorry I'd told him that.

Ominous. And why would Allman soon be sorry? The answer comes a page later, and it's too, too horrible: *Arafat—the villain—has cruelly arranged for Allman to take an early-morning tour of the Old City, thereby*

making it mathematically impossible for the writer to get more than four hours' sleep!

Can anyone seriously believe that the PLO can be trusted?

Fortunately, Allman regains his composure. He not only survives the sight-seeing but feels well enough to pick up a little Moroccan tchotchke. This he will present to Arafat, and when the Palestinian leader reciprocates with a keepsake later on—presto!—Allman has a Buddy Movie-style ending for his article. But not before his narrative skills have brought us to the edge of our seats one more time:

"Nouakchott!" I exclaim, and stop right there and then. The truth is, I have always dreamed of visiting Mauritania. . . . But I'll be damned if I'll let the chairman know that—not after my 6:45 A.M. wake-up call and three-and-a-half-hour walking tour through the Old City of Fès.

T. D. Allman, burned once before by forced-shopping expeditions through North African cities, has outfoxed the wily PLO chieftain this time. By holding his tongue—the only sensible thing to do when you realize you have just said "Nouakchott!"—he escapes being dragged through the streets and shops of a second North African city, spending his hard-earned ouguiya right and left on Mauritanian knickknacks haggled over on very little sleep.

And finally, here is Taki writing about Christina Onassis for *Fame*: "Both [Christina and her brother] had New York accents, which at times bordered on the Bronx."

And here is his pal Anthony Haden-Guest writing the same month about Christina Onassis for *Vanity Fair*: "She didn't say which Christina, but he recognized her accent, which despite her expensive British schooling was like that of a taxi driver from Queens."

Worse: the "he" in Haden-Guest's story is Taki. Come on, fellows—four trained ears between you and you can't agree on which outer-borough accent to ascribe to the late heiress. And I'd be fascinated to know precisely which nuances in Onassis's speech convinced these legendary phoneticians to rule out Staten Island and Brooklyn. Or as T. D. Allman would say, Staten Island and Brooklyn! ☹

(Answers to Hoberman quiz: a-c-b, b-b-a and b-a-c)

NO WONDER THEY CALL ME A BITCH

How does dog food taste?

*There's only one way to find out,
and it doesn't involve a talking dog*

BY ANN HODGMAN

I've always wondered about dog food. Is a Gaines-burger really like a hamburger? Can you fry it? Does dog food "cheese" taste like real cheese? Does Gravy Train actually make gravy in the dog's bowl, or is that brown liquid just dissolved crumbs? And exactly what *are* by-products?

Having spent the better part of a week eating dog food, I'm sorry to say that I now know the answers to these questions. While my dachshund, Shortie, watched in agonies of yearning, I gagged my way through can after can of stinky, white-flecked mush and bag after bag of stinky, fat-drenched nuggets. And now I understand exactly why Shortie's breath is so bad.

Of course, Gaines-burgers are neither mush nor nuggets. They are, rather, a miracle of beauty and packaging—or at least that's what I thought when I was little. I used to beg my mother to get them for our dogs, but she always said they were too expensive. When I finally bought a box of cheese-flavored Gaines-burgers—after 20 years of longing—I felt deliciously wicked.

"Dogs love real beef," the back of the box proclaimed proudly. "That's why Gaines-burgers is the only beef burger for dogs with real beef and no meat by-products!" The copy was accurate: meat by-products did not appear in the list of ingredients. Poultry by-products did, though—right there next to preserved animal fat.

One Purina spokesman told me that poultry by-products consist of necks, intestines, undeveloped eggs and other "carcass remnants," but not feathers, heads or feet. When I told him I'd been eating dog food, he said, "Oh, you're kidding! Oh, *no!*" (I came to share his alarm when, weeks later, a second Purina spokesman said that Gaines-burgers *do* contain poultry heads and feet—but *not* undeveloped eggs.)

Up close my Gaines-burger didn't much resemble chopped beef. Rather, it looked—and felt—like a single long, extruded piece of redness that had been chopped into segments and formed into a patty. You could make one at home if you had a Play-Doh Fun Factory.

I turned on the skillet. While I waited for it to heat up I pulled out a shred of cheese-colored material and palpated it. Again, like Play-Doh, it was quite malleable. I made a little cheese bird out of it; then I counted to three and ate the bird.

There was a horrifying rush of cheddar taste, followed immediately by the dull tang of soybean flour—the main ingredient in Gaines-burgers. Next I tried a piece of red extrusion. The main difference between the meat-flavored and cheese-flavored ex-



trusions is one of texture. The "cheese" chews like fresh Play-Doh, whereas the "meat" chews like Play-Doh that's been sitting out on a rug for a couple of hours.

Frying only turned the Gaines-burger black. There was no melting, no sizzling, no warm meat smells. A cherished childhood illusion was gone. I flipped the patty into the sink, where it immediately began leaking rivulets of red dye.

As alarming as the Gaines-burgers were,

their soy meal began to seem like an old friend when the time came to try some *canned* dog foods. I decided to try the Cycle foods first. When I opened them, I thought about how rarely I use can openers these days, and I was suddenly visited by a long-forgotten sensation of can-opener distaste. *This* is the kind of unsavory place can openers spend their time when you're not watching! Every time you open a can of, say, Italian plum tomatoes, you infect them with invisible particles of by-product.

I had been expecting to see the usual homogeneous scrapple inside, but each can of Cycle was packed with smooth, round, oily nuggets. As if someone at Gaines had been tipped off that a human would be tasting the stuff, the four Cycles really were different from one another. Cycle-1, for puppies, is wet and soyish. Cycle-2, for adults, glistens nastily with fat, but it's passably edible—a lot like some canned Swedish meatballs I once got in a care package at college. Cycle-3, the "lite" one, for fatties, had no specific flavor; it just tasted like dog food. But at least it didn't make me fat.

Cycle-4, for senior dogs, had the smallest nuggets. Maybe old dogs can't open their mouths as wide. This kind was far sweeter than the other three Cycles—almost like baked beans. It was also the only one to contain "dried beef digest," a mysterious substance that the Purina spokesman defined as "enzymes" and my dictionary defined as "the products of digestion."

Next on the menu was a can of Kal-Kan Pedigree with Chunky Chicken. Chunky *chicken*? There were chunks in the can, certainly—big, purplish-brown chunks. I forked one chunk out (by now I was becoming more callous) and found that while it had no discernible chicken flavor, it wasn't bad except for its texture—like meat loaf with ground-up chicken bones.

In the world of canned dog food, a smooth consistency is a sign of low quality—lots of cereal. A lumpy, frightening, bloody, stringy horror is a sign of high quality—lots of meat. Nowhere in the world of wet dog foods was this demonstrated better than in the fanciest I tried—Kal Kan's Pedigree Select Dinners. These came not in a can but in a tiny foil packet with a picture of an imperious Yorkie. When I pulled open the container, juice spurted all over my hand, and the first chunk I speared was trailing a long gray

vein. I shrieked and went instead for a plain chunk, which I was able to swallow only after taking a break to read some suddenly fascinating office equipment catalogs. Once again, though, it tasted no more alarming than, say, canned hash.

Still, how pleasant it was to turn to *dry* dog food! Gravy Train was the first I tried, and I'm happy to report that it really does make a "thick, rich, real beef gravy" when you mix it with water. Thick and rich, anyway. Except for a lingering rancid-fat flavor, the gravy wasn't beefy, but since it tasted primarily like tap water, it wasn't nauseating either.

My poor dachshund just gets plain old Purina Dog Chow, but Purina also makes a dry food called Butcher's Blend that comes in Beef, Bacon & Chicken flavor. Here we see dog food's arcane semiotics at its best: a red triangle with a *T* stamped into it is supposed to suggest beef; a tan curl, chicken; and a brown *S*, a piece of bacon. Only dogs understand these messages. But Butcher's Blend does have an endearing slogan: "Great Meaty Tastes—without bothering the Butcher!" *You know, I wanted to buy some meat, but I just couldn't bring myself to bother the butcher. . . .*

Purina O.N.E. ("Optimum Nutritional Effectiveness") is targeted at people who are unlikely ever to worry about bothering a tradesperson. "We chose chicken as a primary ingredient in Purina O.N.E. for several reasonings," the long, long essay on the back of the bag announces. Chief among these reasonings, I'd guess, is the fact that chicken appeals to people who are—you know—*like us*. Although our dogs do nothing but spend 18-hour days alone in the apartment, we still want them to be *premium* dogs. We want them to cut down on red meat, too. We also want dog food that comes in a bag with an attractive design, a subtle typeface and no kitschy pictures of slobbering golden retrievers.

Besides that, we want a list of the Nutritional Benefits of our dog food—and we get it on O.N.E. One thing I especially like about this list is its constant references to a dog's "hair coat," as in "Beef tallow is good for the dog's skin and hair coat." (On the other hand, beef tallow merely provides palatability, while the dried beef digest in Cycle provides palatability *enhancement*.)

I hate to say it, but O.N.E. was pretty palatable. Maybe that's because it has about 100 percent more fat than, say, Butcher's Blend. Or maybe I'd been

Amaretto di Armitage

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duped by the packaging; that's been known to happen before.

As with people food, dog snacks taste much better than dog meals. They're better-looking too. Take Milk-Bone Flavor Snacks. The loving-hands-at-home prose describing each flavor is colorful; the writers practically choke on their own exuberance. Of bacon they say, "It's so good, your dog will think it's hot off the frying pan." Of liver: "The only taste your dog wants more than liver—is even more liver!" Of poultry: "All those farm fresh flavors deliciously mixed in one biscuit. Your dog will bark with delight!" And of vegetable: "Gardens of taste! Specially blended to give your dog that vegetable flavor he wants—but can rarely get!"

Well, I may be a sucker, but advertising *this* emphatic just doesn't convince me. I lined up all seven flavors of Milk-Bone Flavor Snacks on the floor. Unless my dog's palate is a lot more sensitive than mine—and considering that she steals dirty diapers out of the trash and eats them, I'm loath to think it is—she doesn't detect any more difference in the seven flavors than I did when I tried them.

I much preferred Bonz, the hard-baked,

bone-shaped snack stuffed with simulated marrow. I liked the bone part, that is; it tasted almost exactly like the cornmeal it was made of. The mock-marrow inside was a bit more problematic: in addition to looking like the sludge that collects in the treads of my running shoes, it was bursting with tiny hairs.

I'm sure you have a few dog food questions of your own. To save us time, I've answered them in advance.

Q. Are those little cans of Mighty Dog actually branded with the sizzling word BEEF, the way they show in the commercials?

A. You should know by now that that kind of thing never happens.

Q. Does chicken-flavored dog food taste like chicken-flavored cat food?

A. To my surprise, chicken cat food was actually a little better—more chickeny. It tasted like inferior canned pâté.

Q. Was there any dog food that you just couldn't bring yourself to try?

A. Alas, it was a can of Mighty Dog called Prime Entree with Bone Marrow. The meat was dark, dark brown, and it was surrounded by gelatin that was almost black. I knew I would die if I tasted it, so I put it outside for the raccoons. ☹

SHUTTER

BUGS

*Believe it or not, there's more
to being a topflight fashion
photographer than just taking
pictures, exposing your genitals
and driving models crazy*

BY JO STOCKTON

When everyone around you is in your slavish employ (stylists, assistants, models), what fashion photographer could doubt that he or she is wittier, more stylish, more brilliant and just plain artsier than any mere mortal? It is a specialized craft, fashion photography — taking snapshots of people who are slimmer, younger and better-looking than the rest of us, in clothes most of us can't fit into and in situations we have never contemplated. Few are called, but many believe they are chosen.

The former Guess? jeans photographer (and former Baltimore dental student) Wayne Maser, who was fired from the ubiquitous Guess? campaign in December 1987 for "creative differences" that included a propensity for turning in unusable pictures and harassing models, is evidently just such an artiste. It was solely for the sake of art, for instance, that he found it necessary to remark loudly in front of a roomful of prospective models, *Can't you find anyone besides these dogs?* It was the kind of comment that set the mood, got the girls geared up, put everything into a kind of Maser perspective. It is a perspective the photographer sharpened by barking artistic directives such as *Spread your legs!* at the noncanine applicants he ended up using for the shoot.

By Maser's own analysis, he has a style,

a look — one might even say a *vision* — that has strongly influenced others in his field. He finds that his chief "imitators" just happen to be his two most successful competitors: celebrity photographer Herb Ritts and, to a lesser extent, fashion photographer Bruce Weber, the latter best known for his *faux*-aristocratic tableaux for Ralph Lauren and his erotic ads for Calvin Klein's Obsession.

Not surprisingly, like any true artist — or, like any ex-dental student's idea of a true artist — Maser is not a man to back down before authority. He has been known to hiss at former fashion editors who have gone freelance, *Just pretend you're a real editor!* And to art directors, *We've done what you want. Now do you want me to show you what I can really do? The way I do it for Vogue?* This kind offer he made only in the waning hours of a shoot, and at a premium. For his *real* pictures — for art — Maser threatened to charge an extra \$10,000.

Maser, at least, is courteous enough to ask whether editors — most lacking his key background in dentistry — are interested in seeing real Maser art; the editors, it is presumed, can say no. Weber, by contrast, demonstrates a different kind of take-charge attitude. He may bill clients as much as \$40,000 a day (if the work is for an advertiser), but he delivers real Weber

Every Weber photo but one was a

nude shot of the athlete

that no amount of airbrushing

could render publishable

art whether it's asked for or not. What is real Weber art? Well, some magazine fashion editors have received from Weber a few odd shots of the featured clothing — and several useful rolls of head shots and steamy body pictures. Very good head shots, no doubt, but not quite the kind of pictures that make sense with DRESSED TO THRILL! or BLACK TO THE FUTURE! written under them.

When *Rolling Stone* hired Weber to

shoot men's volleyball champion Karch Kiraly for the magazine's "Hot Issue," he sent back equally unusable pictures: every photo but *one* was a nude shot of the athlete that no amount of airbrushing could render publishable, even in a magazine as passionately devoted to hotness as *Rolling Stone*. And a remarkably powerful 1984 Olympics shoot that Weber did originally for *Rolling Stone* wound up as a photo spread in *Interview* because the number of pictures and their homoerotic undertones proved too much for *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner.

Weber's expensive habit of turning in thousands of dollars' worth of gorgeous but unprintable snaps may irritate the odd picture editor, but he does at least deliver *something* for their money. Extremely serious photographer Richard Avedon — who, when he worked as the exclusive head-shot cover photographer for *Vogue*, *GQ* and *Self*, among other Condé Nast publications, often found it necessary to communicate with his editors not by phone but *by memo* — reportedly picks up a monthly check in the neighborhood of \$200,000 for all the covers he *isn't* shooting for Condé Nast anymore. He will continue to receive this annual \$2-million-plus stipend until the middle of 1991, when his current, three-year contract expires. Avedon hasn't shot anything for Condé Nast since last November. And Paolo Roversi, an Italian photographer best known for his ad campaigns for designer Romeo Gigli, once did a shoot for American *Vogue* and then refused to hand over the film. Several weeks and a number of transatlantic phone calls later, he inexplicably sent the *Vogue* picture editor an audiotape of Julio Iglesias — and was never heard from again. Artistic to a fault.

Gilles Bensimon is known for his rather workaday fashion pictures for *Elle*. Taking a leaf from acting's Method school, Bensimon gives models that extra *oomph* required for workaday fashion pictures by granting them an unobstructed view of a penis — his own. On tropical shoots for *Elle*, Bensimon spends much of his time padding about the beach dressed in nothing but a sarong, flashing his penis at the models. And on another taxing assignment for the same magazine he spent a week in the Bahamas photographing blond, cat-faced model-of-the-minute Rachel Williams for the January issue. So preoccupied was Bensimon with Williams, and so me-

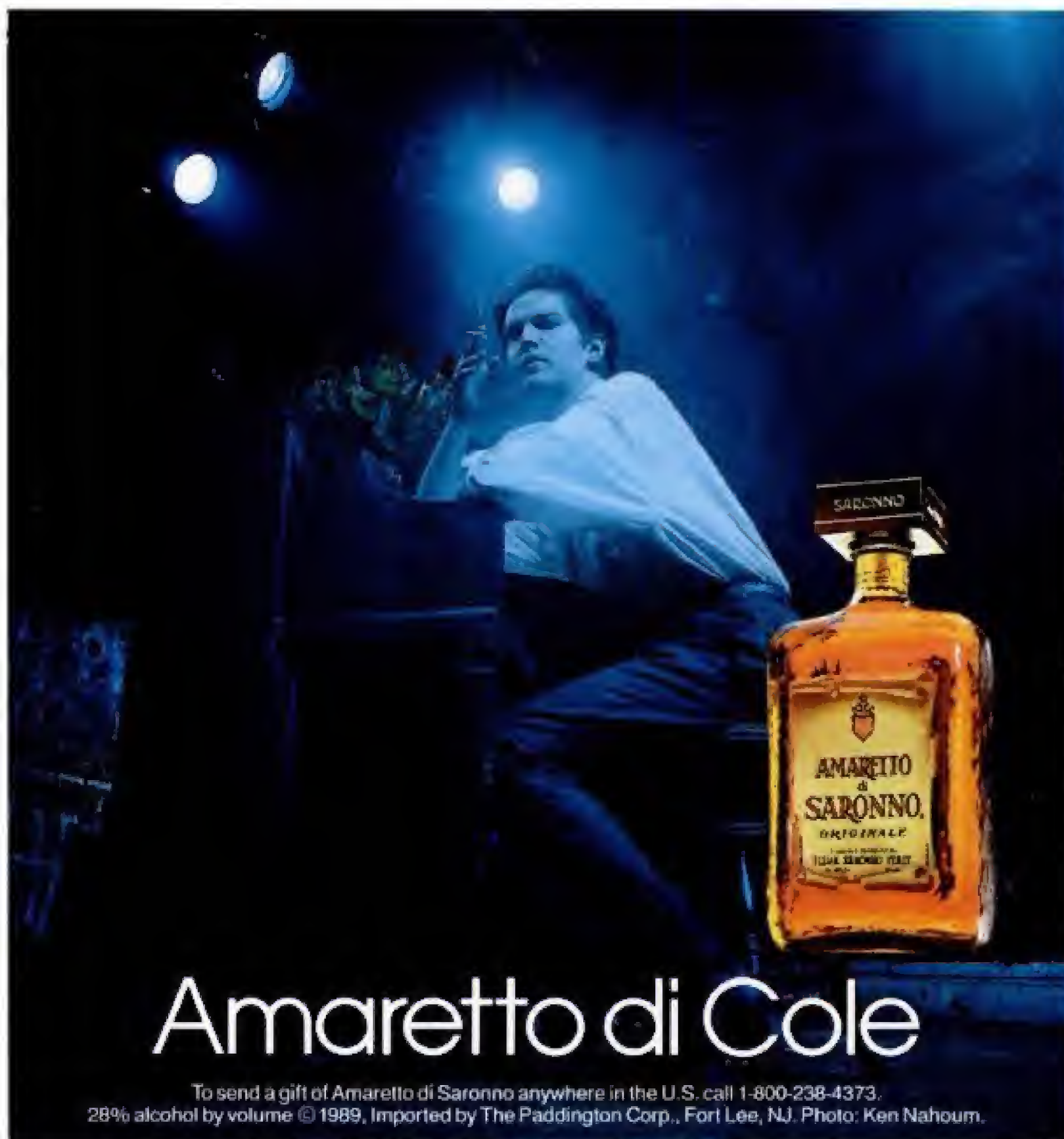
diocre were the pictures he took, that a stylist on the shoot who was supposed to turn in 23 pages was able to manage only 5.

There must be something about fashion photographers named Gilles. Gilles Tapie, whose pictures appear in *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle* and who charmingly refers to certain black models as his "little chocolates," seems to suffer from the same compulsion as Bensimon. At one-on-one "go-sees" with models, Tapie has been known to use the amusing conversational gambit of unzipping his pants and requesting fellatio.

But if you can't actually have sex with your subjects, celebrity photographer Lynn Goldsmith apparently reasons, the next best thing is to *sound* as if you're having sex with them. "Yeah... Yeah!... Good!... Give it to me!... GIVE IT TO ME!" Goldsmith screams as she encourages her subjects to lose their inhibitions—subjects such as Tom Wolfe. And if you can't sound as if you're having sex with your subjects, the next best thing is to try to maneuver close enough to them to slip recordings of your antinuke songs into their pockets. Goldsmith did that when she photographed Raisa Gorbachev in New York last fall. The photographer felt that her song, which she had made with a Soviet rock musician named Boris Grebenshikov, needed only a voice-over by Raisa's husband to be artistically complete.

The multitasking Goldsmith's recording career started with a self-help rock album called *Dancing for Mental Health*, on which she played a character named Will Powers and sang such songs as "Opportunity" and "Adventures in Success." In order to fund such ventures in the creative arts, in 1986 Goldsmith started the Will Powers fan club, through which she receives occasional donations—money that apparently goes directly toward Lynn Goldsmith's Adventures in Success.

That kind of financial attentiveness is clearly at work when Goldsmith's shots of Keith Richards done specifically for the cover of *Musician* magazine mysteriously wind up on the covers of two European magazines—all three *in the same month*. Or when Goldsmith shoots Roseanne Barr for the potential cover photo for Barr's upcoming book, *Stand Up*, and then tries to recharge *Time* for the whole shoot when they asked simply to see the material for a possible cover on the comedienne. Ah, but remember: it's all part of Lynn Goldsmith's Adventures in Success. 3



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ART

DEPRECIATION

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BY JAMES GRANT

The dark shadow of philistinism fell across South Florida recently when an art-collecting savings bank was ordered to sell the



Rubens that happened to be hanging in its chairman's mansion. The painting, *Mars*, cost the CenTrust Savings Bank \$12-

million in 1988, not including the \$1.2-million commission. For accounting purposes, the Old Master was classified as an item of "furniture and fixtures," which seems insensitive, even accepting the critical judgment of the New York art dealer Eugene V. Thaw, who has described the canvas as "a stiff and boring piece, worth at maximum between \$2.5 million and \$3.5-million." Perhaps the Florida bank regulators were rankled, too. They called the purchase speculative and inquired as to what this furniture or fixture was doing in the chairman's house when most of the other furniture and fixtures (for instance, safes, desks, caster-mounted secretarial chairs) were conventionally situated at the bank, in Miami.

CenTrust, the largest thrift in the Southeast, is not primarily an Old Masters institution. Its art collection is valued at \$28-million, but it owns some \$600 million in corporate bonds, some of these works acquired from the old master Michael Milken, recently of Drexel Burnham Lambert. It is true that CenTrust reported a loss in the final quarter of last year, but this deficit could be put in a unique aesthetic perspective: the loss was less than the cost of its Rubens.

To the regulators' contention that the company's purchase of the painting "creates the likelihood of an abnormal risk or loss," CenTrust's chairman, David L. Paul, gave this reply: "It's a beautiful painting. It's not only a fine painting, but it will appreciate nicely for the benefit of the institution." Paul noted that in the South Florida humidity, his house affords a unique climate-controlled environment. When the CenTrust tower is ready to receive the painting, he assured the regulators, the Rubens will promptly take its place there among the other furniture and fixtures. To understand the proprietary care that Paul gives to every aspect of the institution, one need only note that the CenTrust ticker symbol, DLP, is identical to his monogram.

But what about the Rubens? Will it "appreciate nicely" or merely hang there, fixturelike? Is the bull market in paintings a permanent sure thing? By applying the word *speculative* to the Rubens acquisition, the Florida banking authorities dared to imply that the price of a work of art can



actually *go down*. Let us get down to cases: should you sell your Van Goghs?

The problem of when to take profits in a bull market is one of the most agreeable—yet still nettlesome—dilemmas of the very rich. Joan Whitney Payson paid \$80,000 for *Iris* in 1947. John Whitney Payson, her son, sold the painting for \$53.9 million in 1987. Over the four decades the annual rate of appreciation amounted to 18 percent. If it continues at that astounding rate, *Iris* could be sold in the year 2027 for \$37 billion.

But sold to whom? Who would have

the down payment? The truth is that almost nothing grows at 18 percent for very long, as the face of the earth can only accommodate so many banks in which to house so many trust funds. A conservative investor may therefore proceed on the assumption that the recent gait of appreciation in the prices of paintings will be hard to sustain.

As almost goes without saying, however, not everyone in 1989 is a conservative investor, and the bulls on art are legion. "It is the consensus opinion of veteran observers, that the whole world has entered into the first stages of an unprecedented collecting boom!" Alex. Brown, the oldest investment-banking firm in the country, recently announced dispassionately.

As a matter of fact, the long-term investment record of art isn't all it's cracked up to be. For one thing, as the CenTrust aesthete pointed out, one's paintings must be protected from rain, sleet, snow and humidity. For another, paintings, like junk bonds, sometimes suffer a loss of caste. For instance, as against the world's supply of 3,000 known, *authentic* Corots, there are thought to be 8,000 more (a few, apparently, fake) in the United States alone. Also, according to the International Foundation of Art Research, art thefts have tripled in the past decade but only 5 percent of stolen paintings are recovered nowadays, down from 22 percent ten years ago. Crime is having its bull market, too.

All in all, according to a respected body of scholarly research, art over the centuries has returned only half the yield of government bonds. From 1635 to 1987 the average rate of return on important paintings by important artists has been just 1 to 1.5 percent a year after inflation. Bonds, meanwhile, have returned 3 percent. Nevertheless, some art investors have done very well indeed during the past few years, and many will do well in the future. A subsidiary of Chase Manhattan Bank is raising money to launch a kind of mutual fund of art for institutional investors.

Does this column have any advice for the little investor who wants to pull off a Payson? Indeed it does: Buy the artists whose works will appreciate in the years and decades to come. Avoid the artists whose works will depreciate. Do not buy fakes, and if you happen to be a bank, avoid communication with the Florida banking authorities. And—*always*—store your art indoors. **D**

THE EMPIRE

STRIKES BACK

*Mighty CAA is pulling out the stops
to squash tiny InterTalent*

BY CELIA BRADY

Goliath vs. David: Judy Hofflund and David Greenblatt, the intrepid Creative Artists Agency defectors who, with former



International Creative Management agent Bill Block, cofounded InterTalent, are receiving even more attention these days

from their former *Überboss*, CAA head Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz, than they did when they worked for him. In keeping with the playful, collegial spirit that has long been the hallmark of the flesh-peddling business, Ovitz has, since Hofflund and Greenblatt left the coven, initiated a zesty game of Capture the Flag—using InterTalent's prospective clients as the flag.

One of Hofflund's clients at CAA was Patrick Hasburgh, a writer-producer who co-created *Hardcastle & McCormick* and *21 Jump Street*. Hasburgh was prepared to go over to InterTalent with Hofflund when the telephone call came: *Mr. Ovitz would like to have lunch with you.* Hasburgh goes way back with Ovitz. The two have known each other from their days in Aspen, where Hasburgh, a river guide during the summer, worked as a ski instructor in the winter. Among his many overmoneyed students were two jocks named Mike—one Ovitz, the other Eisner.

Although Hasburgh looked forward to working with Hofflund, Ovitz composed over lunch with him an offer glowing with temptation. *A movie and television development deal, Patrick? You've got it.* But it wasn't until Ovitz spoke the magic words,

Amaretto di Chen

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And I'll represent you personally, that Hasburgh decided it might be in his best interest to consider the great man's offer. Ovitz, for all his quirks, is an extraordinarily effective agent, probably the best ever in Hollywood. And so, having thus been made an offer he could not refuse, Hasburgh, who would have generated around \$100,000 a year in fees for the fledgling InterTalent agency, allowed Hofflund to go off without him. Hasburgh, or course, stayed with his old skiing pal at CAA, and it wasn't long before he had the promised movie and TV deal—with his other old skiing pal, Michael Eisner, at Disney.

When J. J. Harris, a respected William Morris agent, joined InterTalent, one of her clients, Kevin Costner, indicated that he wasn't sure if he would be following her. In an instant Ovitz had his able slave, Jay Moloney, speed-dial producers, directors and others in the industry who might have influence with the young star. They were ordered to help convince Costner to sign with CAA. And sure enough, this spring Costner, evidently overcome by Ovitz's manifest charms and abilities, did just that.

It remains only for Ovitz to talk his old high school classmate and fellow money machine, indicted Drexel Überbanker Mike Milken, into joining the firm, as one improbable rumor now has it. Milken, who might well be enjoined by the Securities and Exchange Commission from participating in the brokerage or investment-banking business again, has mentioned to reporters that he would like to go into the "people business." And CAA is not solely about power. It's about *people* too—and the ruthless exercise of power over them.

Time Inc., the Studio: Warners executives are, of course, thrilled to be teamed up with Time Inc., publisher of *Cooking Light* magazine. The only thing they fear for is their bloated salaries. Time Inc. has become notoriously miserly over the past few years, and there is some concern at the studio—where top executives make \$1-million-plus salaries and Warner Communications chairman Steve Ross's executive secretary probably earns as much as a *Time* magazine senior editor—that after Ross and Time chairman Dick Munro walk away in a few years, their pockets lined with money from the merger, their agreed-upon heir, Nick Nicholas, will impose Time Inc. salary strictures on the free-wheeling studio people.

See you Monday night at Mortons. ☹

THE LITTLE BRAIN THAT

COULD

Just keep repeating it to yourself:

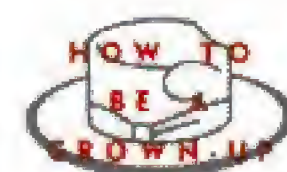
"I think I know,

I think I know,

I think I know . . ."

BY ELLIS WEINER

This is my idea of a good time: assemble a lively group of simpatico chums; lay on what the more tiresome food writers call



"an abundance" of what the tackier steak-house menus (and *Esquire*) call "comes-tibles"; add several bottles of fine wine and handmade

microbrewskies; and then stroke the fires of conviviality, fan the flames of good fellowship, let waft the smoke of phony erudition, and talk till you're blue in the face and everyone yells at you to shut up about matters such as the following: Is general relativity reconcilable with quantum mechanics? Can gravity be "quantized"? Is the strong anthropic principle a defensible theory or a post-hoc—and I do mean post, and I do mean hoc—conceit?

Impressed? Me too. And I can go on like this at some length—usually between two and six minutes. Interestingly, whenever I do talk about such brain-baking notions as "event horizons" and "light cones," I discover a distinct gap between what I think I've mastered and what I actually have.

I've enjoyed and highlighted and chuckled pseudoknowingly at several books on these topics (including the mystifyingly best-selling *Brief History of Time*, by Stephen Hawking), and with each one my experience has been the same. I start with a firm comprehension of the basic premises and concepts. I proceed to a tenuous but

adequate intellectual grasp of the implications. And then, just when I'm jazzed up and nodding in agreement, come the gauge fields, the quantum fluctuations, the "virtual particles," and I look up from the page, glance around the room and feel knowledge and insight and salvation evaporate like the morning mist.

Still, I struggle on, making a mental promise to go back in a minute (i.e., in a few years) and catch up on any points I may be missing. The result: reading efficiency at the expense of reading comprehension. By the time I get to the point where Hawking says "Any real star—which would never be perfectly spherical—could therefore only collapse to form a naked singularity," I don't even try to understand. Instead I think, *Gee, it sounds like he's talking about Divine*, and just keep going.

Each book and each piece in the Science Times section or on the cover of *The Atlantic* is another carrot dangling in front of the donkey that is my mind, stimulating the belief that if I just try a little harder, I'll get it—or rather, I'll Get what in college, on acid, we used to call It. All I need do is fully grasp such widely accepted facts as

- Space is curved;
- Time had a beginning, "before" which there "was" no time;

It's not so much that we want to understand cosmology and quantum mechanics as to be allowed to hang out near them for a while

- The big bang consisted not of an explosion of energy and matter into space but of an explosion "into" — well, "into" whatever there "was" "before" "space" "came" "into" "existence."

Never mind that the idea of space being curved only makes me want to ask the literally meaningless question "Yeah, but what's outside of it?" Never mind that the idea of the universe expanding prompts me to wonder, *How? Into what? By breaking through into the dining room of the universe next door?* Never mind that every time I try

to type *the big bang*, it comes out *the big band*. Never mind any of that; just give me the next fact. I love this stuff.

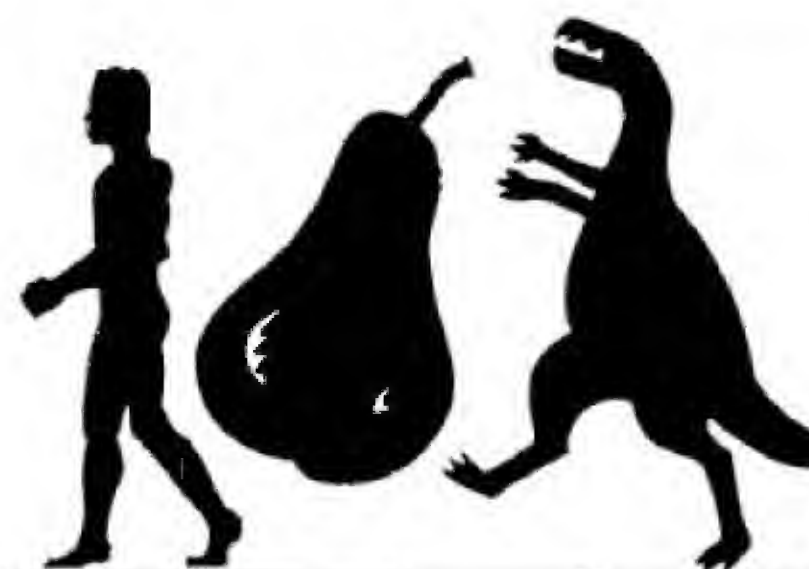
Why? Could it be because when I was 13 a psychologist told my solemnly nodding mother that I was suited to a career as a theoretical physicist? Or because, since it's the grown-up's duty to Understand the World in Which He Lives, he might as well, as long as he's at it, understand everything about the entire universe?

Answer: Both. I do enjoy the mental exercise and, like any dutiful grown-up, I do possess (dutifully) that noble, muh-*toor*, good-citizen-of-the-galaxy feeling of obligation to be "informed." But then, all that is to say merely that I like reading about things I find interesting and significant. In other words, I like it because I like it.

To discover why, let us turn to God. Of course, that's why we're here in the first place, puzzling over positrons and antiquarks when we ought to be catching up on all that Joyce Carol Oates we've let get away from us. For secular humanists, cosmology and quantum physics offer a way to stay in touch with the infinite, soul-thrilling absolutes to which we thought we had lost all visitation rights when, as 12-year-olds, we separated from religion.

It's not so much that we want to understand the central problems of cosmology and quantum mechanics as to be allowed to hang out near them for a while, like diners at Le Cygne who are delighted to share a common space with Baryshnikov without feeling compelled to speak knowledgeably about ballet to him. These books, these documentaries, these magazine articles, all allow us to dwell on what I, being too busy to reach for the dictionary, propose to call ultimateness, or ultimatum.

And I might add that the grown-up does not begrudge me this interest in ultimicity, just so long as I don't use it to hurt anybody or employ it as a pretext for making tacky works of fake-deep art. After all, one of our most precious rights as Americans is the freedom to worship the science of our choice. Besides, the grown-up understands how much pleasure I take in the knowledge that mere mention of these subjects, with their Einsteinian relativity and Heisenbergian uncertainty, makes my wife want to throw up. The poor, backward woman—a starry sky fills her with vertigo and dread. Lucky me, though. Few domestic sports are as satisfying, or affordable, as frightening one's spouse. ☺



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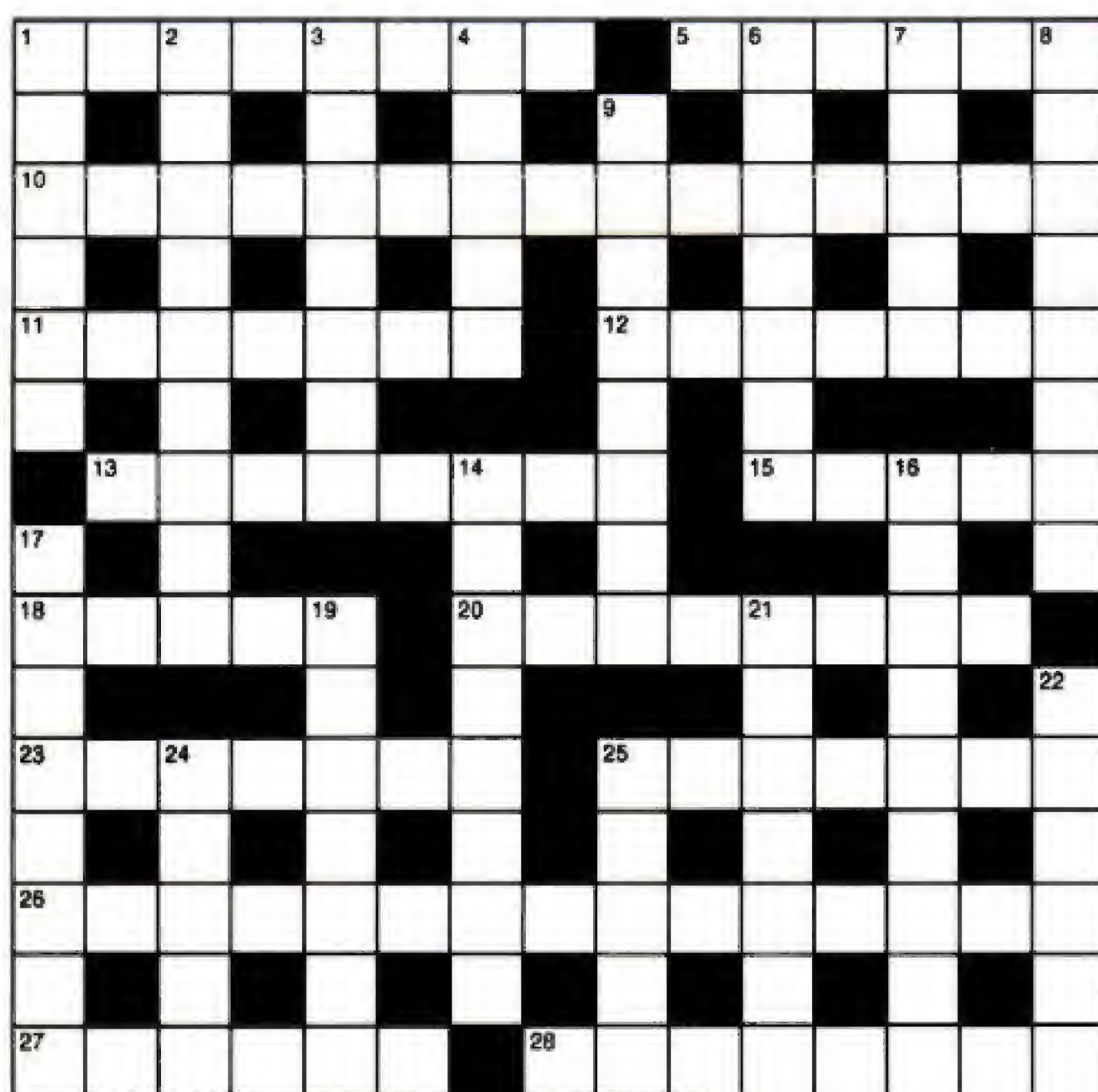
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Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



*"If Your Toes and Fingers Fail You,
You Can Always Count on Me"*



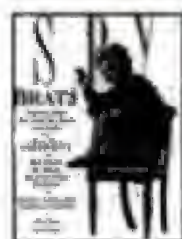
ACROSS

1. Sexist title for female enumerator? (8)
5. Where fingerlings learn to count? (6)
10. Sleight-of-hand man makes rigid tips rotate strangely. (15)
11. What the pig that had none is, compared with the one that had roast beef. (7)
12. Accountants do it on sheets, ballerinas on their toes. (7)
13. Not everything after applause is good-looking. (8)
15. Lizard is filmic manipulator of big-board numbers, we hear. (5)
18. International organization joint is not cool. (5)
20. Determining the sum makes Chuck vomit. (6,2)
23. Pays — that is, for flirtatious game. (7)
25. Quiet final noise of pointless talk. (7)
26. M.B.A.'s are less sensitive, Buster South. (6,9)
27. Urge some Sominex, Hottense. (6)
28. Autoeroticism. (5,3)

DOWN

1. Dome upcoming in drink. (6)
2. Overbearing Euroscum (newly coined word). (9)
3. Bottom line: TV horse without title destroyed. (7)
4. When pressed, Erlich holds service. (5)
6. Kitty with a record lets your fingers do the walking. (7)
7. Frequently outfield has full complement of toes. (5)
8. Do gargle, messy Saint Bernard. (5,3)
9. What gets laid, buttered and baked good. (3,5)
14. Weird CEO pales to glow like a certain stone. (8)
16. Many a 1 Across when she's widowed, or has 50 tucked away. (9)
17. Would this proverbially ugly boundary receive hot wet dirt? (3,5)
19. A pure saint oddly made milk safe. (7)
21. Dunce! An arrangement means having nice touches. (7)
22. Bostonians with bleeding feet? (3,3)
24. Horsepower low, coming up for the gusto. (5)
25. Fiddled with — ulp! A . . . a . . . woman's name. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 127.



December 1986

BRATS

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March 1987

TRUE CONFESSIONS

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September 1987

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October 1987

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November 1987

KENNEDY BASHING

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March 1988

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April 1988

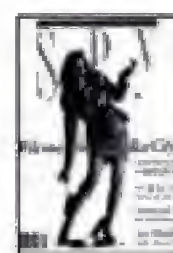
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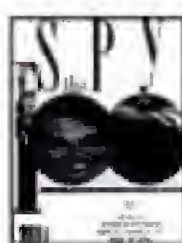
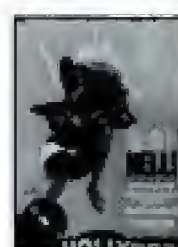
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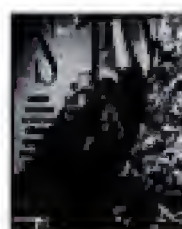
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November 1988

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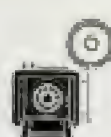


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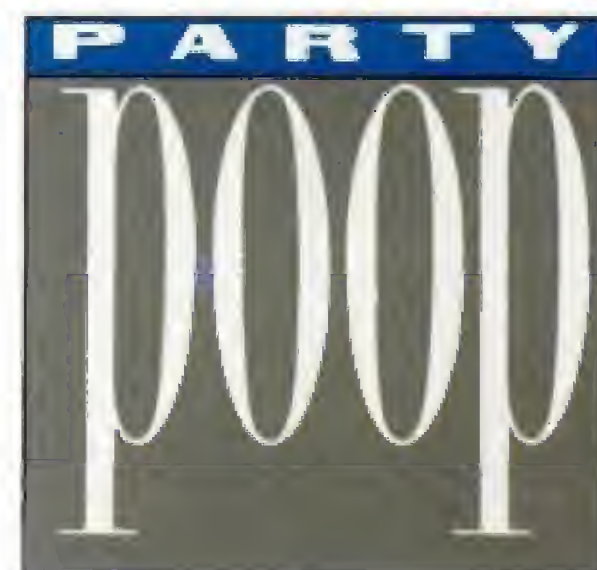
▲ In addition to backaches, the current vogue for big, newly visible bust lines has presented the large-breasted population with another problem: midriff perspiration spots, seen here (*top*) on actress-party girl Sally Kirkland at a tribute to Shirley MacLaine in Los Angeles. Resourceful Nan Kempner, *above*, with Malcolm Forbes, has solved this potential problem beautifully with a dress equipped with a state-of-the-art chest-level ventilation slit.



▲ ... DO US PART At the Martin Luther King Jr. Day party, 100-year-old right-wing nut Hamilton Fish and his new 57-year-old wife, Lydia, await professional assistance to pry them apart.



At a party for *Born Yesterday* at superglamorous Stringfellows, alleged tax cheats Leona and Harry Helmsley reminisce about old, more lawful times while standing in proximity to putative beautiful peo-



▼ YOU ARE GETTING SLEEPY, EVEN THOUGH SAM DONALDSON'S NOT AT YOUR TABLE At the Radio-Television correspondents dinner, (1) speech writer Peggy Noonan demonstrates her powers as a hypnotist on spell-bound Lesley Stahl, Connie Chung and, across the room, (2) Senator Alan Cranston (the stimulating repartee of Senator Fritz Hollings notwithstanding).



YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL Continuing the ▶ remarkable feat of looking perpetually unembarrassed, a talent he refined during the very short run of *Legs Diamond*, Peter Allen acts extremely dignified at his 45th-birthday party at Rosa's Place. At one of the birthday parties not thrown for him by Jay McInerney, over-the-hill 25-year-old novelist Bret Easton Ellis makes his young friends laugh uproariously by using his birthday candles to light a cigarette!



mind Harry exactly who and where he is, Leona points to Shelley Winters and says, it seems, *Remember her, dear? The fat lady who did the belly flop in Poseidon Adventure?* (5) Harry, having evidently regained his bearings and remembered just how he got into his current legal difficulties, looks terrified as a Leona impersonator offers him her hand.

ple, such as (1) chronically inaccurate gossip columnist Liz Smith, whose tuxedo Leona can't help scrutinizing (noting, surely, that it is the very model Harry

is wearing). (2) Leona sighs a *There's no place like home* sigh next to dashing club owner Peter Stringfellow himself, as a befuddled Harry smiles in the

background, apparently convinced that he is attending his eighth-birthday party. (3) Leona clasps hands with Ed Asner, who uses the old trick of pretending

to actually shake, all the while steering the offensive party from his vicinity; Harry looks confused, perhaps thinking that Asner is his uncle Otto. (4) Trying to re-



WE'VE CREATED A MONSTER At the party to celebrate bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord's latest dirty book, *Faces*, legitimacy purchaser Mort Zuckerman clutches his personalized copy of the dirty book (1). As Zuckerman seems to be asking the bosomy dirty-book writer's husband, Abe Rosenthal, how much of the new dirty book is based on actual experience, Rosenthal closes his eyes with a look of humble satisfaction. (2) Meanwhile, the bosomy dirty-book writer's girlfriends, Arlene Dahl and Beverly Sills, seem to be asking the grinning bosomy dirty-book writer the very same question. (3) Mr. Helen Gurley Brown, author of his own dirty how-to book for men, displays his copy of *Faces*, wondering, no doubt, how much of it is based on actual experience.



▶ If superdweeb Rudolph Giuliani ever hopes to be mayor, he will have to learn, as Ed Koch has, to unbutton his jacket before allowing someone (like Tony LoBianco) to hoist his arm skyward in a gesture of victory.



Ironman Nightlife Decathlon Update *Manhandling Division*

(1) 2½ points awarded to pointy-finger-nailed geezer-billionaire and Ironman dark horse Milton Petrie for gamely hanging on to PaineWebber wife Catie Marron at a benefit for the School of American Ballet; (2) 1 point to Kennedy cousin Bobby Shriver, who played directly to our undercover judges by squeezing



and yelling, hilariously and post-modernistically, "Here's a caption: SHRIVER CHOKES PHOTOGRAPHER!" (3,4) Petrie and Shriver could use some tips from 1988's Ironman, Anthony Haden-Guest, here picking up 6 points by putting his trademark waist-and-headlock on two young love-lies while maintaining his fascinating cocktail patter.



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of the knothole in the outfield fence. In our New, Improved New York, the cheap seats are dreamy. For just a dollar an inning you can rent your very own Baseballoon™, fire up the burners and watch the game from deep, deep, deep center field. As the klieg lights blink on and the reedy organ music wafts past you on a warm breeze, you can sit back (carefully) and luxuriate in a stadium that's as big as all outdoors. And best of all, there's no one to whoop in your ear, provide play-by-play commentary for an imaginary friend or spill beer on your shoes—plus, you're as far as you can get from George Steinbrenner's box and still watch the game. Just remember not to empty your 12-ounce fluid ballast canisters too quickly or nod off between innings. A quarter mile up over the wasted expanse of the Bronx is no place for a seventh-inning stretch. **D**

UN-BRITISH

CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

The theme of this month's puzzle—"If your toes and fingers fail you, you can always count on me"—is something Roger Miller, the country musician, said once to a woman I know. In this age when digital implies inconceivable circuitry, let us not forget those primitive decimal digits the fingers and toes, without which accountancy would have been such an unwieldy business, from the beginning, that this nation's Office of Management and Budget would be forced, even today, to quantify the federal debt as "more than all those blades of grass over there, probably," or "gosh, a whole shitload, I'd say."

But neither fingers nor toes nor electronic wizardry can tell us what counts as in what matters. Oh, well, maybe toes can: what counts is what makes your toes curl, and tap, and generally move around in your shoes. Still, that leaves a lot to be said. In The Washington Monthly recently, that publication's editor, Charles Peters, did some finger-pointing: *SPY* is "highly entertaining and often right on target. . . . But it is wrong to the extent it contributes to an intellectual climate in which the fear of ridicule inhibits or distracts people from thinking about and doing the things that count."

Surely Peters cannot have had this puzzle in mind. Admittedly, this puzzle has ridiculed people—e.g., at least two U.S. presidents (no need to drag in their names, they know who they are). But can a little good-natured sneering account for the failure of presidents to think about and/or do things that count? For crying out loud, this puzzle is in favor of the thinking about and doing of things that count. Whereas to a president what counts is a poll.

Egotist'ally, a pistol
May be what he wants to wave,
But a pollster in his holster
Is the thing that makes him brave.

If this puzzle ever thought for one moment that it was inducing timidity in our nation's leaders just by pulling their noses for them, likening them to rodents, thwacking them over the head with a dung-encrusted pig's bladder and spitting in the milk of their agendas, this puzzle would be appalled. Can Peters be so . . . so . . . 18 Across that he doesn't realize this?

Perhaps you are thinking—no, it's too preposterous, you're not thinking . . . I'm warning you, there, you with the vacant stare and the Wendy's-salad-bar breath. Word to the wi-ise.

Okay. So be it; if you are, after all, some kind of

hairy-eared out-of-town goober in off-the-rack shoes who needs to have everything spelled out letter for letter, duhhh, you may be thinking that Peters might be insinuating that this puzzle, itself, is a thing to think about and to do that doesn't count. No, that is just ludicrous—stop it.

How can I be so sure that Peters is not insinuating that this puzzle is a thing to think about and to do that doesn't count? Because The Washington Monthly has a crossword puzzle of its own, jughead. Maybe you ought to practice on it for a few months before you come dragging your sorry action back around here.

—R.B.

ACROSS

5. Fingerlings are little fish.
10. Rigid tips rotate rearranged ("strangely").
11. The old toe-counting game. Toes do look a bit like little piggies, don't they? But then so do congressmen.
13. Some, or "not everything," after *band*, or "ap-
plause." Handsome originally meant something that came to hand nicely—cf. *toothsome*. A baseball would be handsome in that sense. Apparently there's never been such a word as *toesome*, but if there were, beach sand would be toesome. Have you ever trod scrunchily along the seaside with a mild case of athlete's foot? Mmmmm.
15. In *Wall Street*, the manipulator played by Michael Douglas was named Gekko. Once in the seventies I actually kept a gecko in my apartment, because I'd read somewhere that this was a good way to keep down roaches ecologically; but it didn't work. Well, actually, it wasn't a gecko. It was sold to me as a gecko, but I came to find out that it was a monitor lizard. This monitor lizard pined and wouldn't eat anything, and died. Its name was Liz. I still feel bad about that lizard. Eighties people wouldn't feel bad about it—no compassion, for lizards or anybody else. And yet the lounge-lizard look seems to be in. I'd like to quote for you now a lyric from a folk song. See? See? If this puzzle were designed to mock the things that count, would it quote from folk songs? No. The lyric I have in mind comes from a song called "Invasion of the Money Snatchers," written by Bob Franke. It is sung by the group Bright

Morning Star on their album *Sweet and Sour*:

Next time you see him on the TV,
Pay close attention to his teeth,
He looks just like an actor, but he's a lizard underneath.

18. The UN is an international organization; a hip is a joint.
20. "Determining the sum" is the definition. "Adding" the word *up* to *Chuck* makes *upchuck*.
23. *Foots* ("pays," as in "foots the bill"), plus *i.e.*
25. *P* stands for *piano* or "quiet," musically. "Final noise" is a death rattle. I suppose you don't think a death rattle counts? Here's a day-of-reckoning question for you: are the "We're Number One" eighties in fact, for America, a terminal loud empty noise? No, I don't think so. It is just that the eighties have given self-esteem a bad name. In the seventies, self-esteem's name was Muhammad Ali; in the eighties, Donald Trump. In the nineties, you never know, it might be someone who works crossword puzzles.
26. *Number*, or "less sensitive," plus *cruncher*, or "buster," plus *S*, which is short for *south*. Poor M.B.A.'s, they get picked on as much as mimes used to. But M.B.A.'s cannot be held entirely accountable for the eighties, no more than mimes for the sixties. Did you see where a New York woman with a Harvard M.B.A. was charged with hiring someone to break her own lawyer's legs with a baseball bat in hopes that she would get a mistrial (in some unspecified case that she presumably expected to lose, either on its merits or because she had decided her lawyer was insufficiently ruthless)? Now, there's a matter in which I find it hard to take sides.

DOWN

1. *Up* coming in *cola*.
3. "TV horse without title" is *Mister Ed* without *Mister*.
4. *Seder* is a "service" that is "held" (that is, contained) in *When pressed*, *Erlieb*. Compare 27 Across.
7. *OF* ("outfield") with *ten*.
8. *Do gargle* rearranged ("messy").
9. An egg gets laid, bread gets buttered and egg bread is a baked good.
16. "Many" is the definition. Then you have two (count 'em) different punny clues. *L* is the Roman numeral for 50.
17. "Ugly as a mud fence." A fence is a receiver of hot, i.e., stolen, goods.
24. *HP* and *moa* coming up. And here is this puzzle's message for the people of America: by all means, feel free to have oomph. Unless you are one of those who shouldn't. Essentially what this puzzle wants to advise you is this: don't hold back. Unless you are the type of person who, the last thing in the world that anybody would ever think of advising you is "Don't hold back"; in which case: hold back. ☺

1	C	O	U	N	T	E	S	S	5	S	C	H	O	O	L
2	U	B	O	E	E	A	F	A							
10	P	R	E	S	T	I	D	I	G	I	T	A	T	O	R
11	O	R	A	E	G	A	E	G							
12	L	I	T	T	L	E	R		13	B	A	L	A	N	C
14	A	R	E						15	R	O				D
16	H	A	N	D	S	O	M	E	17	G	E	C	K	O	
18	M	S							19	P	A				O
20	U	N	H	I	P				21	A	D	D	I	N	G
22	D								23	A	L				U
24	F	O	O	T	S	I	E		25	P	R	A	T	T	L
26	E	O	T	S					27	A	N	L			D
28	N	U	M	B	E	R	C	R	29	U	N	C	H	E	R
30	C	P	U	E					31	L	E	S			O
32	E	X	H	O	R	T			33	H	A	N	D	Y	S
34									35	S	E	X			



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